PICTORIAL REVIEW

MARCH 1922

FIFTEEN CENTS

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Six Savings from Soap

Made possible with Fels-Naptha by its perfect combination of splendid soap and real naptha. How this golden bar brings ease and economy in doing your washing and general housework

1. A saving of clothes

Why not make your lovely clothes last longer? Those dainty undergarments with edgings and insertions you crochet with your own hands, are too precious to be worn-out so soon in washing.

When you rub clothes between a hard soap and a hard wash-board, that means wearing away the fabric and hurrying it to the rag-bag.

Fels-Naptha is particularly safe. Because it is not a brick-hard soap it rubs off easily on the clothes without wear. And it washes clothes so gently! The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go by loosening it from the fibre without injury to the fabric. Only extremely soiled places need a light rubbing. You don't have to do any *hard* rubbing at all. This is why Fels-Naptha keeps clothes from wearing-out fast.

2. A saving of hands

There is no need to risk scalding and shriveling your hands in hot water, or to put up with the extra heat and steamy atmosphere of boiling clothes. Fels-Naptha does its work in water of *any* temperature.

You can boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, and get them clean quicker than with ordinary soap, because of the real naptha in Fels-Naptha; but thousands of women tell us they find no need of boiling when they use Fels-Naptha.

The Fels-Naptha way of washing with lukewarm water is the *comfortable* way.

3. A saving of time

In using Fels-Naptha you simply wet the clothes, soap them, put them to soak, then go about the house for half an hour doing something else while the real naptha in Fels-Naptha goes through and through the clothes and loosens the dirt. At the same time, Fels-Naptha makes the water soapy, ready to flush away the dirt when you douse the clothes up and down a few times. Extremely soiled places, of course, will need a light rubbing. Rinse, and the washing is done. A saving of time!

4. A saving of fuel

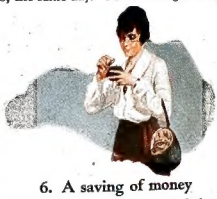
Since you can do the washing with Fels-Naptha in lukewarm water, what is the use of wasting gas or coal? You can save all the *extra* heat needed to boil clothes, if you use Fels-Naptha.

When you use a washing-machine:—because the naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts to work, you don't have to run the washer so long—you save electric current.

5. A saving of work

When you use Fels-Naptha there is no need to spend the morning bending over the washtub, or to rub your strength away on the washboard. There is no boiler to lift on and off the stove, and no lifting of clothes in and out of the boiler. You will never dread the weekly wash when you do it the Fels-Naptha way, because it doesn't tire you out.

If you have the washing "done out" with Fels-Naptha, the clothes come home sweeter and cleaner, and with less wash wear-and-tear. Or, if the washing is done at home for you with Fels-Naptha, the strength saved enables your laundress to do the ironing, too, the same day. A real saving of work!



6. A saving of money

Besides the saving of money in fuel, time, and clothes, very often with Fels-Naptha you save doctor's bills by preventing colds from overheating, and other illness from over-exertion.

The only way you can make this all-round saving from soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

It is amazing how quickly and thoroughly Fels-Naptha works throughout the house—brightening painted woodwork, taking spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies, cleaning enamel of bathtub, washstand, and sink.

© 1921, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

You can tell genuine Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor—and the work it does.

FREE If you haven't tried Fels-Naptha for washing and cleaning a pleasant surprise awaits you. Send for sample, free. Write Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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Edited by Arthur T. Vance

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MARCH, 1922

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WANTED—A FEMALE MOSES

AN EDITORIAL BY IDA CLYDE CLARKE

IF WE American women are honest with ourselves and with the situation we will be ready to admit that two things we lack—leadership and concentration. We have not one single woman in America who can draw big audiences simply because she is what she is. If we want crowds we must do a lot of drum-beating and get a man of whom the populace has heard. The women whose names usually carry most weight with us are the wives of celebrated men. Whether or not they carry anything themselves is to us of little concern. For want of leadership we are going round and round in circles, overlapping and duplicating continuously. We are wandering aimlessly in a wilderness of overorganization, and our greatest need is for a female Moses to lead us out.

There isn't any pioneering to be done. There are no more frontiers. We have got to stand where we are and do something about present-day things if they are ever to be any better. Pioneering was romantic. It attracted great, courageous, adventurous souls, the Susan B. Anthonys, the Elizabeth Cady Stantons, the Anna Howard Shaws. It took high courage and a spirit of daring to blaze new trails or to sail uncharted seas. There is certainly something alluring and engaging in this business of doing things first.

But don't forget that it requires a great deal of fortitude and a great deal of faith and a great deal of heartache and loneliness to follow up with constructive effort the trails that have been blazed. And it is this quality of courage and character that is needed in our leaders of to-day. There are trails enough—heaven knows! But which ones shall we take and where do they lead? We need some woman to tell us, to lead us—some woman with her feet on the sod and her eyes on the stars—some woman with magnetism and vision and wide intelligence.

I believe most earnestly that such a woman lives among us and that we must find her. And this means that we must know each other better. Most of us have been so absorbed with the affairs of our particular group that we have not had time to listen to the leaders of other groups. An American woman upon whom the Government recently conferred a high honor said in her first public speech to women that she did not speak their language, that she did not know their minds or understand their psychology. This woman has a record of sheer achievement in a number of fields which, had she been of the opposite sex, would long since have placed her in some high official post. But the mass of women who hold the balance of power were not on speaking terms with her. They knew nothing about her and she nothing about them.

Shall we find our leader in the ranks of the church women, or the working women, or the political women, or the teaching women, or the professional women, or the club women, or the business women? I can not say, but find her we must.

Why Waste Time Beating Around the Bush

IF WE had a commander-in-chief for all our armies of organized women, she would first decide upon a strategic point of attack and concentrate our forces on that point. As it is now we are attacking our problems from every direction, according to various methods and with no uniformity of action whatever. We win a little here and a little there, but there is no decisive victory, no storming of the heights. Wastefully, extravagantly, inefficiently our little battles go on.

We have recently had an example of the effectiveness of concentrated effort intelligently directed. The Sheppard-Towner bill was favored by practically all of the national organizations of women. The opposition from women was negligible. These organizations did more than pass resolutions. They formed a committee consisting of one member from each organization with power to act. Its duties were plain, and the method decided upon was neither complicated nor subtle. It centered in Washington, and for the time being it had a single object—the passage of the bill by Congress. The committee worked diligently and intelligently and the bill was passed.

The calling of the disarmament conference at Washington and the action that has brought us nearer world peace than we have ever been before were not because of the sagacity of any statesman or group of statesmen. These things have come about because of public opinion made articulate. The first agitation for disarmament in practically every country came from women. They thought of peace and talked of peace and dreamed of peace and finally suggested a method of attaining it. And because of their consecrated concentration on a holy cause the civilized world began to see things as women saw them, and, presto, we had, within an incredibly short time, a shining promise of peace!

We have quite enough highly efficient, thoroughly trained organizations in this country to attend to all of our business for us. But when we think of something new to be done it never occurs to us to use one of the existing organizations. We get busy immediately and form a new one with new officers and new committees and subcommittees. It must be complicated and impressive or it wouldn't be noticed in the family of organizations. The pace has been set and we must keep up with it. When the job is finished it never occurs to us to disband. We go on milling round and round trying to find something to do with our energy and with the experience we have acquired. Our officers and chairmen are not willing to be privates again.

Not only is there a multiplicity of organizations, but every club is broken up into groups within itself. It is fashionable to have "interests." Even the small clubs are scattering their forces on this, that, or the other, with no grasp of the whole, with no idea of what the neighbors are doing.

The National Council of Women claims a membership of something like ten million. Visualize if you can the power of this one organization if it could even approach a realization of its ideal to coordinate the work of women's organizations! Think what could happen if this organization were potent to direct the efforts of its constituent members in *one* channel for *one* year!

A Leader! A Leader! To Lead Us Straight Toward Something

THE General Federation of Women's Clubs has somewhere between two and three million members. Theoretically, it is a wheel within the National Council. In reality, it is a great body of alert, capable women quite alive to their social and civic responsibilities. The General Federation is like a huge railroad system with six trunk-lines and branches in all directions. Thrilling things are happening along those short lines, but for lack of a signaling system the women in Maine never find out what good things the women in Nebraska have learned, and vice versa. If the General Federation would ever map out one main line of action, from a given point to a given point; if the best vehicles could be used on that line, and if the best officials could man them, the attainment of the objective would be a foregone conclusion. What latent power rests within the hearts and brains of those two million women!

Why should we ever again organize another league for political or legislative or civic work so long as the League of Women Voters is in existence? This organization is commanded by the greatest women leaders, the greatest women organizers, and the greatest women executives in the world *for this particular kind of work*. Their conventions are models of parliamentary machinery. These women learned how to do things when there was still pioneering to be done. If we could furnish them with a "cause" as passionate and as just as they had in presuffrage days they could move mountains. As it is, they are "all dressed up and nowhere to go," while other organizations are trying to do things that the League of Women Voters could do better. Let us now be sensible and take stock of our national organizations.

Why could we not have a Council of Presidents, who would go over the whole field of feminine endeavor, dispassionately decide which are the most pressing needs, and concentrate all effort on these, apportioning to each organization that part of the work for which it is peculiarly fitted? For this year we might emphasize work for a national marriage and divorce law, for some workable national educational system, or we might concentrate on civics and other questions of political and public interest. If all of our women's organizations would concentrate on one or all of these questions, working co-operatively, what could we not accomplish?

Many women are newly aroused to a sense of public responsibility, but they get lost in this wilderness of organizations. About the only thing they can hear above the din of it all is something like the request of the conductor of a crowded car who plead that "Everybody please step to both ends of the car"! Now, many of us are quite willing to step at least one way if we can be sure that there is room. American women as a type are high-spirited, courageous, efficient, and full of public spirit. They are ready to carry out orders, to go "over the top" if necessary, but they want definite directions and a distinct understanding of their objective.

The situation is deplorable. It really presents a challenge to the women of this new day. Will some woman rise and show us the way out? Will some one steer us *straight* toward *something*? We are dizzy with this going round and round in circles. A leader! A *leader!* Aren't we ready to give up our little kingdoms for a leader?

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What's Wrong in This Picture?

It's so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are being made in this picture? Can you point out what is wrong? If you are not sure, read the interesting article below, and perhaps you will be able to find out.

IT is a mark of extreme good breeding and culture to be able to do at all times exactly what is correct. This is especially true in public where strangers judge us by what we do and say. The existence of fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge—and quick to condemn. It depends entirely upon our knowledge of the important little rules of etiquette whether they respect and admire us, or receive an entirely wrong and prejudiced impression.

In public, many little questions of good conduct arise. By public, we mean at the theatre, in the street, on the train, in the restaurant and hotel—wherever men and women who are strangers mingle together and judge one another by action and speech. It is not enough to *know* that one is well-bred. One must see that the strangers one meets every day get no impression to the contrary.

Do you know the little rules of good conduct that divide the cultured from the uncultured, that serve as a barrier to keep the ill-bred out of the circles where they would be awkward and embarrassed? Do you know the important rules of etiquette that men of good society must observe, that women of good society are expected to follow rigidly? Perhaps the following questions will help you find out just how much you know about etiquette.

Etiquette at the Theatre

When a man and woman walk down the theatre aisle together, should the man precede the woman? May they walk arm-in-arm? When the usher indicates their places, should the woman enter first or the man?

Many puzzling questions of conduct confront the members of a theatre party who occupy a box. Which seats should the women take and which the men? Should the women remove their hats—or don't they wear any? What should women wear to the theatre in the evening? What should men wear? Is it correct for a man to leave a woman alone during intermission?

At the theatre, evidences of good conduct can be more strikingly portrayed than perhaps anywhere else. Here, with people surrounding us on all sides, we are admired as being cultured, well-poised and attractive, or we are looked upon as coarse and ill-bred. It depends entirely upon how well one knows and follows the rules of etiquette.

At the Dance

How should the man ask a woman to dance? What should he say to her when the music ceases and he must return to his original partner? Do you know the correct dancing positions?

How should a woman accept a dance and how should she refuse it? How can the embarrassment of being a wall-flower be avoided? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it considered correct, in social circles, for a young woman to wander away from the ball-room with her partner?

Very often introductions must be made in the ballroom. Should a man be introduced to a woman, or a woman to a man? Is it correct to say, *Miss Brown, meet Mr. Smith,* or *Mr. Smith, meet Miss Brown?* Which of these two forms is correct: *Bobby, this is Mrs. Smith,* or *Mrs. Smith, this is Bobby?* When introducing a married woman and a single woman should you say, *Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith,* or *Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown?*

When leaving the ballroom, is the guest expected to thank the hostess? What should the woman guest say when she leaves? What should the gentleman guest say? It is only by knowing exactly what is correct, that one can avoid the embarrassment and humiliation of social blunders, and win the respect and admiration of those with whom one comes into contact.

Do You Know—

How to introduce men and women correctly?

How to answer a dinner invitation?

How to greet a man or woman acquaintance in public?

How to plan church and house weddings?

How to use table silver properly?

How to word invitations and acknowledgments?

How to avoid blunders at the theatre and opera?

How to do at all times the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured?

In the Street

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For instance, the man must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a young woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When is it permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who leaves the car first?

If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other on the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised?

People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on every occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well-poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and yet be entirely at ease.

The Book of Etiquette

There have probably been times when you suffered embarrassment because you did not know exactly what to do or say. There have probably been times when you wished you had some definite information regarding certain problems of conduct, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease even among the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with a calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write and wear at all times only what is entirely correct.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dinner etiquette and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social correspondence. The subject of introductions is covered exhaustively, and the etiquette of travel devolves into an interesting discussion of correct form in France, England, and other foreign countries. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

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Let us send you the famous Book of Etiquette free so that you can read and examine it in your own home. You are not obligated to buy if you do not want to. Just examine the books carefully, read a page here and there, glance at the illustrations, let it solve some of the puzzling questions of conduct that you have been wondering about. Within the 5 days, decide for yourself whether or not you want to return it.

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What is safe economy in making fine cakes?

Lord and Lady Baltimore Cakes—make them for your next party. One takes the egg whites, the other the yolks.

Lady Baltimore
(White Cake)

1 cupful sugar
½ cupful Crisco
½ cupful cold water
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract
2½ cupfuls flour
2½ teaspoonfuls baking powder
½ teaspoonful salt
6 whites of eggs

For the Filling

1 cupful sugar
½ cupful boiling water
2 whites of eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract
Pinch cream of tartar
½ cupful chopped candied cherries
½ cupful chopped candied pineapple

For cake. Cream Crisco and sugar together. Sift together three times dry ingredients and add alternately with water. Add vanilla, beat mixture well then fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Divide into two Crisco-ed and floured layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven twenty-five minutes.

For filling. Put sugar and water into sauce pan, stir till boiling, add cream of tartar, then boil until it forms a soft ball when tried in cold water, or 240° F.; pour on to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, pouring in a steady stream and very slowly, adding while beating, vanilla, cherries and pineapple, beat till thick and divide between and on top of cake.

Sufficient for one large layer cake.

Lord Baltimore
(Yellow Cake)

Exactly the same as "Lady Baltimore", except that you use the six egg yolks in the batter, and use ½ cupful chopped raisins, same of chopped nut meats, and 5 chopped figs instead of the cherries and pineapple in the frosting. Confectioners' sugar icing may be used instead of boiled frosting if desired.

Do you know the right way to cool a cake?

Learn the correct way, and all the other little knacks of making perfect cakes, from the big Crisco cookbook, "The Calendar of Dinners", in which Marion Harris Neil, formerly cookery editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal", gives the cooking knowledge that made her famous. Tells how to judge meats, fish, game, fowl, and vegetables; what to do and what not to do in baking, broiling, roasting, and frying all kinds of food; gives 615 exclusive, useful recipes and 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year. 231 pages. Illustrated. Clothbound. Send us 10 cents in stamps, today, and we'll mail you one copy, postpaid. (Only one copy to an address, as each book costs us almost 50 cents.) Write to Section N-3, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE expert cook knows that when she attempts to economize by reducing the number of eggs in a fine cake recipe, she forfeits the fine, feathery, moist texture of the perfect cake. She knows that bread flour, instead of pastry flour, tends to make the cake coarse-grained and bread-like.

In the choice of shortening, however, it is possible to economize and still have the richest and most delicately flavored cake that can be made. You are sure of the utmost in texture and flavor, but your cake costs less, when you use Crisco.

Crisco makes cakes as rich as can be because it is all richness itself, free from salt and moisture, both of which are found in the best butter. It is tasteless, like unsalted butter; therefore only the addition of salt to the batter is needed to produce a delicious butter-like flavor. It is so white and delicate that it is ideal for the finest white cakes. Being strictly vegetable and of a solid cream-like appetizing appearance, the very knowledge that it has been used in a cake appeals to all who are particular about the food they eat.

Any woman who ever has used Crisco for fine cake-baking will tell you that it is an unnecessary expense to use butter. Try it yourself. Get a can from your grocer—use it for cake-baking, pastry-making, and frying—and see how much better everything tastes.

Crisco always comes in sanitary, sealed cans, 1, 3, 6 and 9 pounds, net weight; never in bulk. Costs less per pound in the larger sizes.

Also made and sold in Canada.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS EST. 1837

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"'YOU AIN'T DE GRAND PRESIDENT OF DE ORDER OF DE FOLDED LAIGS, THO' YOU SHORELY DOES ACK LAK IT'"

ALAS, THE POOR WHIFFLETIT!

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

EVER Jefferson Poindexter's usually buoyant spirits a fabric of gloom, black, thick, and heavy, was spread like a burying-pall. His thoughts were the color of twelve o'clock at night at the bottom of a coal-mine and it the dark of the moon. Moroseness crowned his brow; sorrow berode his soul, and on his under lip the bullbat, that eccentric bird which has to sit lengthwise of the limb, might have perched with room to spare. You couldn't see the ointment for the flies, and Gilead had gone out of the balm business. There was a reason.

The reason was named Ophelia Stubblefield.

On an upturned watering-piggin alongside Mittie May's stall in the stable back of the house, Jeff sat and just naturally gloomed. To this retreat he had been harried against his will. Out of her domain, which was the kitchen, Aunt Dilsey had driven him with words barbed and bitter.

"Tek yo'se'f on 'way f'um yere, black boy!" Such had been her command. "Me, I's plum distracted an' wore out jes' f'um lookin' at you settin' 'round *sullin'* lak a' ole possum. Ef Satan fine some labor still fur idle hands to do, same ez de Holy Word say he do, he suttinly must be stedyin' 'bout openin' up a branch employmint agency fur cullid only, 'specially on yore account. You ain't de Grand President of de Order of de Folded Laigs, tho' you shorely does ack lak it. You's s'posed to be doin' somethin' fur yore keep an' wages. H'ist yo'se'f an' move."

"I ain't doin' nothin'!" Jeff protested spiritlessly.

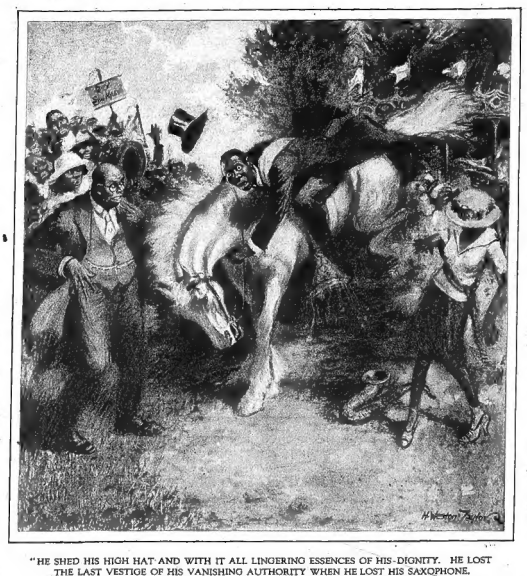
"Dat you ain't!" agreed Aunt Dilsey. "An' whut you better do is better do somethin'—tha's my edvices to you. S'posin' ole boss-man came back yere to dis kitchen and ketch you 'cumberin' de earth de way you is. You knows, well ez I does, w'ite folks suttinly does hate to see a strappin' nigger settin' 'round doin' nothin'."

"Boss-man ain't yere," said Jeff. "He's up at the cote-house. Mos' doubtless jes' about right now he's sendin' some flippy cullid woman to the big jail fur six months fur talkin' too much 'bout whut don't concern her."

"Is tha' so?" she countered. "Well, ef he should come back home he'll find one of de most *fragrant* cases of *vagromcy* he ever run acrost right yere 'pon his own household premises. Boy, is you goin' move, lak I patiently is warned you, or ain't you? Git on out yonder to de stable an' confide yo' sorrows to de Jedge's old mare. Mebbe she mout be able to endure you, but you p'intedly gives me de fidgits. Git befo' I start findin' out ef dat flat haid of yourn fits up smooth ag'inst de back side of a skillit."

Nervously she fingered the handle of her largest frying-pan. Jeff knew the danger-signals. Too deeply sunken in melancholy to venture any further retorts, he withdrew himself, seeking sanctuary in the lee of Mittie May. He squatted upon the capsized keeler, automatically balancing himself as it wabbled under him on its one projecting handle, and, with his eyes fixed on nothing, gave himself over unreservedly to a consuming canker. For all that unhappiness calked his ears as with pledgets of cotton wool, there presently percolated to his aloof understanding the consciousness that somebody was speaking on the other side of the high board fence which marked the dividing line between Judge Priest's place and the Enders's place next door. Listlessly he identified the voice as the property of the young gentleman from up North who was staying with his kinsfolk, the Enders family. This was a gentleman already deeply admired by Jeff at long distance for the sprightliness of his wardrobe and for his gay and gallus ways. Against his will—for he craved to be quite alone with his griefs and no distracting influences creeping in—Jeff listened. Listening, he heard language of such splendor as literally to force him to rise up and approach the fence and apply his eye to a convenient cranny between two white-washed boards.

Under an *Injun*-cigar tree which grew in the Enders's back yard the fascinating visitor out of Northern parts was stretched in a hammock, between draws on a cigaret discoursing grandiloquently to a half incredulous but wholly delighted audience of three. The three small children were hunkered on the earth beside him, their grinning faces upturned to his the while he dealt first with this and then with that variety of curious fauna which, he alleged, were to be encountered in the wilds of a strange place called the State of Rhode Island, where, it seemed, he had spent the greater part of an adventurous and crowded youth.



"HE SHED HIS HIGH HAT AND WITH IT ALL LINGERING ESSENCES OF HIS DIGNITY. HE LOST THE LAST VESTIGE OF HIS VANISHING AUTHORITY WHEN HE LOST HIS SAXOPHONE. STARK TERROR CONVULSED HIS FRAME; INSTINCT OF SELF-PRESERVATION MADE HIM CARELESS OF THE LANGUAGE HE USED"

"Well," he was saying now, beginning, as it were, a new chapter, "if you think the sulfur-crested parabola is a funny bird you should hear about the great flannel-throated golosh, or arctic bird of the polar seas, which is a creature so rare that nobody ever saw one, altho Dr. Cook, the *imminent* explorer, made an exhaustive study of its habits and peculiarities and told the King of Denmark about them, afterward amplifying his remarks on the subject in the lecture which he delivered in this, his native land, under the auspices of the International School of Poor Fish. By the way, I'm sure the Doctor must have visited this town on his tour. Only yesterday, I think it was, I saw an illuminated sign down on Franklin Street which must have been used originally to advertise his lecture. It was a sign which said, 'Cook With Gas!' But speaking of fish, I am reminded of the fur-bearing whiffletit; only some authorities say the whiffletit is not a fish at all, but a subspecies of the wampus family. Now, the wampus——"

"Say, tell us about the whiffletit next," begged one wriggling youngster, plainly allured by the sound of the name.

"WITH pleasure," said the speaker. "The whiffletit is found only in streams running in a south-northerly direction. This is because the whiffletit, being a sensitive creature with poor vision, insists on having the light falling over its left shoulder at all times. A creek, river, inlet, or estuary which has a wide mouth and a narrow head, such as a professional after-dinner speaker has, is a favorite haunt for the whiffletit. To the naturalist it is a constant source of joy. It always swims backward up-stream to keep the water out of its eyes, and it has only one fin, which grows just under its chin, so that the whiffletit can fan itself in warm weather, thus keeping cool, calm, and collected. Most marvelous thing of all about this marvelous creature is its diet. For the whiffletit, my dear young friends, lives exclusively on imported Brie cheese.

"Did I say exclusively? Ah, there I fell into error. It has been known to nibble at a chiropodist's finger, but it prefers imported Brie cheese, aged in the wood. The mode employed in catching it is very interesting, and I shall now describe it to you.

Selecting a body of water wherein the whiffletit resides, you enter a round-bottomed boat and row out to the middle of it. Then you take a square timber, and, driving it into the water, withdraw it very swiftly so as to leave a square hole in the water. Care should be taken to use a perfectly square timber because the whiffletit being, as I forgot to tell you, shaped like a brick, can not move up and down a round hole without barking its shins, much to the discomfort of the pretty creature.

"Pray follow me closely now, for at this juncture we come to the most important phase of the undertaking. You bait the edges of the hole with the cheese cut in small cubes and quietly await results. Nor do you have long to wait. Far down below in his watery retreat the whiffletit catches the alluring aroma of the cheese. But alas for the greedy whiffletit! Instantly the cheese swells him up so that he can not change gears nor retreat back down the hole, and as he circles about, flapping helplessly, you lean over the side of the boat and laugh him to death! And such, my young friends, such is the fate of the whiffletit."

"'Scuse me, suh."

The amateur aspirant for the robe of Munchausen paused from lighting a fresh cigaret and raised his eyes, and was aware of an anthracite-colored face risen, like some new kind of crayoned full moon, above the white sky-line of the side fence.

"'Scuse me, suh, fur interruptin'," repeated the voice belonging to the apparition, "but I couldn't he'p frum overhearin' whut you wuz tellin' the children yere. An' I got sort of interested myse'f."

"It's Judge Priest's Jeff, Uncle Dwight," explained the oldest child. "Jeff makes us flutter-mills out of corn-stalks, and he learned us—taught us, I mean—to call a brickbat an alley-apple, and he can make his ears wiggle just like a rabbit and everything. Don't you, Jeff?—I mean, can't you, Jeff?"

"Ah, I see," said the fabulist with a wink aside for Jeff's benefit. "I am indeed delighted to make the acquaintance of one thus gifted, even under the present informal

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circumstances.' In what way, if any, may I be of service to you, Judge Priest's Jeff?'

"'That air thing you named the whifflетit—near ez I made out you said, boss, that fust you tolled him up to whar you wanted him wid cheese an' 'en you jest natchelly laffed him to death?'"

"Such are the correct facts accurately repeated, Judge Priest's Jeff," gravely assented this affable faunalist.

"Yas, suh," said Jeff. "D'ye s'pose now, boss, it would he'p any if they wuz a whole passel of folks to do the laffin' 'stid of jes' one?"

"Beyond the peradventure of a doubt. Concerted action on the part of many, guffawing merrily in chorus, assuredly would hasten the death of the ill-starred victim, if you get what I mean, Judge Priest's most estimable Jeff?"

"Yas, suh," said Jeff. "Thanky, suh." He did not exactly smile his thanks, but the mask of his melancholy crinkled round the edges and raised slightly. One who knew Jeff, and more particularly one who had been cognizant of his depressed state during the past fortnight, would have said that a heartening thought suddenly had come to him, lightening and lifting in ever so small a degree the funereal mantlings. He made as tho to withdraw from sight. A gesture from the visiting naturalist detained him.

"One moment," said Uncle Dwight. "Might I, a comparative stranger, be pardoned for inquiring into the motives underlying the interest you have evinced in my perhaps poorly expressed but veracious narration?"

The wraith of Jeff's grin took on flesh visibly. It was a pleasure—even to one beset by grievous perplexities—it was a pleasure to hear such noble big words fall thus trippingly from human lips. His answer, tho, was in a measure evasive, not to say cryptic.

"I wuz jes' stedyin', tha's all, suh," he fenced. He ducked from view, then bobbed his head up again.

"'Scuse me, suh, but they is one more thing I craves to ast you."

"Proceed, I pray you. Our aim is to please and instruct."

"Well, suh, I jes' wanted to ast you if you ever run acrost one of these yere whifflетits w'ich played on the jazzin'-valve?"

"Prithee?"

"Naw, suh, not the prith—prith—whut you jes' said. I mentioned the jazzin'-valve—whut some folks calls the saxophone. D'ye reckin they mout' a' been a whifflетit onct that played on one?"

"Oh, the saxophone! Well, as to that I could not with certainty speak. But, mark you, the whifflетit is a creature of infinite resources—versatile, abounding in quaint conceits and whimsies, and, having withal a wide repertoire. Sometimes its repertoire is twice as wide as it is, thus producing a peculiar effect when the whifflетit is viewed from behind. On second thought, I have no doubt that in the privacy of its subterranean fireside the whifflетit wiles away the tedium of the long Winter evenings by playing on the saxophone."

"Come on over, Jeff, and Uncle Dwight will tell us some more," urged the hospitable nephew.

BUT Jeff had vanished. He wished to be alone for the working out of a project as yet vague and formless, but having a most definite object to be attained. Stimulated by hope new-born, he was now a sort of twelfth carbon-copy of the regular Jeff—faint, perhaps, and blurry, but recognizable. Through the clouds which encompassed him the faint promise of a rift was apparent.

By rights one would have said that Jeff had no excuse for hiding in a shadowed hinterland at all. The world might have been excused for its failure to plumb the underlying causes which roiled the waters of his soul. Seemingly the currents of life ran for him in agreeable channels. He had an indulgent employer whose clothes fitted Jeff. Indeed, anybody's clothes fitted Jeff. He had one of those figures which seem to give and take. He was well nourished, gifted conversationally, of a nimble wit, resourceful, apt. Home-grown watermelons were ripe. The Eighth of August, celebrated in these parts by the race as Emancipation Day, impended. The big revival—the biggest and most tremendously successful revival in his people's local history—was in full swing at the Twelfth Ward tabernacle, affording thrill and entertainment every week-night and thrice on Sundays.

There never had been such a revival; probably there never would be another such. Justifiably, the pastor of Emmanuel Chapel took credit to himself that he had planted the seed which at this present time so gloriously yielded harvest. Theretofore his chief claim to public attention had rested upon the sound of the name he wore. He had been born a Shine and christened a Rufus. But to him the name of Rufus Shine had seemed lacking in impressiveness and euphony for use by one about entering the ministry. Thanks to the ingenuity of a white friend who was addicted to puns and plays upon words, the defect had been cured. As the Rev. A. Risen Shine he bore a name which fitted its bearer and its bearer's calling—at once it was a slogan and a testimony, a trade-mark and a watch-cry.

Proudly now he walked the earth, broadcasting the favor of his smile on every side. For it had been he who divined that the times were ripe for the importation of that greatest of all exhorting evangelists of his denomination, the famous Sin Killer Wickliffe, of Nashville, Tenn. His had been the zeal which inspired the congregation to form committees on ways and means, on place and time, on finance; his, mainly, the energy behind the campaign for subscriptions which filled the war-chest. As resident pastor, chief promotor, and general manager of the project, he had headed the delegation which personally waited upon the great man at his home and extended the invitation. Almost immediately, upon learning that the amount of his customary guaranty already had been raised and deposited in bank, the Rev. Wickliffe felt that he had a call to come and labor, and he obeyed it. He brought with him his entire organization—his private secretary, his treasurer, his musical director. For, mind you, the Sin Killer had borrowed a page from the book of certain distinguished revivalists of a paler skin-pigmentation than his. As the saying goes among the sinful, he saw his Caucasian brethren and went them one better. His musical director was not only an instrumentalist

"'THAT AIR THING YOU NAMED THE WHIFFLETIT—NEAR EZ I MADE OUT YOU SAID, BOSS, THAT FUST YOU TOLLED HIM UP TO WHAR YOU WANTED HIM WID CHEESE AN' 'EN YOU JEST NATCHELLY LAFFED HIM TO DEATH!'"

but a composer as well. He adapted, he wrote, he originated, he improvised, he interpolated, he orchestrated, he played.

Now, in the world at large the saxophone has its friends and its foes. Its detractors agree that the late Emperor Nero was a maligned man; cruel, perhaps, in some of his aspects, but not so cruel as has been made out in the case against him. It was a fiddle he played while Rome burned—it might have been a saxophone. But to the melody-loving heart of the black race in our land the mooing tones of this long-waisted, dark-*complected* horn carry messages as of great joy. It had remained, tho, for the resourceful Rev. Wickliffe to prove that it might be made to fill a nobler and a higher destiny than setting the feet of the young men to dancing and the daughters to treading the syncopated pathways of the ungodly. Discerning this by a sort of higher intuition, he had thrown himself into the undertaking of luring the most expert saxophone performer of his acquaintance away from the flaunting tents of the transgressor and herding him into the fold of the safely regenerate. He succeeded. He saved Cephus Fringe, plucking him up as a brand from the burning, to remold him into a living torch.

Of Cephus it might be said, paraphrasing the lines about little dog Rover, that when he was saved he was saved all over. Being redeemed, he straightway disbanded his orchestra. He tore up his calling-card reading,

PROFESSOR CEPHUS FRINGE ESQUIRE
THE ANGLO-SAXOPHONE KING
Address: Care Champey's Barber-Shop
Motto: Equaled by none, excelled by not any!
SOLE PROPRIETOR FRINGE'S ALL-STAR TROUPE

He enlisted under the militant banners and on the personal staff of the Sin Killer. Amply then was the prior design of his new commander justified. For if it was the eloquence, the magnetism, the compelling force of the revivalist which brought the penitents shouting down the tan-bark trail to the mourners' bench, it was the harmonious croonings of Prof. Fringe as he conducted the introductory program—now rendering as a solo his celebrated original composition, "The Satan Blues," now leading the special choir—which psychologically paved the way for the greater scene to follow after. There was distress in the devil's glebe-lands when this pair struck their proper stride—first the Fringian outpourings harmoniously exalting the spirits of the congregation and the assemblage and then the exhorter tying his hands to the Gospel plow and driving down into the populous valleys of sin, there to furrow and harrow, to sow and tend, to garner and glean.

The team had struck its stride early at the protracted meeting so competently fostered by the resident pastor of Emmanuel Chapel, the Rev. A. Risen Shine. To himself, as already stated, the latter took prideful credit for results achieved and results promised. Well he might. Already hundreds of converts had come hallelujahing through; hundreds more teetered and swayed, back and forth, between doubt and conviction, ready at a touch to fall like the ripe and sickled grain in the lap of the husbandman. Wavering brethren had been fortified and were made stalwart again. Confirmed backsliders rubbed their wayward feet in the resin of faith and were boosted up the treacherous skids of their temptation and over the citadel walls to bask among the chosen in a Jericho City of repentance. Proselytes from other and hostile creeds trooped over with hosannas and loud outcries of rejoicing. Even the place where, each evening, the triumph of the preceding evening was repeated and amplified seemed appropriate for such scenes. For the Twelfth Ward tabernacle had not always been a tabernacle; it had been a tobacco-warehouse—but it was converted. Even its present chief ornament, next only to the Sin Killer himself—indeed, its chiefest ornament of all in the estimation of impressionable younger unmarried female members—was Prof. Cephus Fringe.

AT THOUGHT of him and of this, Jeff Poindexter, reperched on his wabbly piggin, wove his furrowed brow into a closer and more intricate pattern of cordial dislike coupled with an intense mental concentration. For if the main reason of his unhappiness was Ophelia Stubblefield, the secondary reason and principal contributory cause was this same Cephus Fringe. Ophelia's favorite letter may not have been F, but it should have been. She was fair, fickle, fawn-colored, flirty, flighty, and frequently false. Jeff cast back in his mind. He certainly had had his troubles since he became permanently engaged to Ophelia. For instance, there had been her affair with that ferocious razor-wielder Smooth Crumbaugh. In this matter the fortuitous return from the dead of Red Hoss Shackleford, as skilfully engineered by Jeff, had broken up Red Hoss's own memorial services, had also operated to scare Smooth Crumbaugh clean out of Colored Odd Fellows' Hall and leave the fainting Ophelia in the rescuing arms of Jeff. But there had been half a dozen other affairs, each of such intensity as temporarily to undermine Jeff's peace of mind. Between spells of infatuations for attractive strangers, she accepted Jeff's devotions. The trouble was, tho, that life, with Ophelia, seemed to be just one infatuation after another. And now, to cap all, she had suffered herself, nay, offered herself, to fall thrall to the dashing personality and the varied accomplishments of this Fringe person. It was this entanglement which for two weeks past had made Jeff, her official 'tween-times fiancé, a prey to carking cares and dark forebodings.

Hourly and daily the situation, from Jeff's point of view, had grown more desperate as Ophelia's passion for the fascinating sojourner grew. He had even lost his relish for victuals which, with Jeff, was indeed a serious sign. In long periods of self-imposed solitude he had devised and discarded as hopeless various schemes for bringing discomfiture upon his latest and most dangerous rival. For

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proofs of the interloper's former wild and reckless life. But of what avail to do that?

By his own frank avowal the Professor had had a spangled past; had been an adventurer and a wanton, a wandering minstrel bard; had even been in jail. This background of admitted transgressions, now that he was so completely reformed and reclaimed, merely made him an all-the-more attractive figure in the eyes of those to whom he offered confession. Again, Jeff had trifled with a vague design of taunting Fringe into a quarrel and beating him up something scandalous. To this end he tentatively had approached our leading exponent of the art of self-defense and our most dependable sporting authority, one Mr. Jerry Ditto.

Mr. Ditto had grown out of a clerkship at Gus Neihiem's cigar-store into the realm of fistiana. As a shadow-boxer he had excelled—he could lick any shadow he ever saw; as a bag-puncher also. But in an incautious hour for himself and his backer, Flash Purdy, owner of Purdy's Dixieland Bar, he had permitted himself to be entered for a match before an athletic club at Louisville against one Max Schorrer, a welter-weight appearing professionally under the *nom de guge* of Slugging Fogarty. It was to have been a match of twelve rounds, but early in the second round Mr. Ditto suddenly lost all conscious interest in the proceedings.

He retired from the ring after this with a permanent lump on the point of his jaw and a profound conviction that the Lord had made a mistake and drowned the wrong crowd that time at the Red Sea. He fitted up a gymnasium in the old plow factory and gave instructions in sparring to the youth of the town. Naturally, his patronage was all-white, but he offered to take Jeff on for a few strictly private lessons at night provided Jeff would promise not to tell anybody about it. But at last the prospective client drew back. His ways were the ways of peace and diplomacy. Why depart from them? And, anyhow, this Cephus Fringe was so dog-goned sinewy-looking. Playing a saxophone ought to give a man wind and endurance. If not knocked cold in the first onslaught he might become seriously antagonized toward Jeff.

But now, in the sportive fablings of the young white gentleman from up North who was visiting the Enders family, he had found a clue to what he sought. The difficult point, tho, was to evolve the plan for the plot nebulously floating about in his brain; for while he envisaged the delectable outcome, the scheme of procedure was as yet entirely without form and substance. It was as tho he looked through a tunnel under a hill. At the far end he beheld the sunlight, but all this side of it was utter darkness. Seeking to pluck inspiration out of the air, his roving eye fell upon the dappled rump of Mittie May as she stood in her stall placidly munching provender, and with that, *bang!* inspiration hit him spang between the eyes.

TO LOOK on her, ruminative, ewe-like, fringed of fetlock and deliberate in her customary amblings, you would never have reckoned Mittie May to be a mare with a past. But such was the case. Her youth had been spent in travel over the continent with a tented caravan; in short, a circus. Her broad flat top-side, her dependable gait, her amiable disposition, her color—white with darkish half-moons on shoulder and flank—all these admirably had fitted her for the ring. When, long years before, Hooper's wagon-shows came to grief in our town Mittie May had been seized by Farrell Brothers to satisfy an unpaid hay-bill.

Through her sobering maturer years she had passed from one set of hands to another, until finally, in her declining days, she found asylum in the affectionate ownership of Judge Priest, with Jeff to curry her fat sides and no more arduous labor to perform than occasionally to draw the Judge about from place to place in his ancient shovel-topped buggy. About her now there was naught to suggest the prancing rosin-back she once had been; the very look of her eye conjured up images of simple pastoral scenes—green meadows and purling brooks.

But let a certain signal be sounded and on top of that let a certain air be played and Mittie May, instantly losing that air she had of a venerable and dignified sheep, became a Mittie May transformed; a Mittie May reverted to another and more feverish time; a Mittie May stirred by olden memories to nightmarish performances. By chance once Jeff had happened upon her secret, and now, all in one illuminating flash, recalling the conditions governing this discovery, he gave vent to a low anticipatory chuckle. It was the first chuckle he had uttered in a fortnight, and this one was edged with a sinister portent. He had his idea now. He had at hand the agency for bringing the scheme to fruition. But yet there remained much of preliminary detail to be worked out. His plan still was like a fine-toothed comb which has seen hard usage in a wiry thatch—there were wide gaps between its prongs.

Jeff gave himself over to sustained thought. He made calculations calendar-wise. This was the first day of August; the eighth, therefore, was but seven short days removed. This plot of his seemed to resemble a number of things. It was like a piece of pottery, too. First the plastic clay must be assembled, then the vessel itself turned from it; finally the completed product must be given time to harden before it would be ready to use. He must move fast but warily.

To begin with, now, he must create a setting of plausibility for the rôle he meant, in certain quarters, to essay; must dress the character, as it were, in its correct housings and provide just the right touches of local color. Ready at hand was Aunt Dilsey; he would make her, unwittingly so far as she kenned, a supporting member of the cast. She would never know it, but she would play an accessory part, small but important, in his prolog.

Five minutes later she lifted her eyebrows in surprize. As he reinserted himself half-way across the portals of the realm where she queened it his recent morosseness was quite gone from him. About him now was the suggestion, subtly conveyed, that here stood one who, after profound cogitation, had found out what ailed him and, by the finding out, was filled with a gentle, chastened satisfaction. He seated himself on the kitchen door-step, facing outward so that comparative safety might be attained with a single flying leap did her uncertain temper, flaring up suddenly, lead her to acts of hostility before he succeeded in winning her over. He uttered a long-drawn sigh, then sat a minute in silence. In silence, too—a suspicious, menacing silence—she glared at him.

"Aunt Dilsey," he ventured, speaking over his shoulder, with his face averted from her, "mebbe you been noticin' yere lately I seemed kind of downcasted an' shiftless, lak ez if I had a heap on me?"

"Has I noticed it?" she repeated—"huh!" The punctuating grunt was non-committal. It might mean nothing; it might mean anything.

He cleared his throat and went on,

"An', mebbe—*I* ain't sayin' you actually is; I's sayin' it with a mebbe—mebbe you been marvelin' in yore mind what it was wich pestered me an' made me ack so kind of no-'count?"

"I ain't needin' to marvel," she stated coldly. "I knows. Laziness! Jes' pyure Summer-time nigger laziness, wid a rich streak of meanness th'owed in."

"None, you is wrong," he corrected her gently. "You is wrong there. 'Ca'se likewise and furthermo' I also is been off my feed—ain't that a sign to you?"

"Sign of a tapeworm, I 'spects."

"Don't say that, please, Ma'am," he humbly pleaded. "You speakin' in sich a way meks me 'most discouraged to confide in you what I aims to confide in you. I'm tellin' it to you the fust one, too. 'Tain't nary 'nother soul heared it, Aunt Dilsey, I's grateful to you in my heart, honest I is, fur runnin' me 'way frum yore presence yere jes' a little w'ile ago. You never knowed it at the time—I didn't s'picion it also neither—but you done me a favor. 'Ca'se settin' out yonder in the stable all alone and ponderin' deep, all of a sudden somethin' jes' come right over me an' I knowed whut's been the matter wid me lately. Aunt Dilsey, I's felt the quickenin' tech."

"Better fur you if somebody made you feel de quickenin' buggy-whup."

He disregarded the brutal suggestion.

"Yessum, I's felt the quickenin' tech. Ez you doubtless full well knows, I ain't been 'tendin' much 'pon the big revival. But even so—even an' evermo' so—the influence frum it done stretch fo'th its hand an' reach me. I ain't sayin' I's plum won over yit, but 'way down deep insides of me I's stirred—yessum, tha's the word—stirred. I ain't sayin' the spirit of grace is actually th'owed me, but I feel prone to say I thinks it's fixin' to rassle with me. I ain't sayin' I stands convicted, but I aims to be a searcher fur the truth; I aims to stop, look, an' listen. I ain't sayin'—" He broke off, the flood of his imagery dammed by the skeptical eye which swept him; then made a lame conclusion, "Tha's whut I sez, Ma'am, to you in strict confidences."

"Den lemme say somethin' to you. You figgers it's salvation you needs, huh? I figgers it's vermifuge. Oh, I knows you, boy—I knows you f'um de grass-roots up. Still an' wid all dat, ef you should crave to mend yo' ways—an' de Heavens above knows dey kin stand a heap of mendin'!—I ain't gwine be de one to hender you."

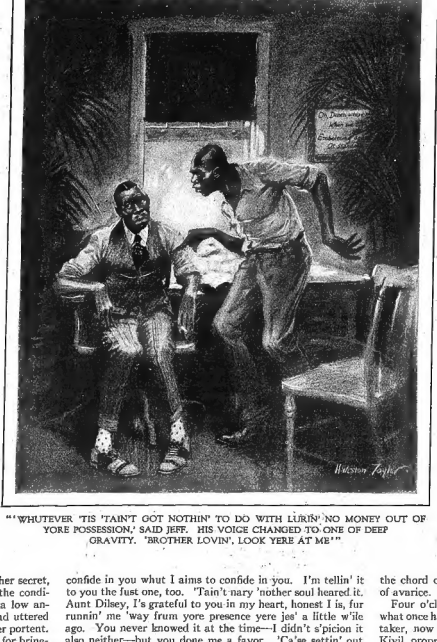
AGAINST her better judgment her tone was softening. For she gave her allegiance unrestrainedly to the doctrine preached at Emmanuel Chapel. She was one of its stanch pillows. Indeed, it might be said of her that she was one of its plumpest bolsters; and Jeff, altho admittedly of no religious persuasion, had grown up in the shadow of a differing creed. The winning over of the black ram of another fold would be a greater victory than the reclamation of any wandering sheep who had been reared as a true believer.

"Well, boy," she went on, in this new mood, "let us hope an' pray dat in yore case dey's yit hope. De ways of de Almighty is pas' findin' out. Fur do not de Scriptures say dey's room fur both man an' beast?—de maid servant an' de man servant, de ox an' de ass, dey all may enter in? So dey mout be a skimpsy, bare chance fur sech even ez you is. One thing shore—ef dey's any grain of contritefulness in yore soul, trust de Sin Eater to fetch it forth to de light of day. He's de ole fambly doctor w'en it come to dat kind of sickness. You go to dat tabernickle to-night an' you keep on goin' an' le's see whut come to pass. Jeffy, dey's a little mossil of cold peach cobbler lef' over f'um dinner yistiddy settin' up yonder amongst de shelfs of my cu'board!"

"Nome, thank you," said Jeff. "The emotions w'ich is in me seems lak they ain't room fur nothin' else. Seems lak I can't git my mind on vittles yit. But I shore aims to be at the tabernickle to-night, Aunt Dilsey—I means, Sist' Dilsey. You jes' watch me. Tha's all I asts of you now—jes' watch me!"

Head down and shoulders hunched, in the manner of one harkening to inner voices, Jeff betook himself around the corner of the back porch. Once out of her sight, tho, he flung from him his mien of absorption. The overture had been rendered; there remained much to be done before the curtain rose. The languorous shade invited one to tarry and rest, but Jeff breasted the sunshine, going hither and yon upon his errands. Back of a cabin on Plunket's Hill he had private conference with one Gumbo Rollins, by profession a carnival concessionaire and purveyor of amusements in a small way. No cash actually changed hands, but on Jeff's part there was a promise of moneys to be paid in the event of certain as-yet-problematical contingencies.

Next he sought for and, at the Bleeding Heart restaurant, found a limber individual named Tecumseh Sherman Glass, called Cump for short. This Tecumseh Sherman Glass was a person of two trades and one outstanding trait. By day a short-order cook, by night he played in 'Gustus Hillman's Colored String Band. It is to be marked down in the reader's memory that the instrument he played was the saxophone; also that he was heavily impregnated with that form of professional jealousy which lurks in the souls of so many *artistes*; likewise that he was a member in fair standing of the Rev. A. Risen Shine's congregation, and, finally, that he was a born meddler in other folks' affairs. These facts all should be borne in mind; they will have their value.



"'WHUTEVER 'TIS 'TAIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH LURIN' NO MONEY OUT OF YORE POSSESSION,' SAID JEFF. HIS VOICE CHANGED TO ONE OF DEEP GRAVITY. 'BROTHER LOVIN', LOOK YERE AT ME'"

WITH Tecumseh Sherman Glass, Jeff spent some time in a confidential exchange of words. Here, again, the matter of a subsequent financial reward, to be paid by the party of the first part, meaning Jeff, to the party of the second part, meaning Cump, following the satisfactory outcome of sundry developments, was arranged. Would there were space enough to tell how cunningly, how craftily Jeff, in the subtleties marking this interview, played upon three chords in the other's being—the chord of vengeful envy, the chord of malice, the chord of avarice. There is not space.

Four o'clock found the plotter entering the parlor of what once had been the establishment of T. Marshall, undertaker, now the Élite Colored Funeral Home, Marshall & Kivil, proprietors. These transformations had dated from the time Percy C. Kivil (Tuskegee '18) entered the firm. Here was no plain undertaker. Two inscriptions done in flowing type hung on the wall. These inscriptions read,

Oh, Death, where is thy sting
When we officiates?
Embalming attractively
At standard pre-war rates.

Blest be the tie that binds!
Tho death thy form may shake.
Call in a brother of thy race
And let him undertake!

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"SHE PAUSED, AND SEEMED TO ADDRESS MONSIEUR JONQUELLE DIRECTLY. 'YOU WILL BE CONCERNED, MONSIEUR, ABOUT THE MYSTERY OF THIS FORTUNE'"

THE WOMAN ON THE TERRACE

BY MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

MONSIEUR JONQUELLE, the Prefect of Police of Paris, was a moment late.

An angry voice reached him at the turn of the path. It was a tense, low, menacing voice. The words were not clear, but the intent in the voice was unmistakable. For a mere fraction of time he remained motionless as in some indecision; then he went forward swiftly.

It was evening. The soft colors of a sort of twilight day were on the Mediterranean. The many-colored city of Nice was lying below the mountain of olive-trees and the tropical gardens of the Villa of Cimiez. The whole scene was from a country of the fairy; the romantic frontier of some kingdom of wonder legend.

There were two persons on the long terrace of the villa when Monsieur Jonquelle approached. The villa was small and exquisite—a sort of jewel-box hidden in a garden of tropical luxuriance, enclosed by a high wall surmounted by a tile border. The villa was rose-color. The tiles of the terrace and the border of the high wall were also rose-color. It was a dainty and sensuous bit of the world, as tho raised by some enchantment out of the baked earth of Arabia.

Monsieur Jonquelle interrupted a tragic moment.

A woman sat in a chair midway of this terrace. It was one of those beautiful invalid-chairs made for the out-of-doors by that Italian genius which seeks always to add beauty to the decorative aspect of a garden. The chair was white. The gown of the woman in it was blue; it looked black in the soft evening light and against the rose-colored villa and the white chair.

The woman did not move. Her small, shapely head, as from fatigue, rested against the high back of the chair. It was crowned with a great weight of hair, as yellow and as heavy as gold, built up into a wonderful coiffure that resembled in its vague outlines the helmet of Minerva. Her hands and her elbows lay on the arms of the chair. Beside her, a step beyond, the man who had arrived a moment before Monsieur Jonquelle stood in an attitude of menace. The visible personality of the man was puzzling. That he was an American one could instantly see. But one could not so easily determine his status or his habits of life. He had some of the physical characteristics, some of the tricks of dress of one engaged in an artistic vocation; some of the swift, accurate, precise gestures of one skilled in the plastic arts. But there was a vigor and determination about the man that one is not accustomed to find in a mere artist—an element of ruthless decision, and of swift acts as of one accustomed to peril in his trade.

The attitude of the man and the voice that had reached Monsieur Jonquelle at the turn of the path were unmistakable in their menace. But the woman did not move. Neither the sudden appearance of the man, nor his words, nor his menacing gesture had in any respect disturbed her equanimity.

The scene changed as at the snap of invisible fingers. And Monsieur Jonquelle came up onto the terrace. The man fell into the posture of one at ease before an interrupting visitor, and the woman looked up languidly as tho undisturbed; as tho no human drama, however tragic, could disturb her; as tho she were forever beyond the stimulus of any human emotion.

It was clear that the man had no knowledge of Monsieur Jonquelle, but to the woman he was evidently a familiar figure. His appearance must have been an immense surprize to her, as the appearance of the man beyond her had been, but there was no evidence of it in her voice.

She did not rise. But she spoke softly.

"You do me a conspicuous honor," she said. "You will have been very much concerned about me to search me out here."

Then she presented the man beyond her.

"Martin Dillard," she said, "an American—Monsieur Jonquelle."

The Frenchman and also the woman, one thought, observed the American closely to note any recognition of either the name or the appearance of the new arrival. But there was none. He did not know either Monsieur Jonquelle or his trade.

She touched a bell concealed somewhere in the arm of the chair. A maid appeared. An added direction brought two chairs. The American sat down where he was, but Monsieur Jonquelle carried his chair a little beyond the woman to the edge of the terrace. He put down his hat, his stick, and his gloves.

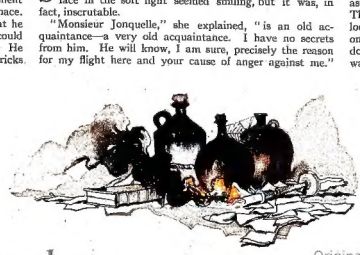
"I am fortunate to find you," he said; "I hoped to arrive a moment earlier."

The woman smiled.

"In that event," she said, "you might have failed to find my friend, Martin Dillard, the American. You will be interested, I am sure, to meet him and to know why he is angry."

SHE turned slightly toward the American. Her face in the soft light seemed smiling, but it was, in fact, inscrutable.

"Monsieur Jonquelle," she explained, "is an old acquaintance—a very old acquaintance. I have no secrets from him. He will know, I am sure, precisely the reason for my flight here and your cause of anger against me."



She turned again toward the Frenchman.

"Is it not so, Monsieur?"

The American had a strange, sullen, puzzled expression. But Monsieur Jonquelle laughed.

"Alas!" he said, "it is the disasters of my acquaintances with which I seem always to be concerned, and, unhappily, their affairs are usually known to me."

He bowed slightly to the American.

"If Monsieur will permit," he said, "I shall be charmed to verify madam's prediction. Monsieur has followed to inquire why the house in the Faubourg St. Germain, in the old quarter of Paris, happened to burn down."

The American moved, as in anger, abruptly in his chair.

"Yes," he said, "that is just precisely what I wanted to know."

Monsieur Jonquelle rose. He took a cigaret-case from his pocket. It was of platinum exquisitely traced with a complicated arabesque. He opened it and presented it to the woman in the chair. She declined.

"It is denied me," she said, "as all things are now denied me."

THE American also refused, and Monsieur Jonquelle returned with his cigaret to his chair on the border of the terrace.

"I, also," he said, speaking as he went about the lighting of the cigaret, "as what madam has so courteously called 'an old acquaintance,' am interested to know why this house at the corner of the Rue de St. Père on the Faubourg St. Germain has burned to the ground. It will be necessary to make some explanation to the authorities of Paris. They will be curious about it. And as this old acquaintance of madam, it has seemed to me that I ought to obtain and take some measures to present an explanation to the authorities in Paris."

He continued to speak, in the slow business of igniting the cigaret. "There is no question of insurance, nor the right of any property-owner in the matter. Monsieur Martin Dillard owned this house by purchase some months ago. He carried no insurance on it. It was stored only with his own property and used only by himself with the charming assistance of madam. There was not even a servant about. The doors entering the house were all fitted with a special lock, a complicated American lock with two keys only, one for monsieur and the duplicate for madam. The windows were securely closed with heavy shutters. The house was wholly inaccessible to any but these two persons, and it was the exclusive property of monsieur. If it had not burned, we should not have been concerned about it. Mysterious romances of the heart do not provoke an inquiry in Paris. It is the only capital of pleasure where the heart is free; but the city authorities are concerned with fires. When the flame emerges from the heart, Paris is disturbed, and when it reduces to ashes an ancient house on the Faubourg St. Germain, some explanation must be given."

He paused again. He had now gotten the cigaret lighted. And he sat down.

"Madam has correctly expressed it. I am an old acquaintance, and I am more than that; I am an old acquaintance who is very much interested to get madam's explanation before the authorities in Paris as early as I can manage it. Her flight

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after the fire seemed to be unwise. Even I had very considerable difficulty to find her."

The American spoke abruptly.

"You seem very much interested in 'Casque d'Or.'"

Jonquelle's voice was in a sort of drawl.

"'Casque d'Or,'" he said. "The expression is supremely happy. Madam's golden head used to be the wonder of Paris when she came up with it like a Minerva through the fluid floor of Paris. Ah! yes, I am very interested—I have been always interested, as an old, a very old acquaintance. And I am interested again, more, perhaps, than monsieur can imagine."

The American spoke again abruptly.

"You seem to know all about 'Casque d'Or.'"

Again Monsieur Jonquelle drawled his answer.

"Ah! yes," he said, "from her golden head to the blue pigeon delicately outlined on her hand between the thumb and the forefinger—every detail of madam has been of interest to me—has been, I may say, of anxiety to me. And now I am concerned about the explanation for this fire."

The American broke in. His voice was no longer restrained.

"I don't see what you've got to do with it," he said.

Monsieur Jonquelle did not at once reply. He looked at his cigaret as tho it were somehow unsatisfactory; puffed it a moment until the tip glowed; then he tossed it over the edge of the terrace into the bushes.

Almost immediately the bushes parted and two persons came up onto the terrace. They were footmen in a rather conspicuous foreign livery. They paid no attention to either Monsieur Jonquelle or the American. They addressed themselves with apologetic diffidence to the woman in the chair. They explained that a parrot belonging to the Princess Kitzenzof, who occupied the great villa above, had escaped and was concealed somewhere in the thick shrubbery of madam's garden. Would they be permitted to search for it? The woman in the chair moved her head slowly in assent. Then she dismissed them with a gesture. They went down off the terrace and toward the rear of the villa in their search, and the woman in the chair addressed the American.

"YOU must believe," she said, "that Monsieur Jonquelle is an old acquaintance and that this explanation is not to be denied him. Neither are you to be denied it. You came here for it precisely as he has come for it. You have followed me here, trailing out my flight, as he has followed. The two of you arrived nearly on the moment, and I shall be pleased to include the two of you in my explanation. You were demanding it as Monsieur Jonquelle arrived—with some heat, if I correctly remember."

The American replied in his abrupt manner.

"I don't understand this thing," he said. "But I do want to know how this house happened to burn while I was absent. You are the only person who had a key to it, and you must have burned it or you would not have run away and hid yourself—now, what's the story?"

The woman had a bit of delicate lace in her fingers. She put it up a moment to her lips. Then she spoke, addressing her two guests. Her voice was slow, serene, and detached, like one who speaks without interest, without emotion, and without any concern for effect. It was like a voice from a mechanical appliance, having intelligence, but no will to feel.

"I have been attached to Monsieur Dillard," she said. "There was a fortune before us, an immense, incredible fortune. The anticipation of it bound me to him, and so the burning of this house must have been an accident. The lure of a fortune is the only influence that does not loosen as one advances into life, in a world where presently every emotion fails. Therefore Monsieur Dillard had a right to feel that he could trust me, since my interest in this fortune was identical with his own."

She paused, and seemed to address Monsieur Jonquelle directly.

"You will be concerned, monsieur, about the mystery of this fortune. It was no dream, and depended upon no uncertain hazard of chance. Monsieur Dillard is an artist—an artist with a genius for turning art to a practical use. There have been greater artists than Monsieur Dillard in production, but not in methods by which art can be made to serve a practical purpose; that is to say, can be made to produce a fortune. It is the life-work of Monsieur Dillard not to produce art, but to bring the artistic skill of the masters of art to his practical purposes. And, in this department, he has no superior in any country. The house in the Faubourg St. Germain was in fact a storeroom. It was, at the time of its destruction by fire, literally packed with masterpieces—beautiful works of art of an incredible value."

She did not move the position of her body in the chair. But she again vaguely touched her lips with the handkerchief in her fingers, a bit of filmy lace.

"Monsieur," she said, "there have been in the world three men who are supreme in what is perhaps the highest of all artistic production. I shall name them to you: Monsieur Whistler, the American; Monsieur Helleu of Paris, and Wagenheim of Munich."

She moved a trifle in the chair. Then she went on. "The misfortune of producing a masterpiece in oil or in water-color is that one copy only of this masterpiece exists, and if by any misfortune it is destroyed, every adequate evidence of its beauty has disappeared forever. This is the unfortunate feature attached to the work of all the great masters. But it is a misfortune that does not attend the etchings of Monsieur Whistler, Monsieur Helleu, and Herr Wagenheim. The beautiful faces of the lovely Americans preserved by the etchings of Monsieur Helleu can be reproduced in any number. That beauty does not depend upon the jeopardy of a single picture."

Her voice seemed to advance, but not with the stimulus of any emotion.

"It is not commonly known," she said, "that an extreme skill is required to obtain in the prints all the beauties of these etchings. The prints are commonly made by persons having only the usual workman's skill. But it was always realized by the masters of this art that the extreme and delicate beauties of their etchings could only be produced by an adequate skill, by a skill almost equal to their own, in the printing of the picture. This skill constitutes the peculiar genius of Monsieur Dillard—a skill which he has striven to perfect, and which he has finally brought to the highest excellence.

"'IN AN INSTANT IT SEEMED TO ME THE ENTIRE CEILING OF THE ROOM WAS ON FIRE. I HAD BARELY TIME TO ESCAPE BEFORE THE ROOM WAS A FURNACE'"

He labored in the house in the Faubourg St. Germain for a long time and with an incredible patience, until he became the superior of any man living, and the house, as I have said, was literally packed with the most beautiful and the most valuable reproductions of this character in the world. This accumulated treasure represented the incredible fortune which was before Monsieur Dillard and myself.

"IT WAS on the night that he had gone to Bordeaux in order to make some arrangement for the removal of the treasure that the unfortunate fire occurred that wiped out our fortune in an hour, leaving monsieur penniless and myself with but the ruin of another illusion. And it happened, monsieur, in the simplest fashion."

There was absolute silence on the terrace before the villa. The vaguely blue sea seemed to underlie a world of amethyst. Heavy odors were in the air. A little beyond the terrace the leaves of a flowering vine moved where the footmen of the Princess Kitzenzof searched as noiselessly as ghosts for the lost parrot. The shadowy figures of the two footmen were outlined to the woman in the chair, and, perhaps, to Monsieur Jonquelle, but they were not visible to the American.

HE SAT like a tense figure in some organic medium, grim, rigid; always in that immobility which seemed to await the next word before it flashed into violent life; as tho madam's words were the delicate implement of a vivisectionist moving about a nerve which it never touched, but which it constantly menaced.

"It was the simplest accident," the woman repeated in her placid voice. "The original etchings of an immortal like one of the three which I have already named are priceless—they can not be replaced.

"Out of the fear that the house might be entered, after the reproductions had been made, these originals were placed under some rubbish in the basement of the house. This basement had not been entered for a long time, and when these originals were concealed there, care was taken not to disturb the appearance which this room presented of not having been opened for an incredible age.

"It was low, with an earth floor. The ceiling was of wooden beams dried out and beginning to decay and as inflammable as tinder. The whole of this ceiling was hung with cobwebs, laced over them, hanging like veils in shreds.

"On the night of the disaster, before leaving the house, I went into this basement to make sure that the originals stored there remained as we had placed them. It was late, and I took a candle. This was a fatal indiscretion. When I arose from an examination of the place where the etchings were concealed, the flame of the candle came in contact with the hanging spider-webs, and immediately the whole ceiling flashed into flame. In an instant it seemed to me the entire ceiling of the room was on fire. I had barely time to escape before the room was a furnace.

"In terror, I let myself out of the house. As the basement of this house was without windows, the fire was not discovered until I had gotten entirely out of the neighborhood of the Faubourg St. Germain.

"I was so overcome, so numbed by this incredible disaster that I did not stop to consider any result. I wished to escape from Paris—to conceal myself somewhere. I thought of this villa, but I did not dare to take the train from the Gare de Lyon. I traveled in a motor, winding southward from France, not directly, in order to confuse any one who might endeavor to follow."

Again she touched her mouth with the lace handkerchief. There was a faint red stain on it. She looked at the stain, but without emotion, and presently added,

"But I did not succeed. Monsieur Dillard and Monsieur Jonquelle have been able to trail me here with an equal facility, it seems, and within almost the same period of time. I can not have managed my travel with discretion."

She stopped abruptly. For a moment there was silence. The two men beside her did not move, but their aspect changed. The American seemed to relax; his tense energy to ebb. The menace in him changed to an aspect of disaster; on the contrary, there came into the posture of Monsieur Jonquelle a certain tenseness. He spoke, addressing the American.

"Monsieur," he said, "is it true that the basement room of this house was thus hung with cobwebs?"

The man replied as tho his jaws were stiff.

"Yes," he said, "the whole rotten ceiling was hung with them. I always went in with an electric flash—a candle—good God! What an accident!"

Monsieur Jonquelle arose.

"Monsieur," he said, "this was no accident. I will show you."

THE villa had been long closed. Insects had had their will with it. He went over to a shutter, unhooked it, swung it a little open, removed an immense cobweb, and came back to the border of the terrace.

The American, amazed and in a profound interest, moved to where he stood on the border of the terrace before the woman in the chair. The woman alone seemed beyond any concern. She neither moved nor spoke. She smiled vaguely, maintaining her posture of repose. The American could not conceal his profound interest.

"Not an accident!" he said. "What do you mean?"

Monsieur Jonquelle held the web up in his fingers, struck a match, and touched the web with the flame. There was no flash. The filaments of the web shriveled a little under the heat.

"I mean," said Monsieur Jonquelle, "that a spider-web is not inflammable, and, therefore, the basement of this house could not have taken fire from the flame of a candle."

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SILVERSHINE

BY VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK STICK

SILVERSHINE lay in his traces, his weary, bloodshot eyes staring in cold indifference at the closed doors of the cabins. Behind him whimpered and whined his mates—no, not his mates, for even that camaraderie of the harness which makes a dog-team commonly stick together through cold and curses, underfeeding and ill treatment, had no part in his heart. It seemed nothing lived in Silvershine's heart but savagery. The rest of the dogs feared him with a wholesome fear that was valuable to their master, since it precluded the fights that so often take place between members of the best teams going. Neither Clinker nor Laptka, both younger and very well grown, with ambitions of their own, had aught to say when the great silver leader was present.

Little Feet, an ardent lover and a vixen as well, cast her sheep's eyes at him from a respectable distance, and wise old Loopo, who had mothered at least twenty first-class sledge-dogs in her day, accorded him a certain quiet homage. Sitka-Bob hated him with a vengeance, but must be content to watch him with flaming eyes from under drooping lids—for Silvershine was the leader of that team without question.

It was a good team, a very good team, picked and sifted from full thirty dogs that had made it up at times, for it ran a five-hundred-mile journey with deadly regularity and, hauled supplies to the tiny store at Linwell's landing, and Jacques Peraux, who owned it, would have none but the best. It had been a brutal sifting, that, for Peraux's hand was heavy and his compassion nil.

Even in keeping with the tradition concerning him, he was at present inside the warm store where the red stove glowed, stretching his palms to its grateful warmth, his black eyes sparkling, his white teeth shining under his small mustache, while in direct defiance of all the laws of custom his dogs shivered in harness, stiffening from the last exertion of the run. He was the only driver in a radius of a thousand miles who would so have neglected his team.

But, look you, who was to say a word to Jacques Peraux concerning this? Jacques Peraux, boring of eye, straight of mouth when the laugh hardened, weighing two hundred and ten pounds without an ounce of fat on his six-feet-three?

No one.

His dogs might freeze in their tracks, might shiver and whine and watch the bright windows of the cabins with piteously eager eyes, and tho this and that one might look at them with pity and tongues clicked in their mouths, yet that was all.

And it was this very thing which proved their supremacy, those gaunt, hard-driven dogs; not care and full feeding which made them good, but the fact that they were good, were the best in all that stretch of frozen country, *in spite of their hardships*.

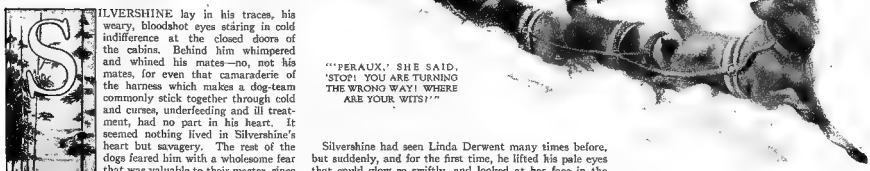
"Great Gar!" said little Pierre le Blanc, "what would they be, M'sieu, with a full belly?"

The man to whom he spoke, Allen Derwent, who owned the store at Linwell's landing, shook his big blond head and puffed his pipe in silence. But there was one who heard and was not averse to speaking her mind. Linda Derwent, big and blond like her father, calm and very beautiful, came from behind the counter that day and watched them lie down and cover the last long slope of snow at a racing gait, and her china-blue eyes clouded.

"I think that Jacques Peraux is a great bully," she said sharply, "and a worse brute than that splendid silver king which runs in the lead."

So it was that, on that very day when Jacques was warming himself and talking rapidly with a deal of delight in his own rather musical voice, the girl stepped to the rimed window and looked out on the team. Silvershine had dropped in his tracks, for even his great strength had been taxed by the last lap of the journey when the master had mushed them relentlessly with voice and whip, and the rest had followed his example. They were panting from the last dashing sweep up the slope, and their quick breath curled out on the cold air like fairy plumes.

Who shall say that the wordless dumb do not speak to the human heart that understands, that they do not hear its silent voice of sympathy?



"'PERAUX,' SHE SAID, 'STOP! YOU ARE TURNING THE WRONG WAY! WHERE ARE YOUR WITS?'"

Silvershine had seen Linda Derwent many times before, but suddenly, and for the first time, he lifted his pale eyes that could glow so swiftly, and looked at her face in the window.

Something passed between them—a vague electric flash.

The girl swung from the window and went out, closing the heavy door behind her. Fearlessly she went straight up to Peraux's leader, bent down, and looked deep in his eyes.

At the closing of the door Peraux sprang and opened it. He was all laughter, but alert, eager.

"Ma'amselle!" he cried in his big voice, "I advise that you come away—queek. Don' do dat," sharply, as the girl made a motion toward the dog; "at Angel's Lift he tear off a feengar for a woman who reach' at heem."

Linda straightened up and looked at Peraux.

"Peraux," she said flatly, "you're the cruelest man in the Yukon. These dogs are savage because you are savage."

The man stopped in his tracks, his dark cheeks flaming. "So?" he asked. "So?"

Linda did reach the hand, fearlessly, and laid it on Silvershine's broad head. The pale eyes glowed like foxfire for a second, and the master clicked his tongue sharply. But there was something in that firm touch which bore out the message of the eyes through the window, and the great gray husky ruffed it in silence. The girl turned and whisked away, and Jacques Peraux watched her with a little curl to the lips beneath the small mustache.

"So?" he said wonderingly; "she ees one beauty, dat ol' Derwent girl, and she theenk Jacques Peraux ees cruel? *Sacrèbleu!*"

Later inside the store the driver watched her with a new and lively interest. She was free of all the little huddle of cabins at Linwell's landing, free of her father's trading-store, free of the hearts of most of the men who came and went their long journeys in the snowbound land, for she was very sweet. Her pale-gold hair shone like satin under the coal-oil lamp; her cheeks were roses blooming in the ivory of her milky skin; her curved red mouth was like a pomegranate. She stood by the roaring stove and listened to the talk of the men, and she knew all the news of the North.

For the first time Peraux really took note of her. There was a girl at Angel's Lift and another at Nugget Flat who rightfully supposed they owned his heart, but that heart was true to nothing. Now it leaped a little faster as Peraux studied Linda Derwent.

"By Gar!" he told himself, "she ees one wildcat! An' those red lips! And eyes, why you nevaire see thees White Rose' beauty before?"

He rose and swung his great body over to where she stood.

When Peraux smiled with those white teeth flashing, women were wont to answer, but Linda Derwent gazed at him with unsmiling eyes.

"Ma'amselle," he said in a low tone, "why you theenk me cruel?"

"Because you are," she said.

Peraux spread expressive hands.

"But not to—you."

"No," said the girl coldly, "you'll never get the chance."

Instantly the smile died on his face and that cruelty flashed out like a fight in darkness.

"No? Ees that so? Mebbe, Ma'amselle—jus' mebbe, now, some time the chance, she come, an' Peraux prove himself—tender."

HE TURNED and went abruptly away, and with the closing of the door all eyes turned after him.

All eyes save those calm, contemptuous blue ones under the banded gold hair. Little Pierre le Blanc looked once at the door and then at Linda, and the black eyes under their jetty lashes which gave his face such charm were warm with adoration. It was the look of an idolater who worships from afar off, not daring to come near the sacred image.

Before first dawn next day Peraux was gone on his backward trail with never a customary rest for the weary team and that was Peraux's way. He was iron—steel—himself, and all that ran with him must be of the same metal. But in the dark and the snow, while he rode on the empty sledge or ran beside the gee-pole, his active mind was filled with the face of the girl at Linwell's landing, and the devils of resentment bit at his vanity. For Peraux was a vandal among women.

At his next trip down he was all ingratiation, but Linda would have none of him. He brought her a black-fox skin, silken and fine, worth a little fortune, but she pushed it away.

"Give it to that girl at Angel's Lift who is dying of a broken heart, they say, Peraux," she told him.

At that Peraux's eyes flamed, and he dashed the fine skin furiously into a corner.

"Damn!" he gritted as he swung on his heel.

At the door his dogs lay crouched on the snow, waiting, patient, sullenly obedient.

HE FLUNG out, and as he passed he struck down savagely with a heel. It landed in the side of Silvershine, and the dog rose ominously on his four feet spread apart. His head drooped low, and he regarded the man with such hatred that slavers ran from his lips, shaking back from his fangs. Linda Derwent saw through the door the little play, and her mouth set in a straight line as she ran swiftly out.

"You—you cowardly whelp!" she cried. "I wish I were a man!"

The Canuck turned.

"Yes?" he drawled, "an' what would you do, Ma'amselle?"

"I'd whip you to a standstill or be whipped myself!" she said.

Once more she put a hand on that savage head, heedless of the danger—and so they stood, the woman and the dog, allied against him, pale-yellow eyes and blue ones flashing with hatred for him—and Jacques Peraux went quite mad with rage.

He licked his lips and swayed on his feet, hands on his belted hips.

"Some day, Ma'amselle," he said heavily, "I make that whipping myself. A man's dog—an' hees woman—he mus' conquer."

The girl deliberately spat upon the snow, turned and went indoors, haughty with contempt. And that was not a wise action.

The long days drew away, one like the other, there in the lone land on the far fringe of civilization. Trappers came to the log store at the landing, gossiped of a thousand miles of wilderness, loaded their scant supplies of tea and sugar, salt and tobacco, and mushed away again into the white dimness.

Linda Derwent queened it royally in her tiny lost world, leaned her elbows on her father's counters, and smiled at this and that one. And so it came as the Winter passed that little Pierre le Blanc came more and more often to the landing from his cabin on White Stone Gulch, for his mighty passion drew him irresistibly and he fancied that he saw in the blue eyes of the girl a certain softness.

She knew it was there. It had been in her heart for many moons, but she was not minded to betray its presence precipitately.

She played with Pierre beautifully, so that the hopeless idolatry swamped him with glory and despair alternately. Sometimes she would look at him with blue flame playing in her eyes and allow him, turning, to catch one flicker of it. At what he hoped he saw Pierre's dark face would grow pale as ashes and his slim hand tremble on the counter.

"Ma'amselle—" he stammered once, and at her cool

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"Eh, M'sieu?" his tongue faltered, stilled. How could he tell her that he thought—dreamed—fancied he saw love in her face? He, the humble trapper.

But if Pierre was not sure of what he thought he saw, one there was who knew. Jacques Peraux, lounging by the warm stove on his nights in, talking always in his musical voice—Jacques Peraux, wisest of any there in the ways of women, knew that the big blond beauty had smiles in her heart for the slim youth.

The knowledge was fire to tow, fuel to the flame of his wounded vanity, a lash to his new desire. The light in his cruel face grew with each trip and his temper became unspeakable.

The dogs, those faithful creatures of hardship, felt the weight of his fury. Old Loopo took it with patient eyes, cowering. Poor Little Feet whimpered under the frequent lash, begging piteously, while Clinker and Sitka-Bob fought back to the limit of daring—and paid for their courage with broken flesh and ruined tempers.

But Silvershine, the giant leader, rose on his four feet spread apart, and with head hung low between his shoulders defied him. This defiance maddened Peraux, for somehow it reminded him of that first day at Linwell's landing when the girl and the dog had faced him together with yellow eyes and blue eyes shining with an identical light. That light had been *contempt*. Now he looked in his pack for the gun he carried there, intending to shoot the husky. He even took the weapon in his hand and drew down on that low-hung face with its pinched nose and devil's eyes. He stood a long time, his own nostrils fluttering, and at last let down his arm.

"I can keel heem," he muttered, "but dat's not conquering. No, *mon ange*, I wait. A man's dog—an' hees woman."

And he put the gun away.

And one night along about that time Linda Derwent stood in the cold starlight at the store's corner and spoke with Pierre le Blanc.

The youth was trembling again, and his golden voice was husked with passion and fear of his temerity.

"Ma'amselle," he said haltingly, "the starlight—it gets in the blood—sets loose the guarded tongue. Oh, Ma'amselle—I——"

"Yes?"

The girl was all woman, and she had played long enough.

Perhaps the starshine was in her own blood, the rich, strong blood of her blond forebears, courageous, sane, certain of itself.

At any rate she reached out a soft white hand and laid it on Pierre's shoulder.

"Speak, Pierre," she whispered lowly. "Speak—I'm listening."

With a gasp the youth caught the hand and pressed it to his heart, thundering beneath his plaided coat.

"I—can not," he said thickly. "Do you—not know my beloved?"

Linda's eyes were blue as Summer seas in the darkness as she smiled at him, wonderful eyes of love and surrender, and Pierre le Blanc murmured a little prayer of thanksgiving to *le bon Dieu* as he folded her to that heart which was hers unalterably, forever.

So Linda stopped her playing and began to sew wonderful long seams in the privacy of her own room behind her father's store, and Pierre sang all day about the cabin on White Stone Gulch, which he was making into as perfect a nest for love as might be, there in the frost-bound land. There must be new chairs fashioned by his own hand, and a low table set beneath a looking-glass where a fair face under banded gold hair might reflect its beauty. The finest of his furs must be made into priceless rugs for the rough floors, books ordered for the very first dog-train in the Spring.

Father Ambrose, the good little priest, would come with the early thaw and then—Pierre could scarcely believe his own great fortune and must needs go down again to Linwell's landing to make sure once more from Linda's wine-red lips—in convincing ways.

ALL the small world of the landing and its frequenters knew the glorious secret, and on his next trip in it reached the ears of Jacques Peraux, mad with lust of possession for this cold goddess of the golden braids. He said nothing when he heard it from Allen Derwent in the lighted store that night, but his black eyes narrowed and he licked his lips a time or two.

He bowed before Linda, wishing her happiness in his rich voice, which was not, somehow, sincere, and the girl frowned, accepting.

But out in the white wastes next day he scowled at Silvershine and shook a doubled fist, muttering.

"Name of a name!" he said, "she ees not for dat small Pierre. Only me—I'm mate for her. Me, Jacques Peraux—beeg an' strong."

So he made his journeys, thinking much as he lay at night cupped in the hole he had cut in the snow for himself and the dogs out of the bitter wind. And the fruit of this thought became a plan—a devilish plan.

The long seams were near done under Linda's skilled hands, and Father Ambrose would be in before many moons, when Opportunity sidled along and whispered to Peraux.

Out on Honda's Head there was a woman in a trapper's cabin, a quarter-breed, to be sure, but still a woman, who was ill of a great sickness. The trapper loved her very much, and on a bitter day he intercepted Peraux twenty miles from the cabin and sent word to the landing.

"My woman—I theenk she goin' die!" he cried tragically, "an' she say, so patient, 'Eef I only had a woman, Josef—a woman to talk to. Another woman—who would onderstan'!' You theenk, M'sieu, a woman—some woman—from Leenwell landing—she come for comfort my Marie?"

"Write it," said Peraux quickly.

And so he wrote, in cramped French, there on the snow, a pitiful message to some woman—any woman—at Linwell's landing—done with a stump of pencil on a sheet of Peraux's note-book.

And what woman at the landing was to see the message, think you?

Linda Derwent, of course, with her tender heart and her capable hands. Peraux was slow and clever here, for he gave the sheet to the trader himself and left without suggestion.

Three days later Linda drew up at the mound of frozen snow with its cut entrance and its wisp of smoke that was the cabin on Honda's Head, driven by Derwent himself, for the milk of human kindness was fluid in these people. They brought comfort and cheer, like the light, for the girl stooped over the thin woman in the bed, looked her over carefully, and told her firmly in French that she was not going to die—never think so, *now*—and the trader slapped a hearty hand on the trapper's drooping shoulder, while he set out from his pack a change of food and some good liquor.

Then Allen Derwent mushed away, and Linda took hold of the cabin with a strong hand. She made the man dig more snow away from the small windows, letting in the gray light, whisked out bedding and clothes for the washing in melted snow, cooked much food, and fed the sick woman like a martinet. And Life followed in her wake, for the woman took new hope. The man had no words for his humble gratitude, but one evening in the second week he turned from his wife's fur-covered chair—for Marie was sitting up then—and looked at Linda with adoring dark eyes in which tears glittered.

"Ma'amselle," he said, choked, stopped, and tried again, "Ma'amselle—I would say—would tell you—she ees my heart an' my life, an' you have give' them both back to me!"

And he dropped clumsily to his knees and, snatching the girl's hand, laid it to his lips. Linda smiled, and her blue eyes were very soft. This to her was Life and its highest, this service in trouble, and the humble gratitude of a lowly trapper was ample pay for her labor.

AND then came the day when Jacques Peraux drove up to the cabin with a flourish of whip. He was smiling and courteous, but in a hurry. He had come twenty miles in from his trail and must make it back again. He brought word from Linwell's landing that, if Josef and Marie could spare her now, the trader would have his daughter home, and that she was to come with Peraux, as two of Derwent's dogs had developed a malady which made them unfit for travel. They would make the trip in two days, and he would turn aside to the cabin of an Indian, who had a wife and five children, for the one night's stop. If ma'amselle would come—but please make ready quickly, for it was a long trail to the Indian's cabin.

The girl stood in the doorway and considered. She was quick with instinct, and she felt the insincerity in Peraux, but her task here was well finished and she was eager for home—and, incidentally, Pierre.

She was a brave person, this big good girl, so she hastily gathered her few garments, wrapped herself in her furs, kissed Marie and all but kissed Josef, and took her seat on Peraux's sledge.

It was a gray day with a lowering sky that hugged the earth, and the breath of snow was in the still air.

She had little to say to Peraux, running at the gee-pole, but watched the dogs straining in their traces. She noted their lean fitness, the strength and keenness in every action. Their plumy tails were light and fine, every hair shaking separate in the cold. Their haunches were heavy with muscle, their bellies slim.

They were trained to the *nth* degree, intelligent machines that worked to their limit for the human behind her, because he had them conquered. At this thought she mentally corrected herself.

There was something about Silvershine, running far out in the lead, that was a subtle contradiction. Something in his mammoth size in a land of great dogs, something in the way he carried his silver brush, something in the bristling mane upon his great shoulders, sent a thrill to her heart, made her smile from the rimed fringe of her parka. He was a fighter,

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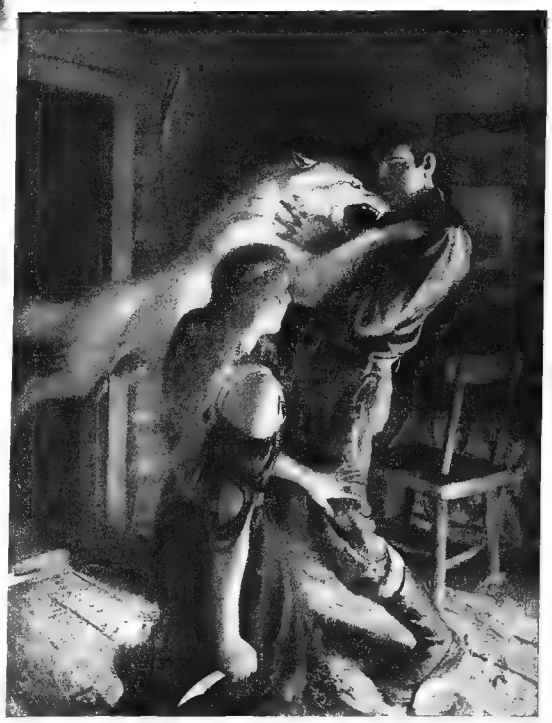

A GREAT GRAY SHAPE SAILED UP AND FORWARD THROUGH THE SHADOWS. SHE SAW PERAUX'S FACE, CAUGHT IN ITS HEAT OF PASSION, CHANGE WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF LIGHTNING"

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MINCU

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS

THE ways of a river are alike to the ways of the heart. In the Spring the river swells out of its bed, breaks the dikes, takes its toll, and recedes to flow evenly again its course to the great black pool in which all the rivers end their flowing lives. I know, for I have gone up the course of the Danube to its source in the Black Forest of Nemtzia. It begins there; a curling, liquid ribbon snaking gurglingly around stones and rocks. As it goes down the valleys it widens out, digs deeper, and takes to its bosom rivulets too playful to live for themselves, and rises and swells until it reaches full manhood, and falls into the black pool of death.

Only the bed of the river remains. The waters change. And each drop starts from the source on its way from childhood to death. Thus also men and women are born to live their lives in the same groove their ancestors have made. They widen it a little here and there in the Spring, when the heart overflows. They even break dikes and take the toll of youth, but rebuild them soon stronger than ever, to hold in bounds their offspring, to keep them within the middle of a river which widens slowly from day to day.

The ways of a river are alike to the ways of the heart. This I know, for I have gone up the course of the Danube to its source in the Black Forest of Nemtzia, and I have gone up the course of the Sereth to where it begins in the Karpathian Mountains of Bukowina, bubbling, sizzling, boiling, swelling, and tearing off pieces from the rocks it encounters. For that too I have learned: that whatever moves along destroys whatever stands in one place.

And now I will tell you the story of Mincu Viora; he whose violin-playing has brought tears to the eyes of the Sultan; the Sultan who had never cried, and who laughed only when other people cried; the Sultan who ordered his bayaderes to dance while men were put to death in his presence. And it would have fared badly with Mincu had the Vizier Sender not taken a fancy to the boy and warned him in time. For on the following morning the Sultan awoke, wroth and mad, and ordered that he who had brought tears to his eyes be rent to pieces or burned to death or something of the sort. The man who had seen him cry must not remain alive. That was the Sultan's wish. But where was Mincu? Hidden in the Vizier's house. Nowhere to be found.

Mincu was only a boy then. A clean-limbed boy; sun-browned, firm-lipped, blue-eyed, dark-haired, and with a voice as clear as the deep bell in the church of Moscow. He had gone to Constantinople with his father to play before a German general. When the boy disappeared old Lica was so sure his Mincu had been thrown into the Bosporus that he returned to the shores of the Danube, near Braila, where his tribe lived, there to mourn Mincu, his son, the best Gipsy violinist.

And lo, one day, a week after Lica had come home, while the whole tribe was mourning the boy, Mincu, as a Turk from head to foot, in the clothes of the Vizier's son, appeared suddenly among us.

Veta, Mincu's girl, gave such a shriek that we immediately knew something we had not known before. Mincu, a little shaken, a little pale, a trifle thinner, was so happy he could not find his feet under him. They were continually jumping away from the knees down.

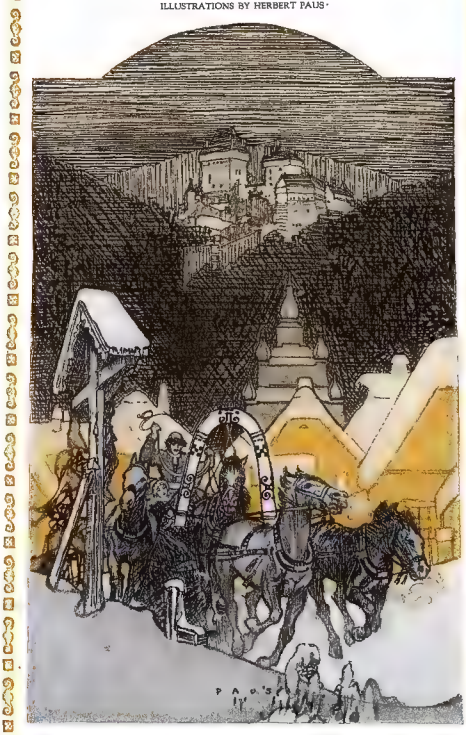
So there was great merriment as Mincu told his story.

"Ah, those Turks, those Turks! What a people! What a people!" Lica cried.

"That a thousand curses—" called out Veta.

"Fool, fool! I did not mean the Sultan. I meant the Vizier," shrieked Lica. So we drank and danced and sang to the health of the good Vizier; to the health and long youth of his wives and offspring.

A fiddle was put in Mincu's hands. When he began to play we forgot everything. The fire around which we sat died. The pipes fell out of our hands and the full glasses remained untouched. Even old Miora's ague, which made her teeth rattle like millstones, listened to the flow of melodies springing out from Mincu's violin. His bow sowed singing stars that rose to the heavens, trying to embrace one another. The waves of the Danube hushed one another. "Mincu plays. Mincu plays," they whispered softly as they crowded to the shores, because the boyar had given us a sign to, but because we too



"'HE STOLE MY FOUR BEST HORSES HARNESSED TO THE SWIFTEST SLEIGH,' BOYAR JONESCU BELLOWED. BUT HE WINKED AT ME"

When Mincu had stopped playing, Lica, his father, was seen to be very sad.

"What is it with you?" the people asked. "Are you not happy with a son such as he when we are so happy with a man such as he belonging to our tribe?"

"No, no, I am not happy," Lica answered, embracing Mincu. "God has given him too much power. Too much! Too much! It bodes no good."

"Were you not his father, I should kill you with my own hands for saying this," thundered Pietru, who had been Mincu's teacher.

THEN we drank again and sang. The young people danced. Veta with Mincu, Tinca with Bucur, Rosa with Stephan. Dancing, the boys drew the girls into the forest. When the sun had risen the old people were asleep and the young ones bathed in the cool waters of the Danube.

Mincu's fame grew from day to day. Before the first snow had fallen he had played at the "curte" of all the Dobrudjan boyars. From Konstanz we were called to Odessa, where we played in a big hall for thousands of thousands of people who had paid at the door five and more silver pieces to hear us play.

Us! Did I say us? Our band had been known as Pietru's band before. But when we had reached the land of the Russians they called us Mincu's band. Came to hear us play, I said? Not true. They came to hear him, Mincu, play. From Odessa we went to other cities. And wherever we came the people thronged to hear Mincu play. Men threw their "caciulas" (fur caps) in the air; women threw flowers at him, kissed him, embraced him, and tried to bewitch him. So beautiful he was. So beautiful and so fiery the songs he played. But he would not let them entice him. Veta was in his heart and blood. With the gold we earned he bought her bracelets and rings and silks; the heavy silk with threads of gold running through its web as is worn by the Muscovites.

And a dagger he bought her. A small, thin-bladed one with a firm grip and a point as fine as a needle's.

"If one of these Muscovite officers comes too near—" he advised her.

"Or if thou become untrue—" she answered.

Untrue! We laughed. Could he who played so truly be made the Sultan weep be untrue? And who could be untrue to Veta? Veta's eyes, Veta's mouth, Veta's hair, Veta's chin, Veta's throat and white bosom? Untrue to Veta! Mincu untrue to Veta!

When we reached Jassy, the old capital of Moldavia, Boyar Jonescu, whose land stretches half through Moldavia along the Pruth, sent for Mincu. Lica's father had been his father's serf in times gone by.

We all went to the "curte." The boyar called us into the large room with windows on the Pruth River, and said,

"Good words I heard of your son, Lica."

"His gift is from my father," answered Lica.

"Yes, your father. I remember him well," the boyar said, looking at Mincu. "He could play. And if that son of yours plays only half as well ——"

Then Boyar Jonescu called in his wife and spoke to her in the language of the Franks.

WE BEGAN to tune our instruments; we, four of us. Mincu the violin, Joan the "cobza," Stephan cleared the flute, and I tightened the wires of my "cymbalon." As we were tuning up, the door opened, and the boyar's daughter, accompanied by a young man in an Austrian military uniform, came in. What shall I say? How can I describe? But truly, if Mincu would have called her from the heavens with one of his most beautiful melodies she could not have been more beautiful. Not even the dream of a dream could have fancied her more like a flower on a tender stem. Mincu stopped to look at her. Lica looked at his son and sighed. "May God give him strength." She remained at the door, her gaze captivated by Mincu's.

"It's the grandson of my father's serf," Boyar Jonescu said to the girl in Roumanian. "Mincu is his name."

One could see the old boyar did not fancy the man in uniform, but the boyar's wife did, and talked to him in Frank all the time.

Then we began to play. But we soon stopped. Not be-

"WE CALLED MOIRA, AND SHE, WITH HER SALVES AND INCANTATIONS, BEGAN TO HEAL HIS WOUND"

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wanted to listen. Mincu played. What should I say? How can I describe? A thousand Sultans a thousand times more cruel than Abdul would have wept. Wept and laughed and danced and wept again.

Lica's eyes were on the boyar's daughter. "God give the boy strength," he prayed.

Mincu played to her and to her only. She lowered her head at first, drooping like a flower at midday, but she lifted her chin again.

"Great God!" cried the boyar when Mincu had finished. "Lica, I wish he were my son!"

"And I wish she were his daughter!" Mincu answered in his father's place, looking at the girl.

The boyar's wife screamed as tho a thousand snakes had bitten her of a sudden. Then she took one arm of her daughter and one of the militarist and strode out, calling us cursed Tziganies.

BUT I could see the girl did not want to leave the room; she turned her head at the door.

"Forgive him, forgive him," begged Lica on his knees before the boyar. But the old man's eyes blinked merrily, and he patted Mincu on the shoulder.

"His mind moves as rapidly as his fingers, and his tongue is just as smooth. Rise, Lica, father of such a son."

Then the boyar ordered wines to be brought, filled Mincu's glass himself, and laughed broadly, making merry as if nothing had happened.

At sundown we left the "curte." From one of the windows a handkerchief fluttered down. Mincu was the first to see it. He pressed it to his lips and put it in his bosom. We returned to our camp. Mincu walked with bowed head. His father muttered prayers. "God give him strength."

"Do you know how the boyar's father would have acted for such an insolence?" Pietru questioned me, and answered himself, "A hundred strokes with the knout and flayed alive afterward."

"The boyar's father would not have wished Mincu for a son," I answered.

"No. Times change. The new boyars are different. But just the same, Mincu should not have said what he said. He dared too much."

"Give him good advice," Pietru said later on to Lica. "He is your son, is he not?"

"You can advise a man when he buys or sells a horse, when he wants to take a journey, but when he is in love you can only pray for strength and luck."

"Is there of our blood in the Jonescus'?" Pietru asked a little later.

"We shall see," answered Lica. "The way the girl will act will show."

"Is there of their blood in—Mincu?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Because I don't want we should lose him, Lica," cried Pietru.

"God give him strength," Mincu's father prayed again with eyes to the rising moon.

Early the following morning Lica spoke to his son.

"Your grandfather has been her grandfather's serf, Mincu. She is the daughter of a great boyar. Such passions come suddenly into the hearts of our men, but one must smother them in time ere the flame leaps too high. A field is full of flowers and grass, but for some beings the most beautiful ones are like poison. Your hand stretches toward them, but your mind tells you they are poison. I myself have once been in the grip of such a passion. She was also a boyar's daughter. It was before you were born to me, Mincu. And of a truth you do resemble the woman that was not your mother more than you are resembling the one that gave you birth. Mincu, Mincu, my son. I smothered that passion because I had no right to her. She was a boyar's daughter. She could not live our life. You have no right to the granddaughter of my father's master. You have no right to her."

"I have all the rights. I love her," was Mincu's quick answer. Saying which, he rose from where he sat, by his father, put on the best fur cap, his best clothes, the red-silk belt, combed his long hair, and was soon at the door.

"And Veta?" asked his father. "What about Veta?"

"Veta! I love another woman, Father." And on these words he left. Love leaves no room for other feelings. Had he not been so near death at the Sultan's court Mincu would not have played his life so easily. But he had come to understand that between death and life is but a toss of chance, so he cared less for life and wanted to live sharply while he lived, cutting into the days with a sharp knife instead of using the dull one of habit.

The whole day Mincu was away from the camp. People came to call us to play at feasts and weddings. But when they heard the boy would not be with us they went away disappointed, cursing us angrily. At nightfall Mincu returned. There was an ugly gash on his forehead as from a whip-cut. Yet Mincu was happy, just the same, seemed not to bother about it, and played for us. The morning following was Sunday. We had agreed weeks before to play at the wedding of a Greek merchant's daughter. A hundred gold pieces or more awaited us. The Greek's sleigh came to take us. At first Mincu did not want to go at all.

"That the Greek daughter get wedded without my playing," he grumbled. "You have played at many weddings without me," he screamed. "Why can't you play at this one?"

But we bundled him up in the sleigh. We reached the merchant's house just in time for the evening meal.

Mincu's playing was worse than that of a tenth-rate "cobzar." Had it not been for his fame we would have been whipped and thrown out of the house. As it was, they let us play and paid no attention to us. A little later in the evening the big guest-room began to fill with people. Men in uniforms and black clothes. Women dressed in silks and atlases and covered with jewels worth in the thousands of gold pieces. For it was a rich Greek merchant and he had many rich friends. The bride in a gown the color of the sky in the Summer when the dying moon kisses the earth good morning and the groom in the blue uniform of a Roumanian artillerist, were sitting between two large wall mirrors framed in red and white roses. From the ceiling hung branches of peonies and gerbes of lilies and jasmines and flowers from a dozen distant countries. And talk among the guests there was only in the Frank tongue. For the Greeks and boyars were raised in the country of the Franks and spoke Roumanian only to the serfs and the Tziganies.

"HIS BOW SOWED SINGING STARS THAT ROSE TO THE HEAVENS. 'MINCU PLAYS, MINCU PLAYS,' THEY WHISPERED SOFTLY"

Then when the dancing was to start, the floor was cleared for the ones to open the dance. You know the custom? Groom and bride whose wedding-feast is to be celebrated next are the first couple on the floor. And who should step out from the crowd of silks and black-coated and uniformed men? Boyar Jonescu's daughter with her officer of the Austrian hussars. The ladies threw flowers at them and the gentlemen clapped their hands. Mincu played. At first nobody seemed to pay much attention to his playing, but after a few minutes the ladies began to turn their heads and the gentlemen theirs to where Mincu stood. Then the bride and the groom entered the square of the waxed floor and took a few turns all alone. Soon many other couples glided in. Old and young were swerved into the dance by Mincu's gliding bow.

THE big room became a sea of colored waves of silk and atlases from which passionate heads came up for breaths of air; as do the dolphins on the Black Sea. So entranced were the dancers that when Mintu stopped playing they remained as still as if a sudden north wind had turned them into rainbow ice. Then slowly they began to thaw. The cavaliers led their damsels to the chairs along the walls and speech began again, while white hands moved rapidly fans of green, yellow, red, and brown with gold.

The older men clustered around us; around Mincu, who was as white as snow. And from his whitened face shone the blue eyes.

"Here, here," Boyar Jonescu called, coming on with a pitcher of foaming wine and two glasses. "We drink together, Mincu." And with his own hand the boyar filled Mincu's glass, and they clinked as they looked one another in the eye. One could see the boyar loved Mincu and that he was not ashamed to show it.

"Give the boy a little air, men," the boyar called. "Stand

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"NOT EVEN THE DREAM OF A DREAM COULD HAVE FANCIED HER MORE LIKE A FLOWER ON A TENDER STEM. MINCU STOPPED TO LOOK AT HER"

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"'DIS IS SVEND SVENDSEN—FROM FRIEDRICH'S HALD. LIKE I TOLD YOU VERE MINE GRANDFADDER ISS COME FROM'"

THE HOUSE SELZJIORD

In Which the Question of a Woman's Loyalty to Her Home and Husband Is Involved

BY DAVID CHURCHILL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES H. CRANK

ELSA'S pride of possession embraced her house on the mountain and all it held. It warmed the thought of her husband, the "Red Norseman"; it focused on the door-latch of hammered brass. With quick, eager movement of arms and back, she rubbed the thumb-piece, blew upon its polished surface and rubbed again, and with the movement her heavy, fair braids shifted and glistened. The sun had not yet risen above the forest which walled the clearing, but great clouds of vapor, like drifting snow-banks, and so near they were torn by the tree-tops, threw a reflected glory upon house and garden, deepened the purple shadows beyond the huge tree-boles, brightened the girl's fair Norse coloring.

Elsa looked up. Only the mist blowing away—the day would be bright as a day of festival should be, she decided, and was glad that guests should first see her house at its best, in the sunshine. Lars had been fine. He had made no objection to the housewarming she had set for the Fourth of July nor to the guests she had invited without consulting him. Altho they were men, all of them, they were lumbermen like himself; he understood her instinct of hospitality toward them, casually met tho they were in the caboose of a log-train. She could not have done less than set a day for them to come and view the generous house about which all the mountain knew.

"Dey ver so kind," Elsa explained in her careful English. "Dey vish to bring me pets—so many pets! I say no. Yust come! Lots of dem know alretty my Lars."

She watched him with anxiety softened by confidence. Lars Selzjiord had veiled his disrelish of the invasion. He looked stedfastly into the bowl of the pipe cupped between his hands. The core within it grew bright, while his blue eyes, hard sometimes to face, warmed and softened with his pride of her confidence in him. He was laconic.

"All right."

Elsa, growing daily in the lore of affection, found in his assent all her heart desired. The deep, ready voice of her husband, masculine and forceful, had sounded as he spoke to her a note which it sounded for none other, a note of vibrant tenderness, the memory of which stayed by her and echoed in her ears—her pulse was made rhythmic by the beat of his saw in the clearing below the turn of the skid road.

"Thees marrying," she murmured, her eyelids heavy with the moisture of happiness—"thees marrying iss better as I theenk!"

At midday Lars Selzjiord came back to a house redolent of holiday cookery unmistakably Scandinavian in its blend of spice and essence. Elsa, flushed with her baking and reveling in the first untrammeled exercise of a real gift, tempted him with upheld morsels and demanded in crisp Norsk if it were not well for America that she had become its citizen!

"That *iss*," Lars assented, his own accent taking color from hers, "that is America—what we from all countries bring all together of the best!"

Elsa, with sudden perversity, remembered the girls among whom she had waited upon table in the Golden Potlatch of Seattle. Their accents had been many, their cruelty one. Her quick anger rose.

"Lots of dem bring de vorst in America, too!"

The disagreement was nothing; the sudden antagonism was actual and dreadful. Lars spoke coldly.

"Such birds there be which build themselves nests and then befoul them." He faced her. "For us there shall be no quarreling."

She had no answer ready. Her anger had gone as it came. After Lars stepped outside to put away his tools, she tried to find her fault. Was she never to say what she thought? How quick they both were! Her hands were in the dish-water before the tension of her unhappiness relaxed. Drying-cloth in hand, Lars waited. Elsa admitted in a muffled reluctance,

"De men do not so in de old country. No man wipes of de dishes like dat."

"I am American."

Encouraged by the steam, the tendrils of fair hair began to coil disturbingly about Elsa's face.

"Do you like that I do it?" he asked her.

"Yes," she admitted. With an explosion of truthfulness she added, "Sometimes I go all to mine head."

Lars polished a glass and set it upon the shelf among its fellows. "You know not," Elsa murmured above the dish-pan, "you know not how sometimes it iss hard to lif with mine self."

There were sudden tears, and laughter deep and tender, and Elsa glowed once more like a visiting seraph.

HER husband called from the clearing,

"Aa, Elsa!"

"In yust von minut'."

She glanced over her table, topped the platter of *Safrosubulle* with a minute flag, and laid about it a ring of *Pepperkakai*. A doubt of the entire suitability of these Christmas dainties of Scandinavia for the Fourth of July celebration troubled her briefly. In the living-room she arranged and rearranged the magazines, giving the place of honor to her cherished *Tühlstemsning*, with its rare prints. Lars she found setting out the last of the flowering bushes with which he had softened the edge of the clearing. The towering forest trees, the dense, impenetrable shadows, had lost their terror for Elsa; now they became a sheltering background for azalea and spicebush, flowering currant and rhododendron.

"Lars, boy, it is yust lofely."

He laid a gently impudent forefinger upon her nose.

"Yust lofely!" he mimicked.

Elsa trembled with a gust of anger. To withstand it she bit her tongue. Lars sobered and removed the offending finger.

"Say just," he bade her: "your tongue has a Svensk thickness."

She said it, but it was like dry sledding upon the skid road. "J—j—just."

Thankfully, her anger receded with the effort.

"Now say Jim—John—jelly."

Elsa's eyes darkened till the warm, blue irises were consumed.

"I—I vill nod!"

THE tide of angry words flowed over.

"Vy you marry me if you like nod my talk?" she stormed. "You know mine grandfadder is Svensk! In all t'ings you put me always wrong—always I do vat you t'ink nod good enough!" Her speech burst into crisp Norwegian. Did he think himself perfect? Her eyes filled. She wished she had never left Norway! She hated this mouth-filling American talk! She hated this being under a man's thumb—this never-to-be-stopped faultfinding! There was much more. While she talked, he walked deliberately away from her. He followed the path through the potatoes which filled the clearing with bloom, to the upright barked pole before the house. He unwrapped and raised the new flag roped to the mast. Before it reached the top, voices came up to them from the skid road that led down the mountain. Their guests were arriving. They came in step with an old marching song and they rallied round the flag to finish it. They cheered for the Selzjiords and the new house and set off bunches of crackers and huge torpedoes.

Elsa was only seventeen. Her bad moment was like a nightmare which she set herself to forget. She accomplished the introductions with real dignity. Later, on her knees before the oven, basting her pans of grouse, her eyes smarted with tears.

Only one thing marred it. Because Lars had insisted on the handshake in place of Elsa's old-world curtsy, she gave her hand to each of the men. The last one, Giba, the big Hungarian boss, had refused to let go. Yet Lars did not look angry, she thought, after a quick, sidelong scrutiny. It was Giba himself, following her eyes with his own, who seemed disturbed. The quick change in his face was ludicrous. Elsa's pride in her husband's stalwart presence swelled.

"He is de bes'—de stronges'! Vy must I be so ugly with him all de w'iles?"

The youngster with the fascinating stammer had not

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come. He was near her own age, she thought. He even bore her maiden name—Svendsen. Going down to Seattle from Robe that day, he had interested her more than any of them. It was he who started the idea of bringing her pets to replace the defunct Sigurd. He had insisted on personally delivering. How the others had "roughed" him when she assented! Then had come the general permission to see the house, her sudden plan of a housewarming.

Elsa closed the oven and turned, still on her knees, at a sound outside the door, a curious sound, amatory and persuasive, a raucous bird voice, softened to the love-note. Elsa rose hastily and opened the screen door. On the walk in front of the house stood a rudely constructed cage, and within gleamed the Joseph's-coat Mongol, the Mandarin of pheasants, parted by a lattice from his modest mate. Close by, upon his heel, sat Svendsen, the youngster, pipe in hand, watching the gaudy bird's effort to pass the barrier.

"I h—had to tail along after the others," he explained in the deliberately cautious manner of the stammerer. "They were—wouldn't let me bring 'em."

Elsa, glowing with her pleasure, knelt before the cage. "His name is Lui; he's a Chink, you know."

Elsa did not know, and he explained.

"B—born in this country, but the old birds were brought over and planted here a few years back. N—not his fault. Probably like Ch—china best if they'd given him a chance to choose."

All this was new and fascinating to the girl. It was like opening the lattice upon an unexpected vista. The boy's speech was free from accent; it made her envious, but in a moment the bird had absorbed her. He was a marvel, with his cardinal-and-green head, his orange-and-black polka-dot body, his turquoise wings, his quaking love-note. His mate pressed her dun coat with demure unconcern.

Elsa forgot her guests till Lars recalled her from the step. She sprang up and presented the youngster in a breath,

"Dis is Svend Svendsen—from Friedrich's Hald, like I told you vere mine grandfadder iss come from."

Lars greeted Svendsen pleasantly enough, yet with the slight condescension of a Norwegian toward his confrères from over the border.

"Elsa," he said then, "I think our guests will like to eat pretty quick."

"Ya," Elsa assented. "I t'ink it iss yust ready now."

The guests filled the living-room with their lusty masculine presence. With four on the dower-chest by the window, and Svendsen sitting once more upon his heel in apparent comfort, there was just room for them all. Lars served them from the kitchen, where Elsa carved and dished unceasingly. After they had eaten and drunk they went outside to play quoits with horseshoes and to shoot at targets, all but Svendsen. He had found Elsa's *Jülklemming* and was completely engrossed in it. Elsa, tidying her kitchen, looked in upon him now and then. How different he was from the rest! Different from her husband—in some ways more like her own people—wide through brow and temple—his chin sharp, his hair not reddish, but flaxen, like her father's. She viewed with rising excitement the possibility of his being a distant relative. His scowling intentness over the prints confirmed her.

"He yust lof dem like I," she concluded.

"Proportion," the boy muttered, looking up at her with unseeing eye. "That's what the old boys knew! It's what this *fördömda* modern had found out! Light—shadow——"

He broke off as the sudden, blinding realization of Elsa smote him. His eyes squinted at her with the immemorial gesture of the artist in his effort to reduce everything to the terms of his art—to obliterate all else.

"You've got 'em skinned a mile!" he cried, his eyes opening with a blaze of wrath. He flung the magazine to the floor and twisted to his feet. "God! I wish I could paint!"

THEY faced each other squarely, attraction, resistance at balance, and both strangely impersonal.

"Vy," she demanded hardily, "vy, if you vant so bad, you not do it?" He turned moodily toward the window. He answered querulously, "I have to earn my living."

Elsa was scornful.

"Ya! You vork so you shall eat that you can more vork!"

He turned with an unexpected laugh.

"Just as you say, *Kusin*? But I am going to paint. I tended furnace all Winter and went to Van's studio down in Seattle. I can daub a little already. What flattens me is—I can't really paint—or even draw."

"How you—all in a minute—find dat?"

"Because you've got such gorgeous bones and that ski—u—kum color," he told her calmly, "you make me crazy."

Elsa looked him guardedly in the eye. He was not like those others down in the Golden Potlatch of Seattle. No, he meant what he said and no more. Elsa had not known she had "gorgeous bones," but she bore up wonderfully under the knowledge.

"Svendsen," she cried, "you shall paint dose—veneffer you likes."

"You make me think of the Spring in Sweden, which I never saw," he went on as though she had not spoken. "You are like my dreams of the shining women of the Northland who were our ancestors."

Elsa took it without wincing; she had her reward.

"I hope to Friedrich's Hald you really are my cousin! Let's swap relations now and find out! My grandfather was Svend Svendsen of Dolsland Landskap. Our folks were some sort of keepers of game around the Hald of Friedrich—oh—ever since—" He did not stammer. He was more used to her, she thought. In reality he was "holding forth."

Elsa walked over to her dower-chest and lifted the lid of black oak, iron-hinged and ancient. Upon its inner surface was an illumined parchment with entries in old script, the last of which declared that one Bergliot Svendsen, wife of Svend, being without daughter, did give and bequeath the chest and all it contained, from her mother, her mother's mother, from time out of mind, to her son Eric, her eldest. Followed a list of linens, both woven and netted, numbered and tagged.

"FADDER dia since two years and I come to aunt in Seattle," Elsa said. "Modder is dead since I am born."

The awe with which Svendsen looked into the chest pleased her.

"Not all iss here. Ve ver' poor in Norvay—some vas sold." He fingered the silky linens with sensitive fingers.

"Damask and for de beds—much is here. And—and all de liddle caps for—for baby——"

She closed the chest abruptly.

"Go out and play now," she directed him bruskly. He lingered. "You are one flower of a cousin!"

"Maybe," she evaded; "Svendsens be in Sweden like trees on dis mountain."

He put his arm across her shoulders and laid his cheek to hers.

"You shall not be sorry, *Kusin-lil*," he said soberly.

She pushed him away in haste and went back to her kitchen, wondering if Lars would think harm of the boyish liberty.

"He mean nodding," she tried to re-assure herself; "he lof yust my—my Svedishness." She laughed in keen relish of the joke: "Mine bones."

From the shadow outside the screen door a bearded face emerged, grinning up in a taunt that needed no word. Elsa closed the door.

Elsa watched a Roman candle bursting aloft in peevish mockery of the stars, pierced in a sky of emerald, darkening upward to cobalt. It was her first real experience of fireworks, and the boys had spent an extra vagrant proportion of their month's wages to give her housewarming the right "send-off." At a distance they were busied with driving stakes for the set piece, and about a stump at the edge of the skid road a bonfire half as big as the house and piled like a teepee awaited its turn. Before it, a dark outline, except for the glow of his pipe, sat the youngster, lost in abstraction. Gibs supervised the fireworks.

Elsa felt that her husband's mood was responsive; the steady pressure of his arm about her filled her with supreme content. Now was a good time to tell him about Svendsen. She lifted her face.

"Lars, boy——"

His hand cupped her chin suddenly, and his mouth covered hers. It was not possible to speak of anything, or even to think. Every fiber of her being sang. The set piece came on—"George Washington Crossing the Delaware"—and burned for a moment against the forest. The bonfire, tended constantly and with anxious watchfulness because of the surrounding fir-trees, burned till a late hour. Yarns oozed like sap from the men toasting about the blaze. Svendsen alone was silent.

The morning light touched Elsa, curled up on the floor beside her husband's bed.

"Lars, dear," she began, the obsession still upon her of telling about Svendsen, "Lars, dear——"

"Little Elsa!" he murmured, drawing his hand down across her eyes, her throat—a lingering caress of his that especially endeared him to her.

She began again.

"Lars—dat boy Svendsen—his grandfadder is Svend Svendsen like mine, and from Friedrich's Hald in Dolsland. He is maybe *Kusin* by my *fadbror*."

Lars withdrew his hand with a laugh. Elsa, delicately sensitive, found herself at fault that she had brought even the name of another into the intimacy of the moment. Lars conceded,

"If all the Olesons are cousins and all the Pedersens, maybe all the Svend Svendsens are also. Why? Shall you like if we adopt him for cousin? He looks hungry enough that he needs somebody to adopt him!"

ONE day since, even this morning, Elsa realized, she would have flown up at this; to-night she had no impulse of anger, only the need to make him understand.

"Lars, boy, in my chest it stands so—and Friedrich's Hald is but a small place. And it is not so far back—my fadder's fadder——"

Lars lifted himself to his elbow and searched her face with eyes dark-rimmed and fierce.

"Elsa! You think always back to that old country! *This* is our country—we be Americans now! That Svendsen—I heard him say to you about the birds—'perhaps they rather have been born in China if they had their choice.' I have heard him say—before the men—that he shall go back to Friedrich's Hald. He will be Svend Svendsen of Friedrich's Hald—not Minnesota—America!"

Lars rose up in his bed and set his feet on the floor.

"He lives here, in America. He earns big money here from such forests as are nowhere in the world. And with the money he shall go back where are the bones of his dead and become Svend Svendsen of Friedrich's Hald! Elsa, such talk I shall not stand. Let him come no more to the house of Selsjiord!"

He towered red-headed in his doorway, the fiery blue of his eyes both terrifying and fascinating her, holding in check her answers. If Lars could come to America and change to a citizen of this country, why could not Svendsen go to Sweden and change to a citizen of that country? And with more right! Strangely, she realized, she had, as before, no impulse to flare into angry speech. She would wait.

"Lars," she said gently, "it is not I who wish to go back."

Over Selsjiord's keen face fell a lightness of humor.

"That I know, Elsa-lil: I go only for a drink of water to cool my red temper."

It was a week before Elsa opened the subject again, a week of deep satisfaction with her home and her husband. The last time he had ended with the old-world pet name so loved. Surely now he would be reasonable, and there was no time to lose. Any day might bring Svendsen. She had thought deeply on her approach. She began, "Lars, am I a pretty good wife, maybe?"

Lars, standing before her in his sinewy strength, ruddy, clean-shaven, with his sky-blue eyes and dazzling forehead, seemed to her the most splendid, most desirable man ever created for the snaring of woman. As he often did, he took counsel of his pipe. When it was drawing well he admitted, quizzically,

"You are pretty; you are good—maybe! Why you ask me that?"

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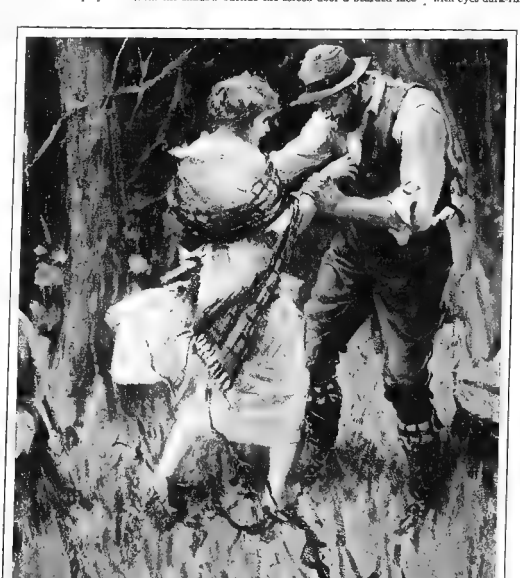

"'I—AMERICAN, YOU—HUNKIE!' SHE THREW AT HIM. 'YOU COME EAT OUR BREAD AND DEN STEAL DE LOGS OF MY HUSBAND BECAUSE HE ISS NOD HERE TO KEEL YOU!'"

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The HIGH COST *of* ENVY

The Second of a Series of Articles on Popular Medical Psychology

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

CARTOONS BY STUART HAY

"SHE ENVIED THOSE WHOSE CHARMS OR PERSONALITY BROUGHT TO THEM AFFECTION AND ATTENTION"

PSYCHOLOGISTS have studied with praiseworthy thoroughness almost all the human emotions. They have given us treatises—amounting at times to elaborate volumes—detailing emotional origins, mechanisms, and effects on mind and body. But some emotions they have virtually ignored. Envy is one of these. You will search in vain for a psychological monograph on envy. In many a general psychological text-book envy is not even listed in the index. When psychologists do mention it the reference is usually a casual one, in connection with envy's allied emotion, jealousy, which for its part has indeed received abundant discussion. Why envy has not been similarly favored one is hard put to say.

Possibly it is because envy is, as Jules Payot calls it, a sordid emotion. But, however devoid it may be of the romantic implications of jealousy, to which so much attention has been paid, it is as frequently operant in life—and does fully as much harm. If jealousy kills, so does envy. If jealousy breaks up innumerable homes, envy has a home-breaking record of its own. It destroys working efficiency even more surely than jealousy does. It has as destructive consequences to bodily health, and jealousy can scarcely outmatch it in devastating effects on the mind. Psychologists who warn and exhort against jealousy are assuredly derelict in their duty in not warning and exhorting with equal force against envy too.

As I write there recurs to my mind a case impressively illustrating how subtly yet catastrophically envy may work. It is the case of a man now in his sixties and rightly regarded by his neighbors as being of unsound mind. In his youth and early manhood he was mentally sound enough. Launching upon a professional career in New York, he gave promise of acquitting himself more than creditably. Married early, and being blessed with several children, the indications were that he would establish himself as a prosperous citizen and worthy head of a happy family.

But, no matter what one's calling, one can not expect to achieve success by leaps and bounds. In every vocation setbacks and disappointments are certain to be encountered. To meet these philosophically and to make haste slowly, to bear up manfully under reverses and to renew the struggle boldly, are essentials in business progress. They can not be had when courage and emotional control are lacking, and John Jones, as we may name him, was neither properly courageous nor well trained in emotional control. He permitted even trifles to worry him, and, what was far worse, he permitted himself the costly luxury of growing envious of those who were doing better than he was in the vocation he had chosen.

"THE SPOILED CHILD THAT HAD BEEN, ENVIED HER FRIENDS WHO HAD MADE 'BETTER' MARRIAGES"

It did not seem to occur to him that these others were mostly men of large experience, and that if he would only have patience and strive diligently he too might in time excel.

All that he saw was their prosperity, and he grudged them that exceedingly. Like many another man before and since, he began to pity himself, to feel that the world was not treating him fairly, and to hate those whom he regarded as undeservedly more favored.

Many centuries ago a Japanese sage, Yoritomo Tashi, analyzing emotional effects with a penetration worthy of the most erudite of modern psychologists, set down this observation:

"A timid person, when envious, merely hates and suffers. The he dreads the thought of grieving alone, he is fully aware of the meanness of this feeling. Being too undemonstrative to seek the ameliorations which would expand his mind, he avenges his grievances on every one round him. For impulsive persons most naturally treat others to their ill temper, brought on by dissatisfaction with themselves.

"In the unmerited reproaches which they fling at their families they feel as tho they were extenuating their faults which, being too weak to correct, they display daily. But in the end these unmerited rebukes lessen the ties of sympathy, already so light, which bind the timid to their families, and so there often springs up a feeling of mutual constraint. And as no one round them knows what sentiments bring on these strange attacks of temper, their friends find it impossible to avoid making allusions or expressing thoughts that make their wounds bleed afresh."

THIS was precisely what happened in John Jones's case. He became unreasonably, inexplicably morose, and bitter in his attitude to his family. Nothing they said or did pleased him. He was continually finding fault, particularly with his wife, whose affections he gradually alienated completely. As their sons approached manhood and perceived more clearly the suffering their father was causing their mother, they frankly remonstrated with him, only making matters worse. To complicate the situation further, the crippling effects of envy were making themselves increasingly evident in his steadily decreasing professional efficiency.

But he was not thereby roused to a saving sense of the disaster he was inviting. Instead he became still more envious of the good fortune of others, more inefficient, and more overbearing in his treatment of his family, until at last a day arrived when his wife and children rose in open revolt.

The outcome was John Jones's removal from New York to a small up-State village. There, freed from the presence of the "ungrateful" ones at home, he settled down to a solitary and, as he hoped, peaceful existence. But the demon of envy still possessed him. He saw all about him happier folk than he, and the sight of their happiness was a torment to him. Now, however, he had none on whom to vent his spite except himself. The consequence was a gradual mental unsettlement, characterized by a growing sense of persecution. Everybody was conspiring against him; he was beset by enemies. "Paranoia," the psychiatrists call this wretched mental state. It has various causes. In John Jones's case its exciting cause was envy—nothing but envy.

And the Woods Are Full of Them

NOR is his case such an exceptional one as might be thought. With sundry variations similar tragedies are being enacted here and there through the country to-day. Ask any specialist in mental disorders and he will confirm the statement that paranoic delusions—sometimes so extreme that the man or woman entertaining them has to be immured in a refuge for the insane—may again and again be directly traced to overindulgence in the emotion of envy. Ask medical psychologists and you will learn from them that the domestic discords which so commonly enter to complicate the problems in functional nervousness with which they have to deal, are in numerous instances attributable to envy. For the matter of that, functional nervous disorders themselves may and often do have envy as their starting-point.

Here, for example, is a young married woman who consults a medical psychologist because she is troubled with what her family physician has termed neurasthenia. She sleeps poorly, she has frequent headaches, occasionally her back aches also, and she has fleeting pains in other parts of her body. Yet the physician has been unable to find in her any physical condition that would account for her aches and her insomnia. He has had an oculist examine her eyes, a throat specialist scrutinize her tonsils, a dentist go over her teeth with the aid of the X-ray, and an orthopedist study her bones and joints. Always the findings have been negative, until a diagnosis of functional nervous trouble seems to have been definitely established.

The medical psychologist, confirming this diagnosis, begins to make a painstaking analysis of the life history and emotional trends of this unfortunate young married woman. He discovers that she was the only child of parents who reared her with the pampering overindulgence so commonly exhibited by parents having only one child on whom to

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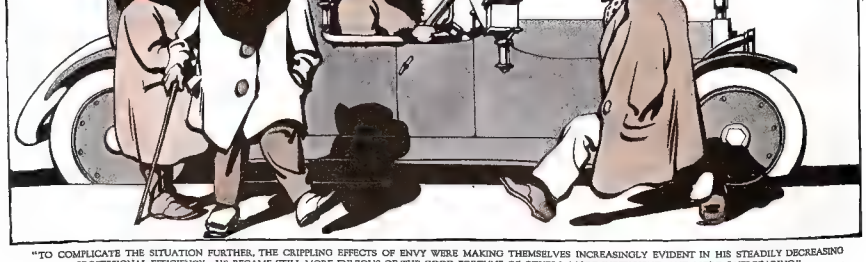

"TO COMPLICATE THE SITUATION FURTHER, THE CRIPPLING EFFECTS OF ENVY WERE MAKING THEMSELVES INCREASINGLY EVIDENT IN HIS STEADILY DECREASING PROFESSIONAL EFFICIENCY. HE BECAME STILL MORE ENVIOUS OF THE GOOD FORTUNE OF OTHERS, MORE INEFFICIENT, AND MORE OVERBEARING"

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"I DON'T WANT HIM ACCUSING ME OF LYING DOWN IN THE SHAFTS! I'M GOING OUT IN THE FIELDS, WHEN THE PUSH IS ON."

THE PRAIRIE CHILD

THE LONG-PROMISED SEQUEL TO "THE PRAIRIE MOTHER"—SECOND INSTALMENT

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. WARD

The Story of the Story

WHETHER or not you have read "The Prairie Mother" we advise you to begin its sequel, "The Prairie Child." It is an absorbing exposure of a wife's soul-searchings. This is the situation:

Chaddie McKail and her husband, Dinkydunk, are at swords' points. He has been chasing rainbows, she has been raising children. Prairie life he finds monotonous. It is paradise to her. Due to his indifference she has grown to be less wife than mother.

"When a child is born to man, he unconsciously puts on the purple." Finding himself no longer master in his own household, Dinkydunk resents Chaddie's petticoat domination, and takes occasion to assert himself by almost drowning his son. To be sure it was only intended to be a swimming lesson, but the excited mother rushes to the rescue of her boy and attacks her husband.

This insane fit of rage brings Chaddie to a sudden realization of her tragedy. She "can not trust herself when her female-of-the-species affections are involved."

A pretty pass for a married woman!

Friday the Seventh.

DINKYDUNK is on his dignity. He has put a fence around himself to keep me at a distance, the same as he puts a fence around his haystacks to keep off the cattle. We are coolly polite to each other, but that is as far as it goes. There is something radically wrong with this home, as a home, but I seem helpless to put the matter right. It's about all I have left, in this life of mine, but I'm in some way failing in my duty as a housewife. "Home" is a beautiful word, and home life should be beautiful. Any sacrifice and any concession a woman is willing to make to keep that home, and to keep ugliness out of it, ought to be well considered by the judge of her final destinies. I'm ready to do my part, but I don't know where to begin. I'm depressed by a teasing sense of frustration, not quite tangible enough to fight—like cobwebs across your face. It's not easy to carry around the milk of human kindness after they've pretty well kicked the bottom out of your can!

Torrid and tiring are these almost endless Summer days. But it's what the grain needs, and who am I to look this gift-horse of heat in the face? Yet there are two things, I must confess, in which the prairie is sadly lacking. One is trees, and the other is shade, the cool, green, sun-filtering shade of woodlands where birds can sing and mossy little brooks can babble. I've been longing all day for just an hour up in an English cherry-tree, with the pectoral smell of the leaves against my face and the chance of eating at least half my own weight of fresh fruit.

But even in the matter of its treelessness, I'm told, the prairie is reforming. There are men living who remember when there were no trees west of Brandon, except in the coulées and the river-bottoms. Now that fire no longer runs wild, however, the trees are creeping in, mile by mile and season by season. Already the eastern line of natural bush country reaches to about ten miles from Regina, two hundred miles west. Oxbow and Estevan, Dinkydunk once told me, had no trees whatever when first settled, tho much of that country now has a comfortable array of bluffs. And forestry, of course, is giving Nature a friendly push along in the matter.

In the meantime we have to accommodate ourselves to the conditions that prevail, just as the birds of the air must do. Here the haughty crow of the east is compelled to nest in the low willows of the coulée and raise its young within hand-reach of mother earth. Like our women, it can enjoy very little privacy of family life. The only thing that saves us and the crows, I suppose, is that the menfolk of this country are too preoccupied with their own ends to go around bird-nesting. They are too busy to break up homes, either in willow-tops or women's hearts. I ought to be satisfied. But I've been dogged, this last day or two, by a longing to be scudding in a single-sticker off Orienta Point again or to motor-cruise once more along the Sound in a smother of spray.

Thursday the Thirteenth.

DINKYDUNK has been called to Calgary on business. It sounds simple enough, in these Unpretentious Annals of an Unloved Worm, but I can't help feeling that it marks a trivially significant divide in the trend of things. It depresses me more than I can explain. My depression, I imagine, comes mostly from the manner in which Duncan went. He was matter-of-fact enough about it all, but I can't get rid of the impression that he went with a feeling very much like relief. His manner, at any rate, was not one to invite cross-examination, and he insisted, to the end, on regarding his departure as an every-day incident in the life of a preoccupied rancher. So I caught my cue from him, and was as quiet about it all as he could have wished. But under the crust was the volcano.

The trouble with the tragedies of real life is that they are never clear-cut. It takes art to weave a selvage about them or fit them into a frame. But in reality they're as ragged and nebulous as wind-clouds. The days drag on into weeks, and the weeks into months, and life on the surface seems to be running on the same as before. There's the same superficial play of all the superficial old forces, but in the depths

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are dangers and uglinesses and sullen bombs of emotional TNT we daren't even touch!

Heigho! I nearly forgot my *sursum-cordа* rôle. And didn't old Doctor Johnson say that peevishness was the vice of narrow minds? So here's where we tighten up the belt a bit. But we humans, who come into the world alone, and go out of it alone, are always hungering for companionship which we can't quite find. Our souls are islands, with a coral-reef of reserve built up about them. Last night, when I was patching some of Gershom's undies for him, I wickedly worked an arrow-pierced heart, in red yarn, on one leg of his B. V. D.'s. This morning I noticed, his eye evaded mine and there was marked constraint in his manner. I even begin to detect unmistakable signs of nervousness in him when we happen to be alone together. And during his last music lesson there was a *vibrato* of emotion in his voice which made me think of an April frog in a slough-end.

Even my little Dinkie, day before yesterday, asked me if I'd mind not bathing him any more. He explained that he thought he could manage very nicely by himself now. It seemed trivial enough, and yet, in a way, it was momentous. I am to be denied the luxury of tubbing my own child. I, who always loved even the smell of that earthy and soil-grubbing young body, who could love it when it wasn't any too clean and could glory in its musky and animal-like odors as well as the satin-shine of the light on its well-scraped little ribs, must now stand aside before the reservations of sex. It makes me feel that I've reached still another divide on the continent of motherhood.

This afternoon, when I wandered into the study, I observed Dinkie stooping over a Chesterfield pillow with his right hand upraised in a perplexingly dramatic manner. He turned scarlet when he saw me standing there watching him. But the question in my eyes did not escape him.

"I was pr'tendin' to be King Arthur when he found out Guinevere was in love with Lancelot," he rather lamely explained as he walked away to the window and stood staring out over the prairie. But for the life of me I can't understand what should have turned his thoughts into that particular channel of romance. Those are matters with which the young and the innocent should have nothing to do. They are matters, in fact, which it behooves even the old and the wary to eschew.

Sunday the Sixteenth.

IT SEEMS strange, in such golden Summer weather, that every man and woman and child on this sun-bathed footstool of God shouldn't be sanely and supremely happy. My husband, I am glad to say, is once more back in his home. And I have been realizing, the last few days, that home is an empty and foolish place without its man about. It's a ship without a captain, a clan without a chief. Yet I found it both depressing and humbling to be brought once more face to face with that particular fact.

Dinkydunk, on the other hand, has come back with both an odd sense of elation and an odd sense of estrangement. He has taken on a vague something which I find it impossible to define. He is blither and at the same time he is more solemnly abstracted. And he protests that his journey was a success.

"I'm going to ride two horses from now on," he announced to me this morning. "I've got my chance and I'm going to grab it. I've swapped my Buckhorn lots for some inside Calgary stuff and I'm lumping everything that's left of my Coast deal for a third interest in those Barcona coal-fields. There's a quarter of a million waiting there for the people with money enough to swing it. And I'm going to edge in while it's still open."

"But is it possible to ride two horses?" I asked, waywardly depressed by all this new-found optimism.

"It's *got* to be possible until we find out which horse is the better traveler," announced Dinkydunk. Then he added, without caring to meet my eye, "And I can't say I see much promise of action out of this particular end of the team."

I must have flamed red at that speech, for I thought at the moment he was referring to me. It was only after I'd turned the thing over in my mind, as I helped Struthers put together our new butter-worker, that I saw he really referred to *Casa Grande*. But my husband knows I will never part with this ranch. He will never be so foolish as to ask me to do that. Yet one thing is plain. His heart is no longer here. He will stick to this prairie farm of ours only for what he can get out of it.

Dinkie warmed the cockles of my heart by telling me this afternoon when we were out salting the horses that he never wanted to go away from *Casa Grande* and his mummy. The child, I imagine, had overheard some of this morning's talk. He put his arm around my knees and hugged me tight. And I could see the tawny look come into his hazel eyes speckled with brown. My Dinkie is a prairie child. His soul is not a cramped, little soul, but has depth and wideness and undiscerned mysteries.

Sunday the Thirtieth.

TWO weeks have slipped by. Two weeks have gone, and left no record of their going. But a prairie home is a terribly busy one, at times, and it's idleness that leads to the ink-pot. I'm still trying to make the best of a none-too-promising situation, and I'll thole through, as Whinstane Sandy puts it. After breakfast this morning, in fact, when Pauline Augusta was swept by one of those little gales of lonesomeness to which children and women are so mysteriously subjected, she climbed up into my lap and I rocked her on my shoulder as I might have rocked a baby. Dinkydunk wandered in and inspected that performance with a satiric eye. So, resenting his expression, I began to sing,

By-by, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone ahunting
To gather up a pile of tin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in!

Dinkydunk, when the significance of this lilted flippancy of mine had sunk home, regarded me with a narrowed and none-too-friendly eye.

"Feeling a bit larkier than usual this morning, aren't you?" he inquired with what was merely a pretense at carelessness.

IT WAS merely a pretense, I know, because we'd been over the old ground the night before, and the excursion hadn't added greatly to the happiness of either of us. Duncan, in fact, had rather horrified me by actually asking if I thought there was a chance of his borrowing eleven thousand dollars from Peter Ketley.

"We can't *all* trade on that man's generosity!" I cried, without giving much thought to the manner in which I was expressing myself.

"Oh, *that's* the way you feel about it!" retorted my husband. "I'm going to ride two horses from now on," he announced to me this morning. "I've got my chance and I'm going to grab it. I've swapped my Buckhorn lots for some inside Calgary stuff and I'm lumping everything that's left of my Coast deal for a third interest in those Barcona coal-fields. There's a quarter of a million waiting there for the people with money enough to swing it. And I'm going to edge in while it's still open."

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"'YOU'D DO THAT?' WHISPERED MY HUSBAND, SLOWLY, WITH A STRICKEN LIGHT IN HIS EYES WHICH I COULDN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND"

band. And I could see his face harden into Scotch granite. I could also see the look of perplexity in my small son's eyes as he stood studying his father.

"Is there anything abnormal in my feeling the way I do?" I parried, resenting the beetling brow of the Dour Man.

"Not if you regard him as your personal and particular fairy-godfather," retorted my husband.

"I've no more reason for regarding him as that," I said as calmly as I could, "than I have for regarding him as a professional money-lender."

Duncan must have seen from my face that it would be dangerous to go much further. So he merely shrugged a flippant shoulder.

"They say he's got more money than he knows what to do with," he said with a heavy jocularity which couldn't quite rise.

"Then lightening his burdens is a form of charity we can scarcely afford to indulge in," I none too graciously remarked. And I saw my husband's face harden again.

"Well, I've got to have ready money and I've got to have it before the year's out," was his retort. He told me, when the air had cleared a little, that he'd have to open an office in Calgary as soon as harvesting was over. There was already too much at stake to take chances. Then he asked me if there were any circumstances under which I'd be willing to sell *Casa Grande*. And I told him, quite promptly and quite definitely, that there were none.

"Then how about the old Harris Ranch?" he finally inquired.

"But why should we sell that?" I asked. Alabama Ranch, I knew, was in my name, and I had always regarded it as a sort of nest-egg for the children. It was something put by for a rainy day, something to fall back on, if ill luck ever overtook us again.

"Because I can double and treble every dollar we get out of it, inside of a year," averred Dinkydunk.

"But how am I to know that?" I contended, hating to seem hard and selfish and narrow in the teeth of an ambitious man's enterprise.

"You'd have to take my word for it," retorted my husband.

"But we've more than ourselves to consider," I contended, knowing he'd merely scoff at that harping on the old string of the children.

"That's why I intend to get out of this rut!" he cried with unexpected bitterness. And a few minutes later he made the suggestion that he'd deed *Casa Grande* entirely over to me if I'd consent to the sale of Alabama Ranch and give him a chance to swing the bigger plans he intended to swing.

The suggestion rather took my breath away. My rustic soul, I suppose, is stupidly averse to change. But I realize that when you travel in double-harness you can't forever pull back on your team-mate. So I've asked Dinkydunk to give me a few days in think the thing over.

Wednesday the Second.

CASA GRANDE has had an invasion of visitors. It was precious old Percy and his Olga who blew in on us, after being swallowed up by the Big Silence for almost four long years. They came without warning, which is the free and easy way of the Westerner, appearing in a mud-spattered and dust-covered auto that had carried them blithely over two hundred and thirty miles of prairie trails. And with them they brought a quartet of rampageous young buckaroos who promptly turned our sedate homestead into a rodeo.

Percy himself is browner and stouter and more rubicund than I might have expected, with just a sprinkling of gray under his lop-sided Stetson to announce that Time hasn't been standing still for any of us. But one would never have taken him for an ex-lunger. And there is a wholesomeness about the man, for all his quietness, which draws one to him. Olga herself still again impressed me as a Zorn etching come to life, as a Norse myth in petticoats, with the same old largeness of limb and the same old suggestion of sky-line vastness about her. She still looks as tho the Lord had made her when the world was young and the women of Homer did their spanning in the sunlight. Some earlier touch of morning freshness is gone from her, it's true, for you can't move about with four little toddlers in your wake and still suggest the budding vine. But that morning freshness has been supplanted by a full and mellow noon-day contentedness which is not without its placid appeal. To her husband, at any rate, she seems mysteriously perfect. He can still sit and stare at her with a startlingly uxorious eye. And she, in turn, bathes him in that pale lunar stare of meditative approval which says plainer than words just how much her "man" means to her.

PERCY and his family stayed overnight with us, and hit the trail again yesterday morning. An old friend of Percy's from Brasenose has taken a parish some forty-odd miles south of Buckhorn—a parish, by the way, which ought to shake a little of the Oxford dreaminess out of his system—and Olga and her husband are "packing" their newly arrived Toddler Number Four down to the new curate to have him christened.

We were all a bit shy and constrained during our first hour together, but this soon wore away. It wasn't long before Olga's offspring and mine were fraternizing together, overrunning the bathroom tub and emptying our water-tank, and making a concerted attack on one of Dinkydunk's self-binders, which would have been dismantled in

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short order if Percy hadn't gone out to investigate the cause of the sudden quiet.

"My boy loves everything with wheels," explained the proud Olga, in extenuation of her Junior's oil-blackened fingers.

That brought me up short, for I was on the point of making the same statement about my Dinkie. After thinking it over, in fact, I realized that *every* normal boy loves everything with wheels. And it began to dawn on me that there was nothing so extraordinary, after all, in my son's fondness for machinery. I began to see that he was merely one of a very wide-spread clan when, an hour later, the entire excited six united in playing Indian about the haystacks, and kept it up until even the docile Pauline Augusta was driven to revolt against so persistently being the paleface captive. She announced that she was tired of being scalped. So, for variety's sake, the boys turned to riding and roping and hog-tying one another, like the true little Westerners they were, and many an imaginary brand was planted on many a blasting set of ribs.

BUT now they are gone, and I've been thinking a great deal about Olga. I fancy I have even been envying her a little. She's of that annealing softness which can rivet and hold a family together. I've even been trying to soince myself with the claim that she's a trifle ox-like in her makeup. But that is not being just to Olga. She makes a perfect wife. She is a tranquil-minded as Summer moonlight on a convent-roof. She is as soft-spoken as a wind-harp swinging in an abbey door. She surrenders to the will of her husband and neither frets nor questions nor talks with discontent. I suppose she has a will of her own, packed somewhere away in that benignant big body of hers, but she never obtrudes it. She placidly awaits her time, as the bosom of the prairie awaits its harvesting. And I've been wondering if that really isn't the best type of woman for married life, the autumnally contented and pensively quiet woman who can remain unruffled by man and his meanderings.

I wasn't built according to that plan, and I suppose I've had to pay for it. I've just about concluded, in fact, that I would have been a hard nut for any man to crack. I've never been conspicuous for my efforts at self-obliteration. I've a temper that's as brittle as a squirrel-bone. I'm mobile and flighty, too chameleon-mooded and critical. The modern wife should be always a conservative. She should hold back her husband's impulses of nervous expenditure, conserving his tranquil-mindedness about the same as cotton-waste in a journal-box conserves oil. Heaven knows I started with theories enough—but I must be a good deal like old Schramm, that teacher of Heine's who was so busy inditing a study of Universal Peace that his boys had all the chance they could wish for pummeling each other. But I've been thinking, Reuben. And I'm going to see if I can't save what's left of the ship. I'm no Renaissance cherub on a cloudlet, but I'm going to knuckle down and see if I can't jibe along a little better with my old Dinkydunk. I've decided to back off and give him his chance. If he's set on selling Alabama Ranch, on the terms he's mentioned, I'm not going to object. He'd determined to make money, to advance. And I don't want to see him accusing me of lying down in the shafts! What is more, I'm going out in the fields, when the push is on, to help stook the wheat. That may wear me down and make me a little more like Olga.

Thursday the Tenth.

IT'S difficult to be a woman, as the oversensitive *Jean-Christophe* once remarked. Men are without those confounding emotions which women seem to be both cursed with and blessed with. When I announced to Dinkydunk my willingness to part with Alabama Ranch, he took it quite as a matter of course. He betrayed no tendency to praise me for my sacrifices, for my willingness to surrender to strangers the land which had once been our home, the acres on which we'd once been happy and heavy-hearted. He merely remarked that under the circumstances it seemed the most sensible thing to do. There's a one-horse lawyer in Buckhorn who has been asking about the Harris Ranch, and Dinkydunk says he suspects this inquiring one has a client up his sleeve.

What I had looked forward to as a talk which might possibly beat down a few of the barriers of reserve between us proved a bit of a disappointment. My husband refused to accept me as a heroine. And on his way out, as ill luck would have it, he stopped to observe Pauline Augusta struggling over a letter to her "Uncle Peter." It was a maiden effort along that line and she was dictating her messages to Dinkie, who, in turn, was laboriously and carefully inscribing them on my writing-pad, with a nose and a sympathetically working tongue not more than ten inches away from the paper. Pauline Augusta, in fact, had just proclaimed to her amanuensis that "we had a geese for dinner to-day" when her father stopped to size up the situation.

"To whom are you describing the home circle?"

"A HORRIBLE FEELING SETTLED ABOUT ME, FOR I REMEMBERED HOW CLOSELY I HAD SKIRTED THE BLACK GULF OF MURDER."

questioned Pauline Augusta's parent, with an intonation that didn't escape me.

"It's a letter to Uncle Peter," explained Dinkie's little sister. And I could see Duncan's face harden.

"It's funny my whole family should fall for that damned Quiker!" were the words he flung over his shoulder at me as he walked out of the room.

Tuesday the Fifth.

SCHOOL has started again. And it's a solemn business, this matter of planting wisdom in little prairie heads. Dinkydunk, who has been up to his ears in haying and is now watching his grain with a nervous eye, remarked that our offspring would be once more mingling with Mennonites and Swedes and Galicians and Ukrainians. I resented that speech, tho I said nothing in reply to it. But I decided to investigate Gershom's school.

So yesterday afternoon I drove over in the car. I had a blowout on the way, a blowout which I had to patch up with my own hands, so I arrived too late to inspect Gershom conducting his classes. It was almost four, in fact, before I got there, so I pulled up beside the school-gate and sat waiting for the children to come out. And as I sat there in the car-seat, under a sky of unimaginable blue, with the prairie wind whipping my face, I couldn't help studying that bald little temple of learning which stood out so clear-cut in the sharp northern sunlight.

It was a plain little frame building set in one corner of a rancher's half-section, an acre of land marked off by a wire fence where the two trails crossed, the two long trails that melted away in the interminable distance. It seemed a lonely little house of scholarship, with its playground worn so bare that even two months of idleness had given scant harborage for the seeds that wind and bird must have brought there. But as I stared at it it seemed to take on a dignity all its own, the dignity of a fixed and far-off purpose. It was the nest of a nation's greatness. It was the outpost of civilisation. It was the advance-guard of pioneering man, driving the wilderness deeper and deeper into the North. It was life preparing wistfully for the future.

From it I heard a sudden shrill chorus of voices and the clatter of feet, and I knew that the day's work was over. I saw the children emerge, like bees out of a beehive, and loneliness no longer reigned over that bald yard in the betraying northern sunlight. Yet they were not riotous, those children confronting the wine-like air of the open. They were more subdued than I had looked for, since I could only too easily remember one of my earlier calls for Dinkie at noon, when I found the entire class turned out and riding a rancher's pig, a heavy brood-sow that had in some luckless moment wandered into the school-yard and had been chased and raced until it was too weary to resent a young barbarian mounting its broad back and riding thereon, to the shouts of the other boys and the shrill cries of the girls.

But now, from my car-seat, I could see Gershom surrounded by a multicolored group of little figures as he stopped to fix a strap-buckle on a school-bag of one of his pupils. And as he stood there in the slanting afternoon sunlight surrounded by his charges he suddenly made me think of the tall old priest in Sorolla's "Triste Herencia" surrounded by his waifs. I caught the echo of something benignant and Lincoln-like from that raw-boned figure in the big-lensed eye-glasses and the clothes that didn't quite fit him. And my respect for Gershom went up like a Chinook-fanned thermometer. He took those children of his seriously. He liked them. He was trying to give them the best that was in him. And that solemn purpose saved him, redeemed him, ennobled his baldness just as it ennobled the baldness of the four-square little frame building behind him.

I DON'T know why it was, but for some reason or other that picture of the northern prairie and the gaunt school-teacher surrounded by his pupils in the thinning afternoon sunlight became memorable to me. It photographed itself on my mind, not sharply, but softened with a fringing prism of feeling, like a picture taken with what camera-men call a "soft-focus." It touched my heart, in some way, and threatened to bring a choke up into my foolish old throat.

It was Pauline Augusta who saw me first. She came toward the car with her strapped school-books and her lunch-box in her hand and a prim little smile on her slightly freckled face. She impressed me as a startlingly shabby figure, in the old sealskin coat which I had made over for her, worn clean to the hide along the front, for even those early Autumn days found a chill in the air when the sun began to get low. She had just climbed in beside me when I caught sight of Dinkie. I saw him come down the school-steps, stuffing something into the pocket of his reefer-jacket as he came. He looked startlingly tall for a boy of his years. He seemed deep in thought. There was, indeed, an air of remoteness about him which for a moment rather startled me, an air of belonging, not to me, but to the world into which he was peering with such ardent young eyes. Then he caught sight of me, and at the same moment his face both lightened and brightened. He came toward the car quietly, none the less, and with that slightly sidewise twist of the body which overtakes him in his occasional moments of embarrassment, for it was plain that he stood averse to any undue display of emotion before his playmates. He merely said, "Hello, Mummy," and smiled awkwardly.

But after he had climbed up into the car and wormed down between Pauline Augusta and me, and after I had tucked the old bear-robe about them and called out to Gershom that I'd carry my kiddies home, I could feel Dinkie's arm push shyly in behind my back and work its way as far around my waist as it was able to reach. He didn't speak. But his solemn little face gazed up at me, with its habitual hungry look, and I could see the hazel specks in the brown iris of the upturned eye as the arm tightened its hold on me. It made me ridiculously happy. For I knew that my boy loved me. And I love him. I love him so much that it brings a tapering spear-head of pain into my heart, and at the very moment I'm so happy I feel a tear just under the surface.

Sunday the Tenth.

I HAVE been reading Peter's latest letter to Dinkie, reading it for the second time. It is not so frolicsome as many of its fellows, but it impresses me as typical of its sender.

"I've to-day told fourteen cents' worth of postage-stamps to carry out to you, dear Dinkie, a copy of my own 'Tales from Homer,' which may be muddy with a few big words, but which the next year or two will surely see tramped down into easier going. You may not like it now, but later on, I know, you will like it better. For it tells of heroes and battles and travels which only a boy can really understand. It tells of the wanderings and adventures of strong and simple-hearted men, men who are as scarce, nowadays, as the shining helmets they used to wear. It tells of women superb and simple and lovely as goddesses, such as your own prairie might give birth to, such as your own mother must always seem to us. It tells of flashing temples and cities of marble overlooking singing seas of sapphire, of

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stately ships venturing over dark waters and landing on unknown islands, of siege- and sword-fights and caves and giants and sea-goddesses and magic songs, and all that sunnier and simpler life which the world, as a prosaic old grown-up, has left behind.

"But I'm wrong in this, perhaps, for out in the land where you live there is still largeness and the gold-green ache of wonder beyond every sky-line. And I can't help envying you, Dinkie, for being a part of that world which is so much more heroic than mine. I live where a very shabby line of horse-cars used to run; and you live where the buffaloes used to run. I hear the rattle of the ash-cans in the morning; and you hear the song of the wind playing on the harp of Summer. I pay five hundred dollars a year to wander about a smoky club no bigger than your corral; you wander about a Big Outdoors that rambles off up to the Arctic Circle itself.

"And you open a window at night and see the *Aurora Borealis* in all its beauty; and I open mine and observe an electric roof-sign announcing that Somebody's Tonic will take away my tired feeling. You put up your blind and see God's footstool bright with dew and dizzy with distance; I put up mine and overlook a wall of brick and mortar with one window wherein a fat man shaves himself.

"And you can go out in the morning and pick yellow crowfoot and range lilies; and all we can pick about this place of ours are milk-bottles and morning papers packed full of murder and theft and tax-notices!"

MUCH of that letter, I know, was over Dinkie's head. But it carried a message or two to Dinkie's mother which in some way threw her heart into high. It was different from the letter that came the week before, the one arriving two days ahead of Kingsley's "Water Babies," with six lines of Hagedorn inscribed on its fly-leaf:

> And here you are to live, and help us live.
> Bend close and listen, bird with folded wings.
> Here is life's secret: Keep the upward glance;
> Remember Aries is your relative.
> The Moon's your uncle, and those twinkling things
> Your sisters and your cousins and your aunts!

This letter seemed like the Peter Ketley we knew best, the sad-eyed Peter with the feather of courage in his cap, the Peter who could caper and make you forget that his heart had ever been heavy. For he wrote,

"This time, Dinkie-boy, I'm going to tell you about the sea. For the water-tank, as I remember it, is the biggest sea you have at *Casa Grande*—unless you count the mud when Winter breaks up! And your prairie, with its long waves of green, is, I suppose, really a sea that has gone to sleep. But I mean the truly honest-to-goodness sea which has tides and baby whales and steamers and cramps and sea-serpents in it. You saw it once at Santa Monica, I know, the day you may have been too small to remember.

"But yesterday I motored to a place called Atlantic City, where they sell picture post-cards and push you in a wheeled chair and let you sit on the sand and watch the Water Babies, whom the policemen send to jail if they so much as walk along the beach without their stockings on. These Water Babies were not in a bottle—like the ones you'll read about in the book—but, I think there was a bottle or two in some of them, from the way they acted. But one of them was in a pickle, for Father Neptune caught her in his under-tow—which you must not mix up with his under-toe, something with which only the mermaids are familiar—and a life-guard had to swim out and bring her in. And a few minutes after that I saw a real beach-comber. I had read about them in the South Sea Islands, but had never seen one before. This one sat under a striped parasol, with a mirror between her knees, and combed and combed her hair until it was quite dry again. I was disappointed in her knees, because I was hoping, at first, she wouldn't have any, but would be a mermaid who had come up on the sand to sun herself and would have a long and tapering tail covered with scales like a tarpon's. But all she had was beach-shoes tied with silk ribbons, and I preferred watching the water.

"For when I watch the ocean I always feel like Mr. Hood and wish I was at least three small boys, so that I could pull off my three pairs of shoes and stockings and go paddling up to my six bare knees and let the rollers slap against my three startled little tummies and have thirty toes to step on the pebbles and starfish with.

"And when I went back to the board walk and watched all the gulls (I don't think I ever saw so many of 'em in one place at once) I couldn't help thinking it was too bad the Pilgrim Fathers didn't wait for three centuries and land at a bright and lively place like this, since it would have made them so much jollier and fizzier. They'd probably have turned the *Mayflower* into a diving-float and we'd never have had any Blue Laws to break and that curious thing known as the New England Conscience to keep us from being as happy as we feel we ought to be.

"CUBA UNDERTOOK TO SERENADE THE DOUR ONE BY PLAYING MY OLD GUITAR UNDER HIS WINDOW"

Sunday the Twenty-fourth.

HARVEST is on us, and *Casa Grande* hums like a beehive. There are three extra "hands" to feed, and Whinnie is going about with a moody eye because Struthers is directing more attention than necessary toward one of the smooth-spoken cutthroats now nesting in our bunk-house. His name is Cuba Sebeck and in times of peace he professes to be a horse-wrangler. Struthers, intent on showing Whinnie that he is not the only man in her world, is placidly but patiently showering the lanky Cuba with a barrage of her fluffiest pastries. She has also given her hair an extra strong wash of sage-tea, which is Struthers's pet and particular way of putting on war-paint. Whinnie, I notice, shuts himself up after supper with that copy of Burns's poems we gave him last Christmas, morosely exiling himself from all the laughing and gaming and powwowing which takes place in the long cool twilights just outside the bunk-house.

Cuba undertook to serenade the dour one by donning certain portions of Struthers's apparel and playing my old guitar under his window. Whinnie quietly retaliated by emptying his bath-water on the musician's head—and the language was indescribable. I have been forced to speak to Dinkydunk, in fact, about the men's profanity before my children. It is something I will not endure. My husband, on the other hand, refuses to take the matter very seriously. But I have been keeping a close eye over my kiddies—and wo betide the horse-wrangler who uses unseemly language within their hearing. So far they seem to have gone through it unscathed, about the same as a child can go through the indecorous movements of "*The Arabian Nights*," which stands profoundly wicked to only Arabs and old gentlemen.

Wednesday the Twenty-eighth.

SUMMER is slipping away. The days are shortening and there have been light frosts at night, but not enough to hurt Dinkydunk's late oats, which he has been watching with a worried eye. There is a saber-blade edge to the evening air now and we have been having some glorious displays of Northern Lights. I can't help feeling that these Merry Dancers of the Pole, as some one has called them, make up for what the prairie may lack in diversity. Dusk by dusk they drown our world in color, they smother our skies in glory. They are terrifying, sometimes, to the tenderfoot, giving him the feeling that his world is on fire. Poor old Struthers, during an especially active display, invariably gets out her Bible. Used to them as I am, I find they can still touch me with awe. They make me lonesome. They seem like the searchlights of God, showing up my human littleness of soul. They are Armadas of floating glory, reminding me there are seas I can never traverse. And the farther north one goes, of course, the more magnificent the displays.

Last night we watched the auroral bands gather and grow in a cold green sky, straight to the north of us, and then waver and deepen until they reached the very zenith, where they hung, swaying curtains of fire. No wonder the redskins call that wild pageantry of color the ghost-dance of their gods. Even as we watched them, opal and gold and rose and orange and green, we could see them come wheeling down on our little world like an army of angels with incandescent swords. It made one imagine that the very heavens were aflame, going up in quivering veils of white and red and green. And when it was over I listened to a long argument about the *Aurora Borealis*, or the *Aurora Polaris*, as Gershom insisted it should be called.

Dinkydunk contended that one could *hear* these Northern Lights overhead on a clear night. He described the sound as sometimes a faint crackling, like that of a comb drawn through your hair, and sometimes as a soft, rustling noise, like the rustling of a silk petticoat heard through a closed door, coming closer and closer as the display wavered farther and farther toward the south.

Gershom was disposed to dispute this, so our old Klondiker, Whinstane Sandy, was called in to give evidence. He did so promptly and positively, saying he'd heard the Lights many a night in the far north. Gershom is still unconvinced, but intends to look up his authorities on the matter. He attributes them to sun-spots and asserts it's a well-known fact they often put the telephone- and telegraph-wires out of commission. He has proposed that we sit up and study them some night, through his telescope, which he is disinterring from the bottom of his trunk.

MY lord and master is going about with a less clouded eye, for he has succeeded in selling the Harris Ranch, and selling it for thirty-five hundred dollars more than he had expected. It is to go, eventually, to some tenderfoot out of the East, to some tenderfoot who can have very little definite knowledge of land-values in this jumping-off place on the edge of the world. But may that tenderfoot, whoever he is, be happy in his new home!

Dinkydunk is now forever figuring up what he will get for his grain. He's preoccupied with his plans for branching out in the business world. His heart is no longer in his work here. I sometimes feel that we're all merely accidents in his life. And that feeling leaves me with a heart so heavy that I have to keep busy, or I'd fall to luxuriating in that self-pity which is good for neither man nor beast.

Yet Dinkydunk is not all hardness. He surprizes me, now and then, by disturbing little gestures of boyishness. He announced to me the other night that the only way to get any use out of a worn-out husband was to re-vamp him, with the accent on the vamp. I understood what he meant, and I think I actually changed color a trifle. But I knew of nothing more desolating than trying to make love to a man either against his will or against your own will. It would be a terrible thing to have him tell you there was no longer any kick in your kisses. So I remain on my dignity.

When we were saying good-by, the last time he went off to the city, and he looked up at my perfunctory and quite meaningless peck on his cheek, I felt myself blushing before his quiet and half-quizzical stare. Then he laughed a little as he turned away and pulled on his gauntlets. "The sweeter the champagne, I suppose, the colder it should be served!" he rather cryptically remarked as he climbed in to the waiting car. And yesterday he let his soul emerge from its tent of reticence when he climbed up on the wagon-box to stare out over his sea of all but ripened wheat. "Come, money!" he said, with his arms stretched out before him. Now, that was a trick which he had caught from my little Dinkie.

I don't know how or where the boy first picked up the habit, but when he particularly wants something he stands solemnly out in the open, with his two little arms outstretched, as tho he were supplicating Heaven itself, and says, "Come, jack-knife!" or "Come, jelly-roll!" or "Come, rain!" according to his particular desires of the particular moment. I think he really caught it up from an illustration in "The Arabian Nights," from the picture of *Cassim* grandiloquently proclaiming, "Open, sesame!" He is an imaginative little beggar. "Mummy," he said to me the other night, "see all the moonlight that's been spilled on the grass!"

"MINTY HAS NOT BEEN WELL TREATED BY THE WORLD, AND WAS BROUGHT HOME WITH A BROKEN LEG"

But children are made that way. Even my sage little Poppsy, when a marigold-leaf fell in the bowl of our solitary goldfish, cried out to me, "See, Mummy, our fish has had a baby!" Sex is still an enigma to her, as much an enigma as it was away in Spring when, not being quite sure whether her new kitten was a little boy-cat or a little girl-cat, she sagaciously christened it "Willie-Alice." And a few weeks later, when the unmistakable appearance of tail-feathers finally persuaded even her optimistic young heart that the two chicks which had been bequeathed to her were disheartenedly masculine in their tendencies, she officially rechristened the apostate "Elaine" and "Rowena," and thereafter solemnly accepted them as "Archie" and "Albert."

And while speaking of this mysteriously ramifying factor of sex, I am compelled to acknowledge that I encountered a rather disturbing little back-flare of Freudian hell-fire only a couple of evenings ago. It took my thoughts galloping back to the time in our post-nuptial days when Dinkydunk went berserk and chased me around the haystacks with my hair flying. I'd taken Dinkie up on my lap, and, without quite knowing it, sat stroking his frowsy young head. My thoughts, in fact, were a thousand miles away. Then, still without giving much attention to what I was doing, I squeezed that wee little body up close against my own breast, astounded, the next moment, to see my small offspring turn on me with all the lusty fierceness of the caveman. He got his arms about me and buried his face in my neck and kissed me as no gentleman, big or little, should ever kiss a lady. His small body was shaken with a subliminal and quite unexpected gust of feeling, just as I've seen a June-time garden shaken by an unexpected gust of wind. It passed away, of course, about as quickly as it came—but with it went a scattering of the white petals of childhood's unconcern.

I don't suppose my poor little Dinkie has yet awakened to

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the fact that his body is a worn river-bed down which must race the freshets of far-off racial instincts. But the thing disturbed me more than I'd be willing to admit. There are murky corridors in the house of life. They stand there, and they must be faced. There are rooms where the air must be kept stirring, corners into which the clear sanity of sunlight must be thrown. Dinkie, since he has stepped into his first experience in the keeping of rabbits, has been asking me a number of rather disconcerting questions. His father, I notice, has the habit of half diffidently referring the boy to me, just as I nursed the earlier habit of referring him to his father.

But some time soon Dinkie and I will have to have a serious talk about this thing called Life, this Life which is so much more uncompromisingly brutal than the child-mind can conceive.

By the way, there's a lot of nonsense talked about motherhood softening women. It may soften them in some ways, but there are many others in which it hardens them. It draws their power of love together into a fixed point, just as the lens of a burning-glass concentrates the vague warmth of the sun into one small and fiercely illuminated area. It is a form of selfishness, I suppose, but it is a selfishness nature imposes upon us. And it is sanctified by the end it serves. At every turn, now, I find that I am thinking of my children. I seem to have my eyes set steadily on something far, far ahead. I'm not quite certain just what this something is. It's a sort of secret between me and the Master of Life. But the memory of it makes my days more endurable. It allows me to face the future without a quaver of regret. I am a woman, and I am no longer young. But it gives me courage to laugh in the teeth of Time.

AND to laugh, to laugh whatever happens—that is the great thing! It isn't age I dread. But I'd hate to lose that lightness with which those blessed ones we call the young can move through the world, that self-renewing freshness which converts every daybreak into a dewy new world and mints every sunrise into a brand-new life. I asked Gershom to-day if he could possibly tell me how many Parker House rolls a square mile of wheat running forty bushels to the acre would make. And he surprized me by inquiring how many quarts of buttermilk it would take to shingle a cow. Gershom is widening out a bit.

Dinkie, I notice, has just compiled a list of horses. I read from his carefully ruled half page,

"Draght horses; carriege horses; riding horses; racing horses; ponyies; percheron from france; Belgain from Belgium; shire clyesdale and saffold punch from great Britain; french coach and German coach; contucky saddle horses; through-breads; shetland ponies; mushstand ponies; pacers and pintoes." Thus recordeth my Toddler.

Sunday the Ninth.

I HAVE had Dinkie in bed for the last five days with a bruised foot. Duncan shortened the stirrups and put the boy on Briquette, which had just proved a handful for even an old horse-wrangler like Cuba Sebeck. Briquette bucked and threw the boy. And Dinkie, in the mix-up, got a hoof-pound on the ankle. No bones were broken, luckily, but the foot was very sore and swollen for a few days. No word about the episode has passed between Duncan and me.

But I'm glad, all things considered, that I was not a witness of the accident. The clouds are already quite heavy enough over *Casa Grande*.

Dinkie and his mater, however, have been drawn much closer together during the last few days. I've talked to him, and read to him, and without either of us being altogether conscious of it there has been an opening of a closed door or two. Dinkie loves to be read to. The new world of the imagination is just opening up to him. And I envy the rapture of the child in books, rapture not yet spoiled by the intellectual conceit of the grown-up.

But I'm not the only reader about this ranch. I'm afraid the copy of Burns which Santa Claus brought to Whinstane Sandy last Christmas is not adding to his matrimonial tendencies as love-plaints of that nature should. At noon, as soon as dinner is over, he sits on the back step, poring over his beloved Tammias. And at night, now that the evenings are chillier, he retreats to the bunk-house stove, where he smokes and reads aloud. His own mother, he tells me, used to say many of those pieces to him when he was a wee laddie. He both outraged and angered poor Struthers, last Sunday, by reading "Tam o' Shanter" aloud to her. That autumnal vestal proclaimed that it was anything but suitable literature for an old philanderer who still saw fit to live alone. It showed, she averred, a shocking lack of respect for women-folk and should be taken over by the police.

STRUTHERS even begins to suspect that this much-thumbed volume of Burns lies at the root of Whinnie's accumulating misanthropy. She has asked me if I thought a volume of Mrs. Hemans would be of service in leading the deluded old misogynist back to the light. The matter has become a more urgent one since Cuba Sebeck suffered a severe bilious attack and a consequent sea-change in his affections. But I'm afraid our Whinnie is too old a bird to be trapped by printer's ink. I notice, in fact, that Struthers is once more spending her evenings in knitting Winter socks. And I have a shadow of a suspicion that they are for the obdurate one.

My Dinkie, by the way, has written his first poem, or, rather, his first two poems. The first one he slipped folded into my sewing-basket, and I found it when I was looking for new buttons for Pauline Augusta's red sweater. It reads,

> No more we smel the sweet clover.
> Floting on the breese all over.
> But now we hear the wild geese calling;
> And listen, tis the gray owl yowling.

THE second one, however, was a more ambitious effort. He worked over it, propped up in bed, for an hour or two. Then, having looked upon his work and having seen that it was good, he blushingly passed it over to me. So I went to the window and read it.

> O blue-bird, happy robin—
> Who teached those birds to stick theirselves together?
> Who teached them how to put their tails on?
> Who teached them how to hold tight on the tree tops?
> Who gived them all the fetthers on their brest?
> Who gived them all the eggs with little birdies in them?
> Who teached them how to make the shells so blue?
> Who teached them how to com home in the dark?
> Twas God. Twas God. He teached him!

I read it over slowly, with a crazy fluttering of the heart which I could never explain. They were so trivial, those little halting lines, and yet so momentous to me! It was life seeking expression, life groping so mysteriously toward music. It was man emerging out of the dusk of time. It was Rodin's "Penseur," not in grim and stately bronze, but in a soft-eyed and white-bodied child, groping his stumbling way toward the borderland of consciousness, staring out on a new world and finding it wonderful. It was my Little Stumbler, my Precious Piece-of-Life, walking with his arm first linked through the arm of Mystery. It was my Dinkie looking over the rampart of the home-nest and breaking lark-like into song.

I went back to the bed, and sat down on the edge of it, and took my man-child in my arms.

"It's wonderful, Dinkie," I said, trying to hide the tears I was so ashamed of. "It's so wonderful, my boy, that I'm going to keep it with me, always, as long as I live. And some day, when you are a great man, and all the world is at your feet, I'm going to bring it to you and show it to you. For I know now that you are going to be a great man, and that your old mother is going to live to be so proud of you it'll make her heart ache with joy!"

He hugged me close, in a little backwash of rapture, and then settled down on his pillows.

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"DUNCAN SHORTENED THE STIRRUPS AND PUT THE BOY ON BRIQUETTE, WHICH BUCKED AND THREW HIM. AND DINKIE, IN THE MIX-UP, GOT A HOOF-POUND ON THE ANKLE. NO BONES WERE BROKEN, LUCKILY, BUT THE FOOT WAS VERY SORE AND SWOLLEN"

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THE MODERN GIRL SPEAKS FOR HERSELF

An Answer to Corra Harris and Kathleen Norris in the January Number

By NELLE WEATHERS

Of Barnard College, Columbia University, New York

DRAWINGS BY JESSIE GILLESPIE

THE MODERN GIRL COMES TO COLLEGE TO GET A SOUND STARTING POINT FOR A CONSTRUCTIVE LIFE

EDITOR'S NOTE—In January we published articles by Corra Harris and Kathleen Norris for and against the Modern Girl. One author excused her, the other accused her. Now it is her turn to speak for herself. She thinks that the older generation does not really understand her or her problems. She also finds fault with the men who are her contemporaries. They see her superficially. We have heard about her from all sides. The modern maid has been the talk of those who look on and marvel at her. But she alone knows whereof she speaks when it is herself she speaks of. The author of this article is a sounding-board for her own college mates and for the undergraduates of some other colleges. She has made a wholesale canvass for opinions. Listen to her words of wisdom!

WHY all this furor and argument about the modern girl? Why is she the favorite theme for writers, lecturers, and reformers of every kind? Is she out of joint with her age and time to a greater extent than other human beings? Why pick on us? We rise to ask. Why not talk about the modern father or the modern mother or the modern child or the modern young man? We are all products of the same age, influenced by the same sort of things, brought up in the same kind of towns and on the same kind of books and newspapers. We eat the same kind of food, go to the same schools, and are taught by the same teachers. Whatever we are, it is because the rest of you are what *you* are.

After all, if the world is to pass judgment upon us why not let the modern girl herself take the witness-stand? Surely our opinions of ourselves and each other will have as much value in deciding our case as the opinions of those anxious adults who are testifying about us. At any rate, that is the way the girls in my college felt about it, and, having arrived at this conclusion, we communicated with girls in each of the other women's colleges to ascertain their views. Therefore I am able to express here the composite view of the modern girl herself.

Just about the time the discussion was at its height the January number of PICTORIAL REVIEW arrived in our dormitories. PICTORIAL REVIEW, in which our favorite authors, Kathleen Norris and Corra Harris, come out in cold print and say things about us! It is safe to say that no magazine articles have been read by college girls with more avidity than those two in the January PICTORIAL REVIEW. We were angry and amused by turns; we laughed and we were for to cry all at once; we agreed and we disagreed in the same breath.

As a matter of fact, Kathleen Norris selects exaggerated cases, presents them as typical, and deplores them with that dramatic fervor so characteristic of the "modern writer." And Corra Harris, *who is supposed to defend us*, states in the very beginning that we are terribly irresponsible creatures, and the best she is able to do for us is to blame it all on our parents, and to hope for a solution that may take effect in a few decades.

It is true that all modern girls do not go to college, but we submit that the American women's college is the best equipped laboratory in the world for an adequate study of this perplexing question. If any class is typically American it is the modern college girl. Here we find girls from every State in the Union, and many from foreign lands to use if we need comparisons. These girls represent every kind of environment to be found in American life. They represent all kinds of religious and political opinions. They are products of the farms and the cities and the Main Streets of America. While representing what may be termed "the best" homes they by no means represent the most prosperous homes.

The modern girl does not come to college to be "finished"—the process is too expensive. She comes to get a sound starting-point from which she can begin to live a constructive, happy, useful life. Many girls are in college because they have won scholarships—not because they can afford to be there. And many are there because of a supreme sacrifice on the part of mother, father, sister, or brother. That is why the modern girl is serious-minded under the surface.

The so-called "flapper" class is fed from the homes of the wealthy. It takes more money to be a one-hundred-per-cent. modern "flapper" than it takes to go to college. I have a friend who spends more in a Winter on evening gowns than I spend in a college year. But I am fortunate enough to have a scholarship, and she is fortunate enough to have a rich father.

Now, the "flapper" is a type of the modern girl, but don't mistake this for *the* type. We are strong on this point, that the "flapper" is not the true type of the modern girl; tho at least she furnishes material for the men's college papers. What *would* they do without her? There would be nothing whatsoever for the poor things to write about if the "flappers" were to be reformed, for she seems to be their greatest source of inspiration. She is the "motif" in their jokes, stories, plays, and even their pictures!

Now I rise to her defense. She is not all silly or all bad We believe that the "flapper" has a soul just as the rest of us have, and that she is an expression of a time and a temperament, and a state of public mind; that she is valuable as showing the rest of us how not to do things. We say let her alone. Let her flap on. She will wear her wings out in time.

Some people talk as if bobbed hair is always a sign of a bobbed moral code. Girls sometimes bob their hair for convenience or becomingness. Most of them find out, sooner or later, that it is a great deal of trouble to keep it bobbed, and when finally it reaches the tucking-up stage again it is thicker and stronger and richer for the experience. So what's the harm?

AND what about those horrible "modern dances"? For the worst of them I have no word of defense. We don't find our college girls indulging in them to any extent. Unfortunately, one unpleasant or immodest dance-step will get many times the attention that a really graceful dance gets—hence the disproportionate amount of publicity.

We modern girls are far from perfect. We have many faults and we are ready to admit them and try to correct them. But we are "just girls," and many of the things that are set down against us as defects are really exhibitions of our naturalness. We do not hide our faults as it was fashionable for girls to do in our grandmothers' day. We are much more natural to-day than girls have been before. We are finding out things for ourselves in a straightforward way. If we have curiosity, we do not brood over the things that we can not understand, but we ask somebody about them. Then our critics say we are immodest or vulgar. We aren't. We are just *honest*. Think this out for yourself. We are cultivating in the human race a lost art—the art of being artless.

Many of us smoke cigarets. Very few of us drink anything stronger than coffee. After all, what physical or psychological relaxation is it that man gets out of smoking that woman is not entitled to? Who is to be the judge of the right and the wrong of the thing? Have we ever stopped to think the thing through on its merits, or are we just accepting a tradition that it is unmoral or immodest or bold for women to smoke? I know that most of the girls who smoke do it for the novelty, or to be "smart." This instinct for daring, this flaire for novelty is not a modern-girl monopoly. It is an instinct as old as the race. Only the modern girl is expressing it in a new way; and, after all, is it a very harmful way? Let us think it over. I am not prepared to say.

Girls are the best little prohibitionists that can be found in America to-day. I have talked to college girls, business girls, society girls, and "prep" school girls on this subject and they agree in standing against liquor-drinking. Are there exceptions? Certainly there are. We are just human beings and there are many kinds of us.

The college girl is certainly not a devotee of extreme or immodest styles. She likes pretty clothes and is modish to the last degree. She is exceedingly clever about giving a modish touch to something mother has sent from Main Street—dear mothers in Main Street—how we love them! Girls' clothes are more sensible to-day than they have been for generations. Most of them are loose and comfortable. The lines are becoming to youthful figures and, fortunately, many of them can be readily copied in our own rooms by deft fingers with scant material. How glad we are that there are no tightly fitted basques, gored skirts, or complicated draperies! Many a "Frenchy"-looking "model" is achieved under a dormitory study-lamp.

Notice the feet of the college girl. And by their feet ye shall know them! The majority of college girls wear low, sensible-heeled oxfords and orthopeds, footgear that is more sensible and healthful than women have worn for generations. The girl with the high French heels and the heavily rouged cheeks and lips is in the minority.

As for rouge, most of us think that a little of this boxed beauty if skilfully applied is admissible if it makes a pretty girl look prettier or a homely girl less homely.

OUR mothers and grandmothers are shocked when we discuss birth-control, or when we try to find a better way out than the double standard of morals. As for our fathers, grandfathers, and brothers, they are more than shocked. They are wounded, disgusted, even *scared* at the thought that we are going to save the world before they finish teaching us how! Perhaps it will interest the same grandfathers, fathers, and brothers to know that the modern college girl, so loudly denounced by the reformers, has unanimously resolved that one thing upon which they are agreed is that they shall stand, when once they become full-fledged citizens, unequivocally for a single standard of morals.

We are studying these questions, not out of audacity or lack of a sense of delicacy or refinement, but from a deep conviction in the heart of the modern girl that there are things we ought to know about. Do you mothers and fathers think that we have been blind, deaf, and dumb to the difficulties you have had in your marriage relations? Do you think that we do not know that those very things have affected our inner lives as well as yours? Do you blame us for wanting to know how to avoid these mistakes for ourselves?

As for the stand we have taken on the single moral standard it heralds the glad news that we have begun actively and fearlessly to throw off the robe of mock modesty and to seek for ourselves a solution of the mighty problems that women have faced for centuries; that we are ready to do something about them; that we are ready to demand their solution. We are certain that we do not wish to go into the big business of marriage without any knowledge whatever of its meaning.

A friend told me recently that if her mother had told her something about the real problems she had to face in her married life, and how she had met them, she would have been a much better wife and a more worthy mother.

We want you mothers and teachers to understand that we wish to know something more than the mere technique of housekeeping. Teach us home economics if you will, but in the

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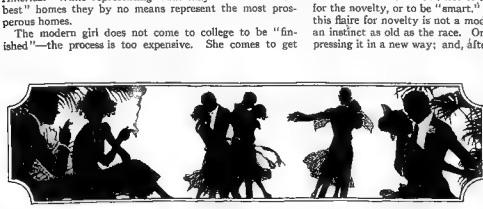

THE MODERN GIRL IS AN EXPRESSION OF A TIME AND A TEMPERAMENT

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"'FOR MERCY'S SAKE! DO I HAVE TO CONTINUE TRANSLATING LATIN ALL MY LIFE? IT MEANS, "THUS PERISH ALL SUSANS," FATHER.'"

SIC SEMPER SUSANS!

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

A Successful Conspiracy—for the Victim

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

I AM not exactly sure that the words *sic semper Susans* mean just what I think they mean. My daughter Emily uttered them when my wife said some one would certainly have to be elected to take the place of Mrs. Brightmere as president of the Tuesday Afternoon Club. My dear wife came home from the meeting and seated herself on our davenport with vigor, fully hatted and gloved.

"Well, there is one thing certain," she said, with more vim than she often displays. "Susan Brightmere can not be president of that club another single solitary term more! To-day we decided that. To-day was just a little too much. She can not be elected again."

"*Sic semper Susans!*" said my daughter Emily tragically.

"Just so!" I said, in a tone that I hoped would please both my daughter and my wife. "I am sure you are quite right, Jane. And—ah—just what does your exclamation mean, Emily dear?"

"For mercy's sake!" my daugher exclaimed petulantly. "Do I have to continue translating Latin all my life? It means, 'Thus perish all Susans,' Father."

"And quite appropriate and to the point, I'm sure," I said.

"But I do wish you would tell Emily not to be quite so forward, Henry," said my wife wearily. "And I do not know that what happens at our club need cause you to second Emily's levity."

"Of course not, my dear," I agreed, and I stood in an attitude that suggested I was willing to remain, but quite as willing to go, for I know how tired dear Jane must become at times, both mentally and physically. Modern women have so much to do and to bear. I often pity Jane even while I admire her.

I shall allow the title I have written to stand since it may mean what Emily says it means, and as a threat followed by an exclamation-point, which is not unlike a dagger dripping one drop of blood, it suggests the fate impending for Mrs. Brightmere, which was no less than absolute annihilation.

I AM not sure that Jane—admirable woman tho she is—could instantly translate the phrase as Emily did. I am glad that Jane, with all her activities, has not kept up the study of Latin. I myself left high school when asked to decline the noun *puer*, which was the first noun or verb to face me, and I have never found a lack of Latin much of a handicap in my business, very little trade now being conducted in the Latin language in New York south of Twenty-third Street. I am glad, too, that Jane promptly forgot her Latin when we married. It was difficult enough to try to make both ends meet on my fifteen weekly dollars in plain English. I fear we could hardly have convinced the grocer, in Latin, that it would be quite all right to let our bill run another week.

I do not mean to say I think the study of Latin a waste of time, for Jane does not so consider it, and I am quite sure we would not have felt that we were getting full value for the thousand dollars we paid the Clayclift School if Emily had not taken Latin. Probably Jane would not be able to stand the tremendous modern pace had her character not been strengthened by the study of Vergil and Cæsar. Perhaps I am a weakling, for I understand the ancient Romans used Latin every day. But they were a wonderful people in every way; they remind me of Jane. They, too, *sic sempered* their tyrants.

In the matter of Mrs. Brightmere and the presidency of the Tuesday Afternoon Club I was able to gain little light from my daughter Emily. I sometimes fear Emily has not her mother's stability of character and seriousness of mind, and I tremble when I wonder how Emily will meet the multitudinous duties of the modern woman. I am sometimes cheered by the thought that she seems to oversee and manage me almost as well as Jane does, but she has a frivolous vein. Of the respected language of which I have just been speaking she once remarked, "Aw, Latin! that's bunk!" and when I tried to understand the politics of the Tuesday Afternoon Club and the necessity for *sic sempering* Susan Brightmere she remarked scoffingly, as I thought,

"'CERTAINLY,' SAID JANE QUITE CALMLY. 'WE NEVER SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED ANY ONE ELSE; SHE MANAGES EVERYTHING SO WELL'"

"Sour grapes! Mom and the bunch all want to be prexies and Sue won't let them."

This was, as Jane informed me, not only rude, but far from the fact.

"No, indeed!" Jane said. "I would not accept the presidency for all the wealth of Ind."

By "Ind" Jane meant, I believe, India and not Indiana. It is a poetical expression, and Jane usually uses it upon the departure of one of our Marjattas. We call all our maids Marjatta because they are all hopelessly Finnish and frequently barefooted, and usually remain so briefly that we do not have time to learn their names or to teach them to wear shoes.

"Thank goodness, she is gone!" is what Jane usually says. "I would not have that girl in the house again for all the wealth of Ind. Call up Mrs. Moskowisky, Henry, and have her send us a girl by the next trolley. A strong girl that wears shoes."

Jane often says she would rather do the housework herself, but how can she with so many other and more important things to do? I am sure I do not know how she accomplishes all she does. If I attempted to study my local, State, and national politics with half the efficiency Jane devotes to the politics of the Tuesday Afternoon Club alone I would have no time for business. She is a wonderful woman.

I am ashamed to admit that I have never taken that interest in politics the statesmen tell us is a patriotic citizen's duty. If there are enough Irish names on my party's ticket I have always felt safe in voting it straight, knowing the governing class was amply represented. In national politics I have usually read the head-lines in the newspaper giving the party platform, and if I approved of the platform I voted for the party candidates. If I did not approve of the platform I voted the ticket anyway, feeling sure the promises would not be carried out. This is the poor, inefficient male's way, but Jane's way often shames me. The women, if I may judge by Jane, go into these political matters far more thoroughly.

Not being a member of the Tuesday Afternoon Club it was never my intention to give its political situation much study, but Jane is always thoughtful of my mental improvement and she, so to speak, brought the Tuesday Afternoon Club politics home every Tuesday evening and laid it in my lap.

"I like Susan Brightmere," she said more than once. "I don't know any woman in Westcote I like better. I would do anything for Susan. You know that, Henry. I have told you so again and again."

"Yes, my dear," I said. "You have told me so, often."

"I love her," Jane said. "We all do. If it was only myself I would never say a word, but Susan has become positively insufferable, and that is all there is to it. I don't see how we can stand her another month."

"Why don't you get up a round robin and ask her to resign?" I suggested.

"Henry!" Jane cried. She was, plainly, what is called aghast. I saw I had made a terrible blunder.

"But, no! No!" I said hastily. "That would not do! No, that would not do at all. I see that clearly."

"Well! I should hope so!" Jane exclaimed. "Our patience may be entirely exhausted, but I hope we are still ladies."

"Eminently ladies," I said with warm approval. "Gentlewomen, my dear."

"But none the less club-women," said Jane.

"That, of course, goes without saying," I agreed lightly, and that time I got away without having made any more serious blunder.

THE Susan Brightmere matter became acute, as I understand it, on that Tuesday afternoon when Jane plumped herself down on our davenport, as I have mentioned.

"You can imagine, Henry," Jane said with an expressive gesture, "that it takes a great deal to irritate me. You know I am placid; too placid. It may be because I have gained eight pounds since January. Emily, will you see if Marjatta has put the potatoes to boil? I must begin to reduce; soon nothing will fit me."

"Why, my dear!" I exclaimed. "You do not weigh an ounce too much."

"If you please, Henry," said Jane severely, "we were not discussing my weight; we were speaking of Mrs. Brightmere. If you do not care to hear—"

"By all means! By all means, my dear!" I cried.

"Then," said Jane, "you can imagine how we all felt. You remember that I said, before I left the house to-day, that if I had anything to say about it the lawn tea for the croupy children of the poor would be held on the fourteenth. Very well! The matter came up in full meeting and we discussed it most thoroughly for half an hour, and it was quite plain that we all wished to have the lawn tea on the twenty-first—all of us. So I arose and said, 'Question!'"

"Mother!" Emily called. "Where is my pink dress?"

"I don't know where your pink dress is. It is in the wash. Wear your light-blue," Jane called.

"But, Mother dear!" Emily called reproachfully. "I simply can not wear my light-blue. Bob is coming, and he

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"MRS. ADAMS ACTUALLY WEPT WHEN SHE TOLD JANE THAT THE ADVERTISING COMMITTEE HAD NOT BEEN PERMITTED TO DO A THING"

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NAGGING—THE GREAT HUMAN CRIME

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

And the Nagging Is Not All Done by the Woman Either

CARTOONS BY CORNELIA BROWNLEE

"'WHY DID YOU SERVE ME FIRST? I'M NO PIG, EVEN THO I AM STARVED!'"

I AM going to tell about a couple whom I shall call Helena and Henry. Helena was pink and white and pretty, with a reserve fund of dimples. Henry was the typical and much vaunted American husband—indulgent, bland, and long-suffering.

Of Helena every one said, "Isn't she sweet?"

Henry's classification was, "He's so good to his wife!"

And then one day the bombshell exploded. Helena and Henry separated.

Every one exclaimed, "It is not a bit like Henry. So steady and so devoted! And she has such a lovely disposition! Men are strange!"

But the few who really knew Helena, thought of Henry with sympathy and admiration for at last showing a grain of self-respect.

When Helena was first married she was so much in love with Henry that it palled to be around her. Henry, too, was superlatively uxorious. But as the months passed a little cloud appeared on the horizon. Helena talked just as much as ever about Henry's virtues. It was Henry who was not quite so ready to burgeon into a sunburst when Helena's name was mentioned. He ran less exuberantly up the steps at the evening hour—and there was a certain passivity in his attitude when at home. The cause at first was imperceptible. Little by little it declared itself. Helena had begun to faultfind.

It's a Slow Process, but None the Less Deadly

IT WAS not any one thing that Henry did. It was just a matter of general annoyance. She did not like the collars he wore. Or she could not see why he did not join the "Knights' Club"; it was so much nicer than the "Yeomen's." Or it was "Don't dance with that Glenn girl again; she's not in our set." Or it was "Henry, for Heaven's sake stop tapping on the arm of your chair with your fingernails; it sets me crazy." Or "Don't read: talk to me."

Not a thing he did suited Helena. Through it all Henry was mild and patient.

This kept up for fifteen years.

And then there dawned a strange day! Futile and silly it was, and a comedy, too, were it not for its bitter results.

Henry came down to breakfast urbane and reflecting the mood outside, which was one of poppies and lupine on the hillsides and plum-blossoms all in a row. Helena came down to breakfast, too, looking her part in a morning outfit in keeping with the day—pink and white and golden. She seated herself at the table and draped the lacy folds of her tea-gown complacently about her pink-silk ankles as she greeted their house guest, who took her seat between them.

Henry unfolded his paper and ran his eyes over the head-lines. Quiet reigned as Helena poured the coffee. It was Henry who broke the silence with a click of his tongue that sounded something like "Tut! Tut!"

"What is it, dear?" Helena was in treacle mood.

"It's just what I've been afraid would happen! I've always feared suffrage would brutalize man's attitude toward women. And here it is. Judge Blank refused to convict a man of wife-beating because she nagged him. Nothing a woman does justifies a beating."

The guest and Helena nodded in approval.

Helena would have spoken, but a generous mouthful of eggs and toast rendered her inarticulate. But only for the moment. After an exhaustive swallow she leaned across the table and purred,

"I don't nag; do I, Honey?"

"Honey" at that moment was preoccupied with Kemal Pasha's latest coup. He did not look up, but shook his head absent-mindedly and uttered an ambiguous "Un-un!"

Helena dropped the square of toast which was on a second devastating trip to her mouth, repeating, this time with less purr and more scratch, "Do I nag?"

Still was "Honey" preoccupied. Kemal seemed to be putting something over on the Allies. His reply was vague. "I guess not," he said unconvincingly.

"Do you mean to say I nag?" Helena emphasized the demand by a stamp of her satin foot.

Henry sighed and tore himself away from the Near East for the more imminent battle-ground of the Far West. "Why, I didn't say you nagged, Helena," he apologized.

"You did too."

"You must have misunderstood me. I certainly——"

"You certainly did." Helena's pink face was getting red.

"What did I say?" Henry was pitifully helpless, and his lips tightened into a worried white line.

"You insinuated that I nag."

"I said nothing of the kind."

"Don't tell me that I lie," Helena stormed. "When I asked you if I nagged you said, 'Un-un!' It might have meant anything. When I asked you a second time, you said you 'guessed not.' Both in a tone that meant you thought just the other way."

Henry, by this time, was showing signs of a revolt entirely out of keeping with his fifteen years of self-restraint. He loosened the grip on his lips. His face flushed gradually. A mean look stole into his eyes. Remembering, however, that there was a guest present, he endeavored to regain his composure. "I'm sorry, my dear, if I gave that impression. I certainly did not mean to."

"Then say I don't nag," Helena cried angrily.

All would have been well had Henry stuck to his lines and not underplayed his rôle. In a reckless moment he cast a glance of cynical humor at the guest. Helena caught it. A tragic interlude ensued.

"There!" she shrieked, getting up from the table and rising to the imposing height of five feet two. "I knew you were evading the question. And now you're making fun of me. How dare you say that I nag? It's you who nag and find fault with me all of the time. And I'm such a martyr, sitting here morning after morning and never saying a word while you read your old paper, guzzle your old breakfast, and run down-town to have a good time all day while I stay home here all alone. You're a selfish old pig; that's what you are, and I hate you!"

"'YOU BRUTE!' SHRIEKED HIS WIFE. 'I SHALL LEAVE YOU THIS VERY DAY.' 'NOTHING COULD PLEASE ME BETTER.' HENRY'S VOICE WAS WEIRDLY CALM"

Even the Miserable Worm Has Been Known to Turn

THE guest nearly lost her balance. She had breakfasted and lunched and dined with them through many years, and time after time poor Henry, nagged in some such way or another, by a skill amounting to genius, had smoothed things over to a semblance of peace, departing for business after a dutiful kiss on Helena's petulant lips.

That day something must have been wrong with Henry. He forgot himself completely and exclaimed, "Damn!" The exclamation was not mild—it was loud. As he delivered it he stood up and pushed his coffee-cup from him, its contents spilling upon the table.

"Oh, you worm! You miserable worm!" howled Helena.

And here the worm turned. He not only turned, but he leaped and bounded across the room. At the doorway he stood erect, a worm who had recovered the use of his backbone. This time he said more than "damn." No respectable and self-respecting magazine could print what the worm said as he turned once more and sprinted to the hat-rack and put on his hat hind side before.

"You brute!" shrieked his wife, who had followed him into the hall. "I shall leave you this very day."

"Nothing could please me better. Please don't change your mind." Henry's voice was weirdly calm—with the calm, cold prescience of great danger.

Helena, sensing no danger, threw herself upon the settle in the hall and wailed. Henry walked past her as if she did not exist—her tears had always prevailed when nothing else could. The guest—inarticulate from a mixture of embarrassment and amusement—remained at the table. Henry walked in to her and asked, "Can you beat it?"

The violence of her sobs muffled Helena's ear-drums. All

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"IF HE SAT DOWN TO SMOKE AND A BIT OF ASHES DROPPED UPON THE TABLE, A DUSTER WAS WHISKED UNDER HIS NOSE"

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Pea Soup! There's delight in every spoonful

Just treat yourself tonight to this rich, mellow blend of tender little peas, golden creamery butter and sweet country milk, with the most tasty and delicate of seasoning. It has a freshness and a richness that make it one of the most delightful of all soups—a triumph of Campbell's quality and Campbell's skill.

Good pea soup is a delicacy that housewives used to reserve for their special guest occasions because it was by no means easy to make it "just right." But now they serve Campbell's Pea Soup on the family table and when they are entertaining, knowing that the soup will always be a real pride to them.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

She has good soup with all her meals
And knows the way a fellow feels.
It isn't every girl you meet
Knows just the things you like to eat!

Cream of Pea easily prepared

Stir slowly into Campbell's Pea Soup an equal quantity of milk or cream, adding only a little at a time and each time mixing until smooth. Heat almost to boiling point (but do not boil). Serve immediately.

Campbell's Soups

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A NEW IDEA IN HOUSE-PLANNING

You Get the Home You Want and Have Fun Designing It

BY N. MONTGOMERY WOODS

THOSE desiring to build a home usually proceed along one of the following lines:

(1) An architect is consulted and is given a list of requirements and desires, and with the instructions thus provided and with added suggestions of his own as to how the given combination of wants can best be developed a design is finally determined upon. Builders are then called in and bids are taken on the construction, after which the work of erection begins.

(2) Those less intelligently advised go direct to a builder in the beginning; some ready-made plans are looked over and discussed, and the whole matter is then left with him to arrange. His ability to prevent you from bumping your head when ascending the stairs and his intimate knowledge of other construction details seem conclusive evidence that anything pertaining to house-planning is safe in his hands.

(3) Those who appear to regard the whole subject of architecture as something easily mastered by visiting a few houses under construction, make their own "plans," and without the aid of either architect or builder proceed to purchase materials and to employ labor to put their home-made design into form.

The followers of course No. 1 are undoubtedly on the right track, but as they are decidedly in the minority (only about three per cent. of the homes of the country being designed by architects) it seems that some attention should be given to this subject.

It is therefore for the benefit of those who might have considered casting aside professional advice, ignoring the artistic side altogether, and proceeding upon the principle of either enlisting the aid of only the builder or of "going it alone," that these articles are written.

Much has been said in these pages of the folly of home-made designs, but as such a large proportion of mankind seem to believe themselves fully capable of attending to such details a new scheme is here offered by means of which even the amateur may possibly evolve some creations far superior to those he has heretofore turned out.

By no means do I imagine that finished architects are to be produced through the study of a few magazine pages, but if prospective home-builders who just must make their own plans can be brought to work upon more intelligent lines, the tone of our small dwellings may at least be greatly improved.

The ideas here suggested have occurred to me as I have, month after month, carried on a correspondence with PICTORIAL REVIEW readers, and have noted the form in which the average man presents his own ideas.

Many have sent me a sort of chart which they have prepared in order to indicate a collection of "things" which are wanted. "A living-room like this," "an entrance like the cut enclosed," "a breakfast nook like Mrs. Jones's," a description of which follows, and so on the features are enumerated.

BUT all of this would be greatly simplified and the results much improved if the home-seeker could be furnished with a group of standard units, any and all of which are good, but differing in size so as to fit the various purses, and in other details so as to meet all sorts of other requirements.

Such units would in many cases be adaptable to all sorts of living-quarters, and if certain arrangements tend to produce efficiency and a good appearance, then it is well to know as much about them as possible. For instance, a well-designed kitchen contains certain units arranged in a logical rotation, and such a combination, if good for a tiny bungalow of three rooms, is also good for an eight-room two-story house, or for each side of a two-family house.

Also, a living-room, to produce the best effect, should be somewhat rectangular in shape, proportioned so as to work standard lumber-lengths, with fireplace preferably in the center of one of the longer sides. Its size becomes really a matter of expense, as no one is apt to really prefer a tiny room, unless perhaps it should be for considerations of the lessened labor in its care. And so on with each of the other parts which go to make up a home, from the closets and bathrooms up to the largest rooms.

Accordingly I have prepared a chart sheet which shows a great variety of living-rooms, dining-rooms, kitchens, breakfast nooks, bedrooms, bathrooms, halls, and other parts, as well as all of the standard furniture pieces, the correct placing of which has such an important bearing on the success of the plan. All of these are laid out to scale, and in many sizes each, and all with the idea that those interested in helping to plan their own homes can, with the aid of a pair of scissors, cut out these units and study their arrangement and rearrangement, the number of possible combinations being practically infinite.

THIS chart sheet, being too large to reproduce here, has been prepared separately, and interested readers are invited to send for a copy, which will be mailed free upon request.

Thus while your small daughter is absorbed in the "Dolly Dingle" page her parents can stage a little opposition performance in exercising their ingenuity in placing these house-plan cut-outs in a variety of positions, and in this way each room in your house is certain to be good in itself, and with some help the composite design should prove to be far above the average home-made plan.

And as a further aid to those desiring to experiment along these lines, I shall be glad to furnish, without charge, a criticism of their efforts if they will send me their chart sheet after it has been worked out to their own satisfaction.

In order to illustrate the possibilities of rearrangement, two schemes are here shown. In these two designs it will be noted that the living-rooms, dining-rooms, kitchens, and enclosed porches are practically duplicates in size and shape, but that in one case a center hall has been added and the stairs rearranged.

In the same way countless other variations can easily be devised, hundreds of which may make excellent houses. As I have been working along these lines for years I have already worked out several hundred arrangements, and the end is nowhere in sight.

In order to make a start toward the preparation of your plan I would suggest that you first consider the number of rooms and the approximate size of each which will be a likely possibility at the cost you have in mind, and then choose from the chart sheet these corresponding elements. Then by placing the units selected in various positions you will gradually arrive at an acceptable arrangement, after which some one will doubtless have to eliminate the various "kinks" which are usually to be found in great numbers in amateur plans, but the fundamental points you will have determined for yourself. Then will come the process of designing a suitable exterior to fit the plan arrangement thus conceived; and it had best be remembered that some real architectural training is needed in order to furnish such a design, and there is certainly no way of quickly acquiring such an education.

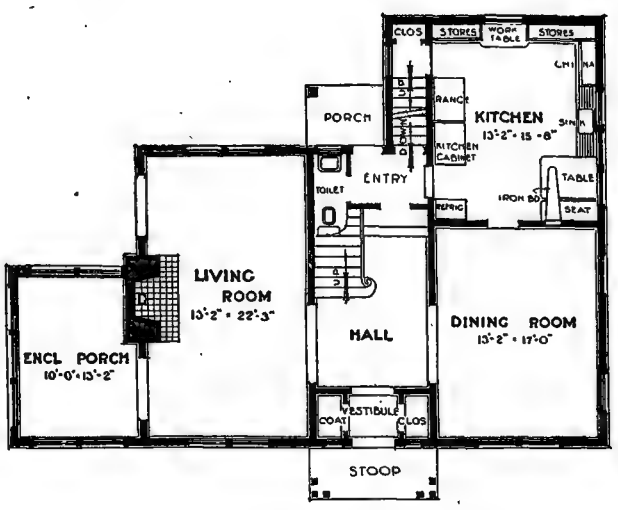
Please then go to some one for help when you reach this stage, and let your adviser be not a builder, a carpenter, or a real estate operator, but an architect who has been trained to distinguish between the good and the poor, so that your home may be architecturally correct, and an ornament instead of an eyesore to the neighborhood in which you live.

Get a House-Plan Chart

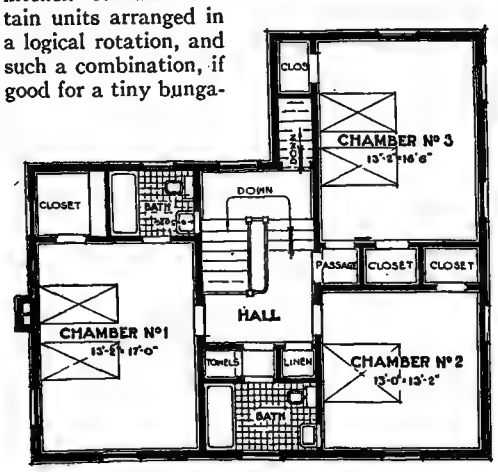
WITH this issue begins a new series of house-planning articles by Mr. Woods in which he offers some brand-new ideas which will be of great help in determining upon a satisfactory floor arrangement. The chart sheet which he describes will afford a vast amount of pleasure and some valuable instruction to the amateur who would plan his own home, and may be the means of avoiding some serious blunders.

If you are contemplating erecting a home send for one of these sheets, showing individual model rooms and standard furniture pieces, and try a few experiments in architectural planning, so that your new home may be as free as possible from the mistakes which usually characterize the design made by the novice. Also, those interested in seeing cuts of suitable exterior designs for the two plan arrangements here shown may have them upon request.

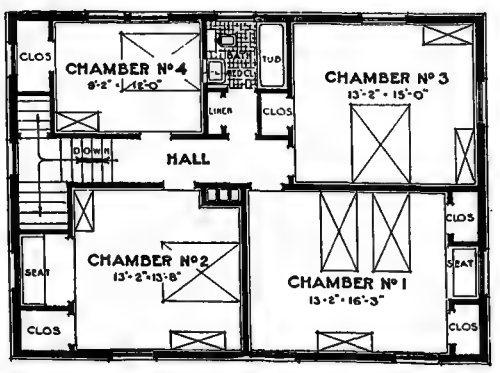
The subsequent articles of this series will be devoted to the details of the interior treatment of the various standard rooms comprising the modern home.



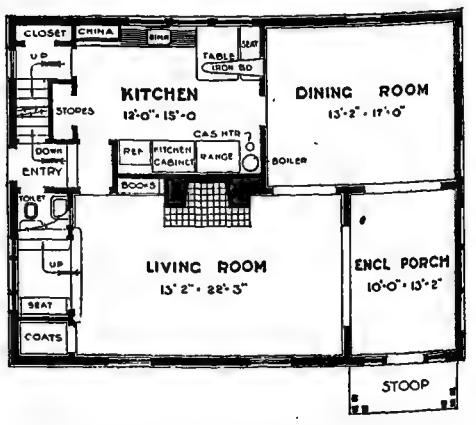
FIRST-FLOOR PLAN, CENTER HALL ARRANGEMENT TO MEET AVERAGE REQUIREMENTS



CENTER HALL, SECOND FLOOR. NUMBER OF BEDROOMS AND BATHROOMS MAY BE ALTERED



SECOND-FLOOR LAYOUT FOR RECTANGULAR PLAN. MAY BE REARRANGED TO SUIT



SAME ROOM-SIZES AS IN CENTER HALL ARRANGEMENT, WITH RELATIVE POSITIONS CHANGED

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Healthy, happy, robust children!

How they delight in great steaming platefuls of Campbell's Beans with their tasty tomato sauce! Every time you give the youngsters this dish you are adding just so much more to their chance for perfect health which is every child's birthright. For Campbell's Beans are slow-cooked, which makes them perfectly digestible. Food that builds!

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ALAS, THE POOR WHIFFLETIT!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

At a desk between these two decorative objects and half shadowed by the brightgreen fronds of a large artificial palm, sat Æsop Loving, son-in-law of the senior partner. From his parent-by-marriage Æsop had borrowed desk-room for the carrying on of the multitudinous businesses relating to the general management of one of the celebrations projected in honor, and on account of, the Eighth of August. He might appear to be absorbed in important details, as he now did. But inside of him he was not happy and Jeff knew the reasons; the reasons were common rumor. This year there was to be more than one celebration; there were to be two; and the opposition, organizing secretly and stealing a march on that usually wide-awake person, Æsop, had had borne, that very morning, to the ears

"A Skin You Love to Touch," by Clarence Underwood

You, too, can have "A skin you love to touch"

PERHAPS you have always longed for a beautiful skin — but felt that your skin was something you could not change.

You are mistaken; *your skin is what you make it.*

Every day it is changing in spite of you; old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will!

If some special condition of your skin is giving you trouble — find the treatment that will overcome this trouble in the booklet of famous treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Begin using this treatment tonight. You will be surprised to see how quickly you can free your skin from faults that have always troubled you.

To *keep* your skin clear and smooth use Woodbury's Facial Soap regularly in your daily toilet. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use.

If used persistently, Woodbury's has a markedly beneficial effect on the skin as an organism. It stimulates the pores and blood vessels and gives the skin tissues firmness and tone.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York, and Perth, Ontario.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
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HAIR LIKE THE HEROINES'

By ALICE LANE

DID you ever stop to think about the wonderful tresses the authors describe in their books of fiction? If the heroine happens to be a blonde, the most minute details are given, telling how her hair shines like spun gold, coiled bewitchingly at the nape of her neck, and always an alluring curl just behind the ear! But if she is a brunette, perhaps her hair glistens like coal in the sunlight; or, if auburn, it makes you think of rustling red-brown leaves on a crisp October day! The curl this time perhaps straying out alongside of the part at the left side of a perfectly formed head. Even the grandmothers—in books—have the most marvelous hair. It is always pure white; it invariably waves perfectly and falls softly over the dear old lady's ears!

But why confine this sort of hair to fiction? Why not have it on all women in real life? That's the question that I often ask myself when I see these ill-groomed women with neglected heads and hair that flies madly about, adding ten years to their faces. The fact is that whether you are sixteen or sixty you can not afford to make yourself look a day older than you are. The brutal hand of Time will do that soon enough, goodness knows. Your object in life is to fight Time, and you had better begin with your head if you are a wise woman.

Any good workman demands proper tools to work with, and so you must have proper things to take care of your hair. You must have two or three kinds of brushes, tonics, shampoos, brilliantine, bone pins, wire pins, and invisible pins of the several lengths, hair-nets, combs of various sizes for various purposes, and the sort of curlers that are best suited to your particular head of hair.

If you wear any false hair, it should be renewed every two years and great care taken of it in the meantime. If you wear a switch or a transformation for two years—and at that it should be the very best quality—it will have given you good service. You wear it every day, you see. Right here it might be well to add a word about taking care of false hair. Many of our best hair experts say that you ought never to wash it in soap and water, but rather dip it in gasoline and let it dry in the sunlight and open air. When dry, brush well with brilliantine.

Just How to Use Brilliantine

OF COURSE I take it you know how to use brilliantine on any kind of hair, but in case you do not, here is the hard and fast rule. You absolutely never put the brilliantine directly on the hair. You put a few drops in the palm of your hand, rub the clean brush over that, then brush the hair. This gives just a suggestion of the oil and spreads it properly. You can not do it directly from the hand. Your own hair is fed from the oils of your scalp, but false hair is not fed naturally. It dries and gets dead-looking unless you feed it artificially in this way.

Oily hair ought to be shampooed at least once a week. Very blond hair should likewise be washed often as it shows the oil much sooner than dark hair, and very white hair needs frequent shampooing to keep it from getting that yellow tinge so many women dislike. Dry, brittle hair needs washing not over once a month, but needs plenty of massage and a grease or an oily tonic in the meantime to keep it normal. Now, what to use for a shampoo is such an individual proposition that all I can do is to tell you about a few preparations, just for that purpose. You know what kind of hair you have, and by trying one or two, after a heart-to-heart talk with your druggist, you will find the one that just exactly suits your hair.

There is a special liquid shampoo for white and blond hair that is excellent. It tends to brighten, liven, and stimulate light hair, and lots of women like that form. On the other hand many women have far better results from using a soap made of vegetable oils only. That's really a most important point—no animal fats in soap you use on your hair—for it is so hard to wash off, often leaving little flakes on the hair when dry. Some of these soaps have a lot of pine in them, and you will find this ingredient aromatic and sanitary. Many blond girls use lemon soap, claiming that it tends to bleach the hair.

Dandruff, which so many women have, can also be cured by frequent shampoos. One of the simplest cures for this horrid affliction is to rub crude oil into the scalp every night for a week, then shampoo and dry in the sunlight. Do this for two or three weeks and it should disappear. The oil should be put in a saucer, the finger-tips then dipped into it, and then massage the scalp with the few drops that adhere to the fingers. In this way the hair will not get unduly oily during the week. If you object to the crude-oil treatment, however, you can use any oily cold-cream or a grease specially made for scalp treatment.

If your hair is broken and split at the ends, each split hair should be clipped or singed, for the natural oil is wasted in this way. Some one must do this for you—either at a beauty-parlor or at home.

But rinse the hair many, many times. The trouble with most home shampoos is that you do not get the soap out. Then dry in the sunlight and open air unless it is too cold, but sunlight always.

Mothers and grandmothers who have white hair should rinse it in bluing-water. Now, don't overdo it and come out with an indigo head; but just as fine linen will take on a slightly yellow tinge so pure white hair is apt to, and in the final rinse-water put just a little ordinary bluing, and it will leave the hair a pure white, just as it does the linen. Finally be sure that you wash your brushes and combs before you wash your head, for it is the height of folly to brush your clean head with a soiled brush.

When it comes to tonics there are myriads, all of them with good qualities, but here again it depends upon the texture of your hair before you can make a permanent choice. Oily hair needs a dry tonic; dry, brittle hair needs a grease or a liquid tonic with plenty of oil in it; very coarse, heavy hair needs a tonic that will liven it and tone it up a bit; very blond hair should never have an oily tonic on it, for this tends to darken it. And once you have tried several kinds and find the one best suited to you, stick to it as you would to a long-lost brother. Then use your common sense in applying it to your hair.

The best and most efficacious way of applying tonic—and this is done in all beauty-parlors—is to pour a little of the well-shaken tonic into a saucer. Now take a small wad of absorbent cotton and dip it into the liquid, part the hair so that the scalp is exposed, and rub the tonic directly on the scalp. Do this until the scalp is well covered, then take your fingers and massage the tonic into the pores; continue for about ten minutes until the scalp fairly tingles. In this way you get the full benefit of the tonic, whereas if you pour the liquid directly from the bottle on the hair it seldom reaches the scalp at all, and then you whine and say the tonic is no good. If your scalp is in a very bad condition, apply the tonic every night for one week; after that two or three times a week is quite sufficient.

Waved Hair Makes You Look Younger

NINE out of every ten women look far younger and more attractive with curled hair. Occasionally you meet a woman whose hair, even if not naturally wavy, falls so softly and gracefully that it does not need waving, but it is a rare one. Hot irons are not to be recommended because they almost invariably burn the hair, but there are dozens of curlers that can be used safely. Don't tell me they break off your hair and it is too much trouble and dig up a lot of other excuses. Everything we do is more or less a trouble, and if you wrap the hair softly it will not break. You owe it, not only to yourself, but to every human being who has to look at you to make the very best of yourself. Unless you have very stubborn hair, curling three times a week should be sufficient. Rub in your tonic, and then while the hair is just a tiny bit damp put up on the curlers. This should keep in curl for two or three days. If your hair is particularly stubborn and does not take the curl easily, put on a tiny bit of bandoline before wrapping, and I think this will work the cure.

Be sure you have plenty of hair-nets always on hand. The best way to buy them is in dozen lots, for then you never reach that tragic situation of wanting one badly and having only an old, torn one. Hair-nets are most important in good grooming. They come in almost every possible shade, in several sizes, and in either a cap or fringe style. If you have much hair buy the large size, as the secret of wearing a net so that it serves its purpose and at the same time is not unbecoming, is to put it on loosely. Never drag it tightly across the forehead as that gives you an old appearance. The net should be soft like the hair itself. With the net you must have invisible hairpins of the matching shade, short ones for the front and long ones for the back of the head.

Begin to-morrow to take good care of your hair, if you are not already doing so. Your hair should always be dressed—this applies to the woman who scrubs the kitchen as well as the one who sits in the drawing-room. When the neighbors drop in, don't fly up-stairs to brush your hair, and, whatever you do, don't let your menfolk see you badly groomed about the head. Don't fall into the class of girl whose brother saw her with a wild-looking head of hair falling all about her neck and shoulders.

"What in the name of time have you been doing—you look like a crazy woman?" he asked her.

"I've been scrubbing the kitchen floor—that's what I've been doing," she snapped back like the present-day household martyr.

"Well," said the truthful brother, "I guess you used your head for the mop from the looks of it."

The boy was perfectly right. She could scrub the kitchen floor and still have her hair neatly combed just as well as to have it flying, and the home women must forever remember that husbands, sons, and brothers see well-groomed, smartly dressed women all day in business, and comparisons are proverbially odious. Don't take the chance. You can't afford to.

From a Painting by Haskell Coffin

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The West "Elsie" Coiffure
You learn how to accomplish this striking hair dress and several others by following the illustrations and descriptions contained in our little booklet "Guide to Hair Dressing at Home" sent postpaid on receipt of 6c

Beautiful hair is sometimes a gift—but more often an acquirement

The West "Three Aids to Beautiful Hair" Have Been like Magic to Many Women

THE WEST PRODUCTS—West Softex Shampoo, West Electric Hair Curlers, and West Beach and Motor Brand Hair Nets—are the three simple steps to beautiful hair.

The First Step—A thorough shampoo is essential. Hair, to look well, must of course be clean and healthy. We recommend West Softex Shampoo. It contains no alkali or harmful ingredients of any kind. It stimulates your scalp, brings out the natural color of your hair and makes your hair soft, lustrous, and easy to manage and dress. Also it gives to it that "alive" look that is characteristic of youth and health and which is the essence of real beauty. There are two varieties of Softex; one is prepared with Egyptian Henna, just enough to bring out the natural color of the hair, and give it pretty lights and a satiny sheen. The other, which is plain, is especially made for gray and white hair and for children's hair.

The Second Step—A lovely wave can be quickly acquired, and without heat, with that wonderful little device, the West Electric Hair Curler. These little curlers are unsurpassed in producing any wavy effect you desire, and cannot catch, cut or tear your hair. They are guaranteed to give lifetime service. These curlers also make efficient, neat barrettes—ideal for the youngsters.

The Third Step—And now, when your hair is arranged to suit you, use a West Beach and Motor Brand Net,—the stronger, longer-wearing, larger hair net.

The West Beach and Motor Hair Net is as fine as a fairy web yet so strong that it adapts itself to *Every Wear—Everywhere*. Thirty-inch strands of hair instead of the usual 18-inch are used in all West Nets, and the West Process renders them not only invisible but exceptionally strong. West Hair Nets are woven with 2 extra meshes to the net, adding to their strength and durability. Another advantage of the West Net is its shape—each Cap Net is fashioned to give the room needed and yet fit snugly around the edge of the hair.

There is a net for every shade of hair, including gray and white.

With the help of these three West Products, however busy you are, you can keep your hair "dressed" at all hours of the day. Every woman knows that a neat coiffure is the first and most important requirement to correct grooming and an absolute essential of charm. For a very small expenditure these magic gifts come to you. Enlist their aid today.

Your Dealer Should Have Them
If your dealer cannot supply you, order from us direct, enclosing purchase price and your dealer's name and address.

THE LARGER NET
Designed to properly cover every style of coiffure
Naturally you will want the best, and there is none better than the West. All are full head size and are sold on our absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back.
Cap or Fringe Shapes

WEST HAIR NET
Beach & Motor Brand
Twice Sterilized
15c Each
Gray and White Double Price

WEST SOFTEX
The Shampoo Exquisite
Softex is a scalp cleanser and invigorator; works quickly into a creamy lather and rinses readily in clear water, leaving the hair easy to manage. Softex should be used once a week if your hair is oily; twice a month if it is not.

WEST Softex
One size only 10c package

Softex SHAMPOO

WEST ELECTRIC Hair Curlers
You know them of course, those handy little curlers that are so simple to use and the results always so satisfying. More than five million women daily wave their hair with West Electric Hair Curlers. If you are not already using these wonderful curlers don't be without them any longer.
Card of 2—10c
Card of 6—25c

West Electric Hair Curlers

West Electric Hair Curler Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
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Toronto, Canada

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Makers of Fine Silks for Gowns, Linings, Lingerie

For Linings

Chosen for beauty and certainty of long wear

NEW and unusual designs for small gifts, scarves, sports hats, sweaters, bags, etc., including a full color page of cross-stitch designs all in

***Belding's Book** of*

Silk Embroidery, Knitting and Crochet

Fifteen Cents, at your dealer's or from Belding Bros & Co., 902 Broadway, N. Y.

Use Belding's New Process Embroidery Silks – made of *pure* silk for articles which must withstand long wear or frequent launderings and Belding's Crochet Silks to give the utmost durability to crocheted articles. Belding's Syltex—a fast dye artificial silk—is especially adapted to dress embroidery.

ALAS, THE POOR WHIFFLETIT!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

"Don't mention it," he said generously, "don't mention it. It teks a purformer to understand another purformer's feelin's. So I therefo' teken it 'pon myse'f to nomernate you fur the gran' marshal and also ez the proper one to sound the bugle' blasts endurin' of the turnout. Seems lak somebody else would 'a' had the sense to do so, but w'en they wuzn't nobody w'ich did so, I step in. But right soon afterwards I gits to stedyin' 'bout the hoss you'll be ridin', an' it's been worryin' me quite some little—the question of the hoss."

"I been thinkin' concernin' of 'at very same thing," confessed Cephus Fringe.

"IS THAT possible?" exclaimed Cump Glass with well-simulated surprize. "Well, suh, smart minds shorely runs in the same grooves, ez the sayin' goes. Yas, suh, settin' yonder after I made that motion, I sez to myse'f, I sez, 'Well, you done started this thing an' you must see it th'ough. 'Twon't never do in this world fur the gran' marshal to be stuck up 'pon the top side of a skittish, skeery liver'stable hoss that'll mebbe start cuttin' up right in the grand middle of things and distrac' the gran' marshal's mind frum his business.' I seen that happen mo' times 'en once, with pa'nful results. I s'pose, tho, you kin ride mighty nigh ary hoss they is, can't you, Purfessor?"

"Well, I could do so once," stated Cephus in the manner of one who formerly had followed rough-riding for a living, "but leadin' a pinto for so long, lak I has, I ain't had much time fur private pleasures. 'Sides w'ich, ef I'm goin' sound the notes I'll be needin' both hands free fur my instermint."

"Puzzaclty the same thought w'ich came to me, Jes' lak I'm tellin' it to you," agreed Cump. "It teks a musician to think of things w'ich an ordinary pusson wouldn't never dream of. So, fur the las' hour or so I been castin' about in my mind an' jes' a minute ago the idee come to me. I feels shore I kin arrunge with a frien' of mine to he'p us out. I s'pose you is acquainted with this yere Jeffy Poindexter?"

"I has met him," said Cephus with chill creeping into his tones. "An' I has observed him present yere the last two-three nights. But I ain't aimin' to ax no favors of him."

"You ain't needin' to," said Cump. "I'll 'tend to that myse'f. Besides, Purfessor, you is sizin' up Jeffy Poindexter wrong. He's went an' 'sperienced a change of heart in his feelin's tow'ds what's goin' on yere. Furthermo'"—and here he favored his flattered listener with a confidential and a meaning wink—"he got sense 'nuff, Jeffy has, to know w'en he's crowded plum out of the runnin'" by somebody w'ich is mo swiftly gaited 'en whut he is, an' natchelly he crave to stand in well wid a winner. Naw, suh, that Jeffy, he'd be most highly overjoyed to haul off an' lend a helpin' hand, ef by so doin' he mout put you onder a favor to him."

Cephus sniffed, half disarmed but wavering.

"Wharin' could he he'p out? He ain't ownin' no private string of ridin'-hosses so fur ez I've took note of."

"The w'ite man he wuks fur is got one an' Jeffy gits the borrowin' use of her—it's a mare—whatever he 'want to, ez I knows frum whut he tells me an' frum whut I seen. Purfessor, that mare is jes' natchelly ordained an' cut out fur ridin'—broad ez a feather-tick, gentle ez the onborn lamb, an' mouty nigh pyure white—perzactly the right color fur a gran' marshal's hoss. Crowds ain't goin' pester that lady-mare none. Music ain't goin' disturb her none whutsoever, neither."

"What's her reg'lar gait?"

"Her reg'lar gait is standin' still. But w'en she's traveled at her bestest speed she uses the cemetery walk. See that mare goin' pas' you w'en she's in a hurry an' you say to yo'se'f, you say, 'Yere you is, bound fur de buryin'-grour, but how come you got separated frum the hearse?' Purfessor, that mare's entitled Christian name is Mittie May. Did you ever hear ary thin' on fo' laigs, ur two, w'ich answered to the name of Mittie May w'ich wuz tricky?"

"Better be mouty sure," said the cautious Cephus, concerned for the safety and dignity of the creature which he held most dear of all on this earth. "Member, I'll be needin' both hands free—'twon't be no time fur me to go jerkin' on the reins w'en my saxophone is requirin' to be played."

"You's right there," agreed Cump. "Twouldn't never do, neither, fur you to slip off an' mebbe git yo'se'f crippled up. Whar would this yere pertracted meetin' be then? Lemme think. Ah, hah! I got it—the notion jes' come to me. Purfessor, lissen yere"—He placed his lips close to the other's ear and spoke perhaps fifty words in a confidential whisper. In token of approval and acquiescence the Professor warmly clasped the right hand of this forethoughted Glass.

After such a manner was Cephus Fringe, all unwittingly, thrust into the pit which had been digged for him.

AT THE point where the narrative was broken into for the interpolation of the episode just set forth, the head of the parade, as will be remembered, was just coming abreast of the old show-grounds. Now, the head of the parade was Cephus Fringe, and none other. One glance at him, upon a white steed, all glorious in high hat and frock coat and with that wide crimson sash dividing his torso in two parts, would have proved that to the most ignorant. As for his palfrey, she ambled along as the Eighth of August celebrations and a saxophone blaring between her drooping ears, and jubilating crowds and all that singing behind her, and all these carnival barkers shouting alongside her, had been her daily portion since first she was foaled into the world. The compound word *lady-like* would be the word fittest to describe her.

Not twenty feet from her, close up to where the abutting common met the straggling brick pavement, stood the battered Flyin' Jinny of Gumbo Rollins. It was nearermost to the street-line of all the attractions provided by Æsop Loving and his associates. Here, on the site which he had chosen, was Gumbo Rollins himself, competently in charge. At the precise moment when Mittie May and her proud rider had reached a point just opposite him, Gumbo Rollins elected to set his device in motion and with it the steam-organ which was part and parcel of the thing's organism. The merry-go-round moved with a shriek of steam; the wheezy organ began spouting forth the introductory bars of a rollicking *galop*, a tune so old that its very name had been forgotten, altho the air of it lived anonymously.

As tho she had been bee-stung, Mittie May flung up her head. She arched her neck and pranced with all four of her feet. She spun about, scattering those of the pedestrian classes who hemmed her so closely in. Unmindful of a sudden anxious command from her rider, she swung her forepaws this way and that. She was looking for it. It must be directly hereabouts somewhere. In those ancient days of her youthful vagabondage it had always been close at hand when that tune—her own tune—was played.

THEN above the heads of the crowd she saw it—a scuffed circlet of earth measuring exactly fifty-two feet across and marking the location where the middle ring had been builded when Runyon & Bulger's Mighty United Railroad Shows pitched their tents on the occasion of their annual Spring engagement. That had been in early May and this was Summer's third month; the attrition of the weather had worn down the sharp edges of that low turfen parapet; by rights, too, there should have been much sawdust and much smell of the same and a center pole rising like one lone blasted tree from the exact middle of a circular island of this sawdust; there should have been a ring-master and at least two clowns and an orderly clutter of paraphernalia. Nevertheless there before her was the middle ring. And the music had started. And Mittie May answered the cue which had lived in her brain for fifteen long years and more, just as always she answered it, or sought to, when that tune smote her eardrums.

The startled spectators gave backward and to either side in scrambling retreat as she lunged forward, clearing a passage for herself to the proper spot of entrance. She whisked in. Around the ring she sped, her hoofs drumming against the flanks of the ring-back, her barrel slanting far over in obedience to the laws of centripetal force, her tail rippling out behind her like a homebound pennon in a fair breeze—around and around and yet again and then some more.

To be sure there were irregularities in the procedure. Upon her back, sprightly erect, there should have been a jaunty equestrian swinging a gay pinik leg in air and anon uttering the traditional *Hoop-la*. Instead there was a heavy bulk which embraced her neck with two strong arms, which wallowed about on her spinal column, which continually cried out entreaties, threats, commands, even profanities. Yet not Mittie May, as with most of us, habit was stronger than all else. She knew her duty as of old. She did it. Accommodating her gait to the quickening measures of the music, she stretched her legs, passing out of a rolling gallop into a hard run. Yet one more thing, or rather the lack of it, perplexed her. Attendants should be bringing forth knock-down fence-panels for her to leap over and hoops of paper for her rider to leap through. Never mind; out of her imagination she would supply these missing details when the proper moment came. She'd hurdle the hurdles which weren't there. Meanwhile she knew what to do—around and around and around, right willingly, right blithely went Mittie May.

And, with her, around and around went also Prof. Cephus Fringe, but not willingly and by no means blithely. He shed his high hat and with it all lingering essence of his dignity. One of Mittie May's feet squashed down on the high hat and it folded up like a condensed time-card. He lost the last vestige of his vanishing authority when he lost his saxophone. The Professor did not understate the case when he had intimated that he was somewhat out of practise at equestrian exercises. Stark terror convulsed his frame; instinct of self-preservation made him careless of the language he used. Indeed, a good deal of the language he used was bounced right out of him.

Haply perhaps for him—and surely noth-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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Do not omit the nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream

Every normal skin needs two creams

One cream to protect it against wind and cold
Another to cleanse it thoroughly

For the following complexion flaws you need a protective cream made without oil

Windburn, roughness. Extremes of heat and cold, sharp winds, dust and dirt and smoke, all leave their mark upon unprotected skin. To guard against the devastating effects of wind and cold, protect your skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It acts as an invisible shield, preventing dust and dirt from clogging the pores and guarding against windburn and chapping. This softening cream cannot possibly make the face shiny, for it disappears the moment you rub it on and there is not a particle of oil in it to reappear.

Shiny skin. If you use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base, rubbing it on your face and neck just before powdering, you will not be embarrassed by a shiny nose or forehead. This dry, greaseless cream is absorbed at once by the skin, leaving a soft, velvety surface which holds the powder many times longer.

Tired, lifeless skin. When your skin needs instant freshening—when it feels tense and drawn and tight, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into it. Notice how quickly the tired muscles of the face relax, how the color brightens and the very texture of the skin takes on more vigor. Pond's Vanishing Cream is based on an ingredient famous for its softening, soothing qualities.

Before going out into the cold air smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin

For the following flaws a cleansing oil cream is needed

Blackheads. Blackheads require a deeper, more thorough cleansing than ordinary washing can give.

Before retiring, wash the face with warm water and pure soap. Then rub Pond's Cold Cream well into the skin. This rich oil cream works its way so deep into the pores that it gets at all the dirt and purges the skin of every particle of grime. Do not omit this nightly cleansing if you would have a clear, lovely skin.

Wrinkles. Only a cream with an oil base can successfully fight the fine lines that are the beginning of wrinkles. Oil lubricates the skin and restores its elasticity, keeping the little lines from fastening themselves on the skin and becoming real wrinkles, which are almost impossible to eradicate.

At night rub a generous amount of Pond's Cold Cream into the skin. This rich cream acts as a tonic, rousing and stimulating the skin and supplying the oil that is needed to ward off wrinkles. Particular attention should be given to the fine lines about the eyes and mouth and at the base of the nose. Rub with the lines, not across them. Too vigorous rubbing is often harmful, but gentle, persistent rubbing is always helpful, no matter how sensitive the skin.

POND'S
Vanishing Cream

POND'S
Cold Cream

Start today the use of these two creams

Begin today the use of the two creams every normal skin needs. Both creams are so delicate in texture that they will not clog the pores. Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair.

They come in both jars and tubes in convenient sizes. Any drug or department store can supply you. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
118 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10 cents) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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YOUR DRUGGIST IS MORE THAN A MERCHANT

The druggist—your neighborhood druggist—is the Good Samaritan among merchants. Health, safety, comfort are the three main things he has to sell. Pharmacy is an ethical profession: the druggist is a college trained scientist who thinks of quality and service first.

TO BE A MOTHER is to be among the greatest artists of the world. A tiny will, a tiny mind, even the threads of a Future are in her hands. What will she build with them?

"I had a wonderful mother," said Lincoln. "All that I am I owe to her."

If greatness is a gift, the greatest gift a baby can have is a wonderful mother—a mother who knows that hours and hours of restful sleep are essential to baby's future.

Does it seem odd that a mere "baby powder advertisement" should be so serious? Perhaps baby powder isn't so mere after all.

Do you realize that Johnson's Baby Powder was the suggestion of a famous physician who knew that skin comfort is the surest path to sounder sleep? And that it is made especially for babies in laboratories that prepare hundreds of articles for the medical profession?

The difference between Johnson's Baby Powder and ordinary talcums appeals to a mother.

Johnson's Baby Powder

Best for Baby—Best for You

THE "WHAT SHALL I GIVE BABY?" PROBLEM SOLVED

You have often been perplexed in selecting a present for somebody's lovable baby. The baby cuddle soon has been prepared for those who prefer that their love for baby shall be expressed by a useful gift. It contains three dainty articles essential to the comfort and happiness of baby—Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Cream and Baby Soap. You can give nothing more welcome. Ask your druggist for it.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON
New Brunswick, N. J., U. S. A.

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ALAS, THE POOR WHIFFLETIT!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

ing else that happened was for him haply circumstanced—most of the naughty words reached no ears save those of Mittie May. There were sounds which drowned them—sounds which began with a fluttered outcry of alarm, which progressed to a great gasp of astonishment, which swelled and rippled into a titter, which grew into a vast rocking roar of unrestrained joyousness. Children shrieked, old women cackled, old men wheezed, adults guffawed, strong men rolled upon the earth in uncontrollable outbursts of thunderous mirth. As the stricken in all his members, Gumbo Rollins fell alongside his whirling Flyin' Jinny, but failed not, even in that excess of his mounting hysteria, to see to it that the steam-driven organ continued to grind out the one tune of its repertoire. The members of the choir forgot that their mission was to sing. They were too busy laughing to sing. And high and clear above the chorus of their glad outcry rose the soprano gurglings of Ophelia Stubblefield as she leaned for support up against somebody.

YOU ask, Why did not Prof. Cephus Fringe fall off of Mittie May? He tried to. At first he sought only to stay on; then after a bit he sought to get off; he couldn't. The cause for his staying on was revealed when Mittie May took the first of those mental hazards of hers. As she rose grandly into space to clear the imagined top-rail of the imagined panel and, with hind heels drawn well in under her, descended and continued on her circling way, a keen-eyed spectator, all bent double tho he was, alongside the ring, and beating himself in the short ribs, caught a flashed glimpse of a strong but narrow strap which bound the rider's ankles to the saddle-girth, and which, through the ordered march of the parade, had been safely hidden from view behind the ornament housings of the broad Spanish stirrups. Cump Glass had done his fiendish work well; those straps strained, but they held.

"Name of Cathay!" shouted out the observer. "He done tie hisse'f on! He done tie hisse'f—" Overcome, he choked.

With a great sweeping, swooping heave Mittie May made the last leap. And then at the precise second when the music stopped, the leathern thongs parted, and as her burden tumbled off and lay struggling in the dust, Mittie May swerved from the ring and, magically and instantaneously becoming once more Judge Priest's staidly respectable old buggy-mare, stood waiting for Jeff Poindexter to come and lead her out of all this shrieking, whooping jam of folks back to her stable. And Jeff came; Jeff had been there all the time. It was against his supporting frame that Ophelia had slanted limply the while she laughed.

HERE the curtain is lowered for two seconds to denote the passage of two days. At its rise Jeff Poindexter and Gumbo Rollins are discovered sitting side by side on the back step of a cabin in the Plunket's Hill neighborhood.

"An' so they ain't nobody seen him sense?" It is Jeff who is speaking.

"So they tells me," answers Gumbo. "Ain't nary soul seen hair nur hide of him frum the moment he riz out 'en that ring an' tuk his feet in his hand an' marvited further. Yas, suh, the pertracted meetin' will have to worry 'long the best way it kin 'thout its champion purty man. Well, sometimes it seems lak these things turns out fur the bes'. It suttun'ly would damage his lacinated feelin's still mo' if he was yere an' heared folks all over town callin' him the Jazzed-up Circus Rider."

"I got a better name fur him 'en that," says Jeff, "Whiffletit!"

"Wich?" asks Gumbo.

Seemingly Jeff has not heard his friend's question. In an undertone, and as tho seeking to recall the words of a given formula, he communes with himself: "Fust you baits him wid the cheese. An' 'en when he nibble the cheese, he git all swelled up an' 'en whilst he's flappin' helpless you leans over the side of the boat an' jes' natchelly laffs him to death."

"Whut-all is you mumblin'?" demands Gumbo Rollins, puzzled by these seemingly unrelated and irrelevant mouthings. "Is you crazy?"

"Yas," concurs Jeff, "crazy lak the king of the weazels."

THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

"I could do better ones than that," he finally said, with a frowning eye.

"Yes," I agreed. "They'll be better and better. And that'll make your old Mummy prouder and prouder!"

He lay silent for several minutes. Then he looked at the square of paper which I held folded in my hand.

"I'd like to send it to Uncle Peter," he rather startled me by saying.

Saturday the Twenty-ninth.

ONCE more I'm a grass-widow. My Duncan is away, and I'm grateful for Calgary as soon as his threshing work was finished up. But that tumult is over and once more I've a chance to sit down and commune with my soul. Everything here is overrunning with wheat. Our bins are bursting. The lord of the realm is secretly delighted, but he has said little about it. He has a narrow course to steer. He is grateful for the money that this wheat will bring us to him, yet he can see it would never do to harp too loudly on the productiveness of our land—on *my* land, I ought to say, for *Casa Grande* has now been formally deeded to me. I find no sense of triumph, however, in that transfer. I am depressed, in fact, at the very thought of it. It seems to carry a vague air of the valedictory. But I refuse to be intimidated by the future.

Gershom and I, indeed, have been indulging in the study of astronomy. The air was crystal clear last night, so that solemn youth suggested that we take out the old telescope and study the stars. Which we did. And which was much more wonderful than I had imagined. But Gershom had no reflector, so after getting a neck-ache trying to inspect the heavens while on our feet we took the old telescope and a couple of rugs out to a straw-pile that had been hauled in to protect our Winter perennials. There we lay independently housed on our backs and went star-gazing in comfort. And Gershom even forgot that painful bashfulness of his when he fell to talking about the planets. He slipped out of his shell and spoke with genuine feeling.

He suggested we begin with the Big Dipper, which I could locate easily enough well up in the northern sky. That, Gershom told me, was sometimes called the Great Bear, tho it was only a part of the real *Ursa Major* of the astronomers. Then he showed me Benetnasch at the end of the Dipper's handle, and Mizar at the bend in the handle, then Alioth, and then Megrez, which joins the handle to the bowl. Then he showed me Phad and Merak, which mark the bottom of the bowl, and then Dubhe at the bowl's outer rim.

I tried hard, but I was very stupid about getting the names right. Then Gershom asked me to look up at Mizar, and see if I could make out a small star quite close to it. I did so, without much trouble, and Gershom thereupon condescended to admit that I had exceptionally good eyes. For that star, he explained, was Alcor, and Alcor was Arabic for "the proof," and for centuries and centuries the ability to see that star had been accepted as the proof of good vision.

Then Gershom went on to the other constellations, and talked of suns of the first and second magnitude, and pointed out Sirius, in whose honor great temples had once been built in Egypt, and Arcturus, the name old Arcturis that a Greek had used by the name of Job had sung about, and Vega and Capella and Rigel, which he said sent out eight thousand times more light than our sun, and is at least thirty-four thousand times as big.

But it only made me dizzy and staggered my mind. I couldn't comprehend the distances he was talking about. I just couldn't make it, any more than a bronco that had been used to jumping a six-barred gate could vault over a windmill tower. And I had to tell Gershom that it didn't do a bit of good informing me that Sirius was comparatively close to us, as it stood only nine light-years away. I remembered how he had explained that light travels one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, and that there are over thirty million miles in a year, so that a light-year is about five and a half million million of miles. But when he attempted to tell me that some of the so-called photographic stars are thirty-two thousand light-years away from us my imagination just refused to go with me. It didn't mean anything to me. It couldn't. I tried in vain to project my puny little soul through all that space. At first it was rather bewildering. Then it grew into something touched with grandeur. Then it took on an aspect of awfulness. And from that it grew into a sort of ghastliness, until the machinery of the mind choked and balked and stopped working altogether, like an overheated motor. I had to reach out in the cold air and catch hold of Gershom's arm. I felt a hunger to cling to something warm and human.

"WE CALL this world of ours a pretty big world," Gershom was saying. "But look at Betelgueuse up there, which Michelson has been able to measure. He has, at least, succeeded in measuring the angle at the eye that Betelgueuse subtends, so that after estimating its parallax as given by a bolometer it's merely a matter of trigonometry to work out the size of the star. And he estimated Betelgueuse to be two hundred and sixty million miles in diameter. That means it would take twenty-seven million of our suns to equal it in bulk. So that this big world of ours, which takes so many weeks

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

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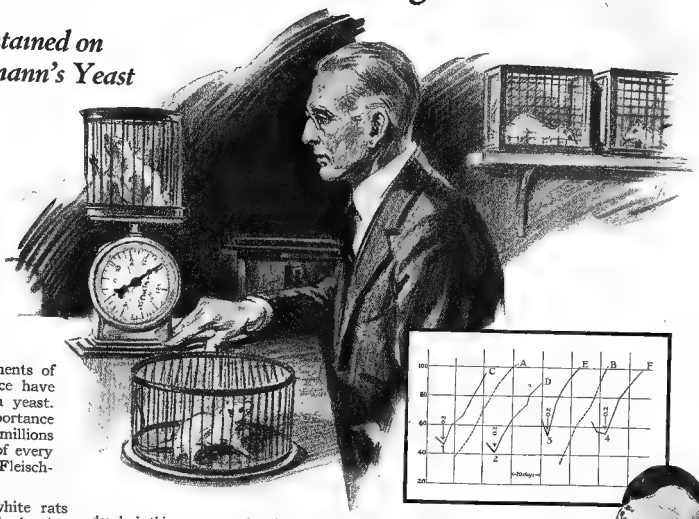
AMAZING NEW EXPERIMENTS WITH YEAST just completed by one of America's great Scientists

Ideal health maintained on diet with Fleischmann's Yeast

White rats chosen because they eat and thrive on the same kind of food as man



ACTUAL feeding experiments of far reaching significance have recently been completed on yeast. The findings are of vital importance to yeast therapy and to the millions of men and women —1 out of every 5 you meet —who are eating Fleischmann's Yeast.

One hundred and fifty white rats were fed meals of the same food value that any man or woman might eat. No element was missing except the water-soluble vitamin B. The rats, which were young and sleek to start with, at once began to lose weight and strength.

Immediately recovered on fresh yeast

When the loss in weight had progressed to a definite point, Fleischmann's Yeast was added to the white rats' diet at the rate of .2 gram a day. The white rats ate the yeast greedily. Immediately they began to pick up and soon reached normal weight. They maintained normal growth from then on as long as they ate Fleischmann's Yeast.

Identical feeding experiments were made with a number of yeast preparations in tablet, capsule and other forms now on the market, and also with a different kind of yeast from Fleischmann's.

In every case, instead of recovering, the rats continued losing weight steadily until the dose was increased from .2 gram to .7 gram and upward to as many as two whole grams. In two cases satisfactory growth was never attained. The animals remained infantile in appearance and size.

Findings on white rats hold good for human beings

In scientific research white rats are always chosen for feeding experiments because they eat and thrive on the same kind of food as man. Just as a white rat cannot maintain normal vigor and health without the vitamin B, neither can a human being.

Many of the meals that we eat every day lack this necessary vitamin. The result is a gradual lowering of health until the body loses its resistance and quickly becomes a prey to disease. Indigestion, chronic constipation, lack of energy, are the first and most important symptoms.

Later in life this lowered vitality shows in premature age and even death. Each year thousands of young men and women in America die unnecessarily of diseases that come normally only with old age.

Fresh yeast is in itself a food, and supplies in our diet the vitamin which we must have in order to preserve normal vigor and health. Fleischmann's Yeast as a food is doing for people what medicine cannot do naturally or permanently—keeping them vigorously healthy, protecting them from unnecessary disease and premature old age.

Men and women fed constipating meals—yet no constipation

A nourishing but very constipating diet was given to men and women subjects who underwent a feeding experiment. They ate eggs, milk and cheese. The only corrective food they had was Fleischmann's Yeast, fresh daily.

In the period of one month during which this diet was maintained, none of the subjects showed any indication of constipation. When they ate this diet without Fleischmann's Yeast all the subjects suffered from constipation.

Add Fleischmann's Yeast to your regular diet. Eat 2 to 3 cakes a day before or between meals. It will help to build up a rundown system, keep your intestines clean and active, your stomach normal, your appetite keen, your whole body vigorous and healthy. Your grocer will deliver Fleischmann's Yeast fresh daily.

Send for free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 303, 701 Washington St., New York.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food—not a medicine

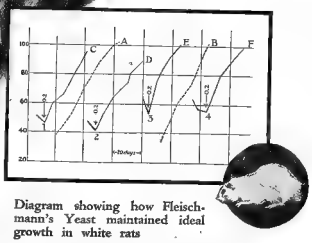


Diagram showing how Fleischmann's Yeast maintained ideal growth in white rats

Dotted lines A and B—Represent ideal growth. 1, 2, 3 and 4—The low points which white rats reached on diet without the necessary vitamin B, and where feeding of Fleischmann's Yeast began—.2 gram.

Lines 1-C, 2-D, 3-E and 4-F—Show the growth of white rats after being fed .2 gram Fleischmann's Yeast. Note that they follow closely the dotted lines A and B which represent the ideal growth of white rats.

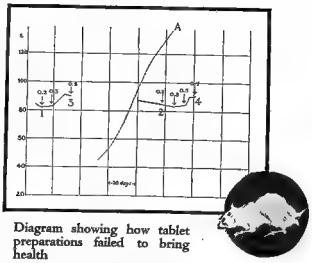


Diagram showing how tablet preparations failed to bring health

Dotted line A—Represents ideal growth.

1 and 2—Low points reached on diet without the necessary vitamin B, and where feeding of tablet preparations began—.2 gram.

Lines 1-3 and 2-4—Show subnormal condition of white rats though being fed 2½ and 3½ times the normal dose. Note how they fail to follow the dotted line A which represents the ideal growth of white rats.

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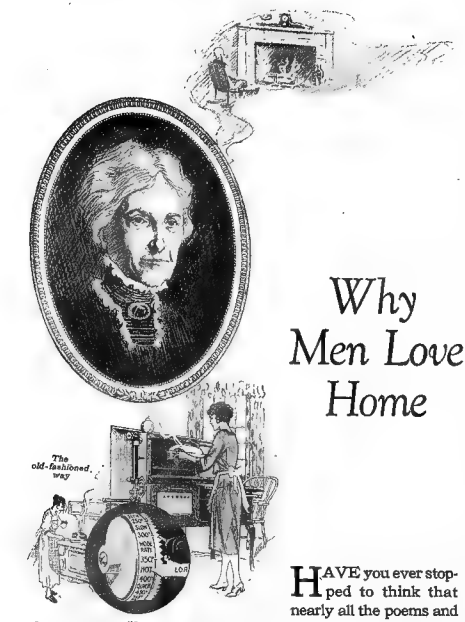
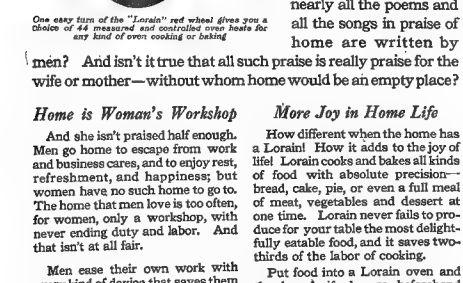


Why Men Love Home



One easy turn of the "Lorain" red wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

HAVE you ever stopped to think that nearly all the poems and all the songs in praise of home are written by men? And isn't it true that all such praise is really praise for the wife or mother—without whom home would be an empty place?

Home is Woman's Workshop

And she isn't praised half enough. Men go home to escape from work and business cares, and to enjoy rest, refreshment, and happiness; but women have no such home to go to. The home that men love is too often, for women, only a workshop, with never ending duty and labor. And that isn't at all fair.

Men ease their own work with every kind of device that saves them time and labor, and then nightly return to a home where the most valuable and beloved worker has to struggle along, day after day, with faulty, out-of-date, and health-wrecking tools. It isn't fair.

Take cooking. Home is no home without good food. Yet how many men ever consider the hours wasted, the nerves unstrung, and the good cheer spoiled in women's discouraging effort to get good food from poor stoves or by guess-work cookery?

More Joy in Home Life

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Put food into a Lorain oven and the housewife knows beforehand exactly when it will be done; and until it is done and ready to serve, she need never once bend over her oven to look and watch.

Better food, sure results always, less labor, less time spent in the kitchen, no cooking failures, happier wives and mothers, and happier homes for both men and women, that's the wonderful thing Lorain is doing. "An Easier Day's Work" tells more about it. We want you to have a copy; simply send us the coupon.

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

to crawl about on the fastest ships and the fastest trains, is really a mote of dust, something smaller than the smallest pinprick, compared to that far-away sun up there on the shoulder of Orion!"

"Stop!" I cried. "You're positively giving me a chill up my spine. You're making me feel so lonesome, Gershom, that you're giving me goose-flesh. You're not leaving me anything to get hold of. You haven't even left me anything to stand on. I'm only a little speck of Nothing on a nit of a world in a puny little universe which is only a little freckle on the face of some greater universe which is only a lost child in a city of bigger constellations which in turn have still lonelier suns to swing about, until I go on and on, and wonder with a gasp what is beyond the end of space. But I can't go on thinking about it. I simply can't. It upsets me, the same as an earthquake does when you look about for something solid and find that even your solid old earth is going back on you!"

"On the contrary," said Gershom as he put down his telescope. "I know nothing more conducive to serenity than the study of astronomy. It has a tendency to teach you, in the first place, just how insignificant you are in the general scheme of things. The naked eye, in clear air like this, can see over eight thousand stars. The larger telescopes reveal a hundred million stars, and the photographic dry plate has shown that there are several thousands of millions which can be definitely recorded. So that you and I are not altogether the whole works. And to remember that, when we are feeling a bit important, is good for our Ego!"

I DIDN'T answer him, for I was busy just then studying the Milky Way. And I couldn't help feeling that it must have been on a night like this that a certain young shepherd, watching his flocks on the uplands of Canaan, sat studying the infinite stairways of star-dust that "sloped through darkness up to God" and was moved to say, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

"Yes, Gershom, it's horribly humiliating," I said as I squinted up at those serene heavens. "They do humble me. And we come and go out, and nobody knows why!"

"Pardon me," corrected the literal-minded Gershom. "They do not last forever. They come and go out, just as we do. Only they take longer. Consider the Dipper up there, for instance. A hundred thousand years from now that Dipper will be perceptibly altered, for we know the lateral movement of Dubhe and Benetnasch will give the outer line of the bowl a greater flare and make the crook of the handle a trifle sharper. Even a thousand years would show change enough for instruments to detect. And a million years will probably shove the group pretty well broken up. But the one regrettable feature, of course, is that we will not be here to see it."

"Where will we be?" I asked Gershom.

"I don't know," he finally admitted, after an unexpectedly long silence.

"But will it all go on, forever and forever and forever?"

"To do so is not in the nature of things," was Gershom's quietly toned reply. "It is the destiny of our own earth, of course, which most interests us. And however we look at it, that destiny is a gloomy one. Its heat may fail. Stupart, in fact, has established that its temperature is going down one and a half degrees every thousand years. Or its volcanic elevating forces may give out, so that the land will subside and the water cover it from pole to pole. Or a comet may wipe up its atmosphere, the same as one sponge-sweep wipes up moisture from a slate. Or the sun itself may cool, so that the last of our race will stand huddled together in a solarium somewhere on the equator. Or as our sun rushes toward Lyra, it may bump into a derelict sun, just as a ship bumps into a wreck. If that derelict were as big as our sun, astronomers would see it at least fifteen years before the collision. For five or six years it would even be visible to the naked eye, so that the race, or what remained of the race, would have plenty of time to think things over and put its house in order. Then, of course, we'd go up like a singed feather. And there'd be no more breakfasts to worry over, and no more wheat to thresh, and no more school fires to start in the morning, and no more children to make think you know more than you really do, and not even any more hearts to ache. There would be just Emptiness, just voiceless and never-ending Nothingness!"

Gershom stopped speaking and sat staring up at Orion. Then he turned and looked at me.

"What's the matter?" he asked, for he must have felt my shiver under the robe.

"Nothing," I said in a thin and pallid voice. "Only I think I'll go back to the house. And I'm going to make a pot of good hot cocoa!" And that's mostly what life is: making little pots of cocoa to keep our bodies warm in the midst of a never-ending chilliness!

Tuesday the Eighth.

MY husband is home again. He came back with the first blizzard of the Winter and had a hard time getting through to *Casa Grande*. This gives him all the excuses he could desire for railing at prairie life. I told him, after patiently listening to him cussing about everything in sight, that it was plain to see that he belonged to the land of the beaver. He promptly requested to know what I meant by that.

"Doesn't the beaver regard it as necessary to dam his home before he considers it fit to live in?" I retorted. But Duncan, in that estranging new mood of his, didn't relax a line. He even announced, a little later on, that a quicksilver wit might be all right if it could be kept from running over. And it was my turn to ask if he had any particular reference to allusions.

"I'll give one thing," he told me, "there's this tiresome habit of hitching nicknames onto everything in sight."

I asked him what names he objected to.

"To begin right at home," he retorted, "I regard 'Dinkie' as an especially silly name for a big hulk of a boy. I think it's about time that youngster was called by his proper name."

I'd never thought much about it, to tell the truth. His real name, I remembered, was Elmer Duncan McKail. That endearing diminutive of "Dinkie" had stuck to him from his baby days, and in my fond and foolish eyes, of course, had always seemed to fit him. But even Duncan had spoken to me on the matter, months before, asking me if I preferred the boy to be known as "Dinkie" or his schoolmates. And I'd told Gershom that I didn't believe we could get rid of the "Dinkie" if we wanted to.

His father, I knew, had once objected to "Duncan," as Re had no liking to be dubbed "Old Duncan" while his offspring would answer to "Young Duncan." And "Duncan," as a name, had never greatly appealed to me. But it is plain now that I have been remiss in the matter. So hereafter we'll have to make an effort to have our little Dinkie known as Elmer. I'll be bringing a new child into the family circle, a new child we're not quite acquainted with. But these things, I suppose, have to be faced. So hereafter my laddie shall officially be known as "Elmer," Elmer Duncan McKail. And I have started the ball rolling by duly inscribing in his new books "Elmer D. McKail" and requesting Gershom to address his pupil as "Elmer."

I've been wondering, in the meantime, if Duncan is going to insist on a revision of all our ranch names, the names so tangled up with love and good-natured laughter and memories of the past. Take our horses alone. Tumble-Weed and timeless Tithonus, Buntie and Briquette, Laughing-Gas and Pretty-Boy Third, Mudski and Tarzanette. I'd hate now to lose those names. They are the register of our friendly love for our animals.

It begins to creep through this thick head of mine that my husband no longer nurses any real love for either these animals or prairie life. And if that is the case, he will never get anything out of prairie living. It will be useless for him even to try. So I may as well do what I can to reconcile myself to the inevitable. I am not without my moments of revolt. But in those moods when I feel a bit uppish I remember about my recent venture into poetry. What's the use of worrying, anyway? There was one ice age, and there is going to be another ice age. I tell myself that my troubles are pretty trivial, after all, since I'm only one of many millions on this earth and since this earth is only one of a many millions of other earths which will swing about their suns billions and billions of years after I and my children and my children's children are withered into dust.

It rather takes my breath away, at times, and I shy away from it the same as Pauline Augusta shies away from the sight of blood. It reminds me of Chaddie's New York lady with whom the Bishop ventured to discuss ultimate destinies. "Yes, I sup-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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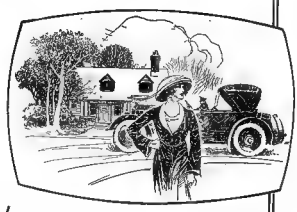

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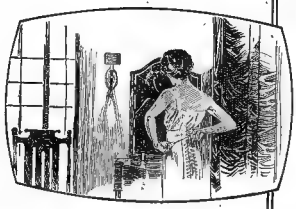

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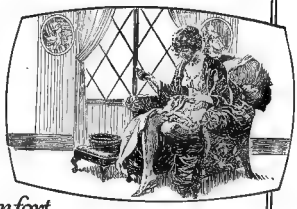

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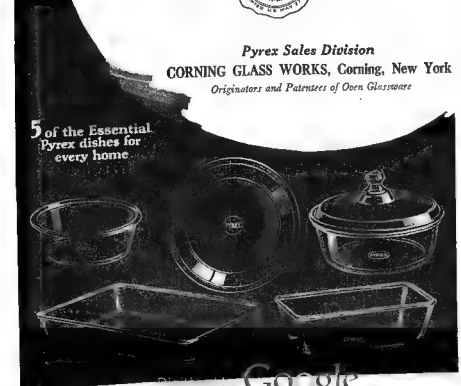

THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

pose I shall enter into eternal bliss," responded this fair lady, "but would you mind not discussing such disagreeable subjects at tea-time?"

Speaking of disagreeable subjects, we seem to have a new little trouble-maker here at *Casa Grande*. It's in the form of a brindle pup called Minty, which Dinkie—I mean, of course, which Elmer—acquired in exchange for a jack-knife and what was left of his "Swiss Family Robinson." But Minty has not been well treated by the world, and was brought home with a broken leg. So Whinnie and I made splints out of an old cigar-box cover, and padded the fracture with cotton wool and bound it up with tape. Minty, in the moderated spirits of invalidism, was a meek and well-behaved pup during the first few days after his arrival, sleeping quietly at the foot of Elmer's bed and stumping around after his new master like a war veteran awaiting his discharge.

But now that Minty's leg is getting better and he finds himself in a world that flows with warm milk and much petting, he betrays a tendency to use any odd article of wearing-apparel as a teething-ring. He has completely ruined one of my bedroom slippers and done Mexican drawn-work on the ends of the two living-room window-curtains. But what is much more ominous, Minty yesterday got hold of Dinkydunk's Stetson and made one side of its rim look as tho it had been cut through a meat-chopper. So my lord and master has been making inquiries about Minty and Minty's right of possession. And the order has gone forth that hereafter no canines are to sleep in this house.

It impresses me as a trifle unreasonable, all things considered, and Elmer, with a rather unsteady under lip, has asked me if Minty must be taken away from him. But I have no intention of countermanding Duncan's order. The crust over the volcano is quite thin enough, as it is. And whatever happens, I am resolved to be a meek and dutiful wife. But I've had a talk with Whinnie and he's going to fix up a comfortable box behind the stove in the bunk-house, and there the exiled Minty will soon learn to repose in peace. It's mysterious, tho, how that little three-legged animal loves my Dinkie, loves my Elmer, I should say. He licks my ladies's shoes and yelps with joy at the smell of his pillow. Poor little abundant-hearted mite, overflowing with love! But life, I suppose, will see to it that he is brought to reason. We must learn not to be too happy on this earth. And we must learn that love isn't always given all it asks for.

Thursday the Seventeenth.

THE crust over the volcano has shown itself to be even thinner than I imagined. The lava-shell gave way, under our very feet, and I've had a glimpse of the molten fury that can flow about us without our knowing it. And I, who so many of life's tragic moments, it began out of something that is almost ridiculous in its triviality.

Night before last, when Struthers was rather late in setting her bread, she heard Minty scratching and whimpering at the back door, and without giving much thought to what she was doing, let him into the house. Minty, of course, went scampering up to Dinkie's bed, where he slept secretly and joyously until morning. And all might have been well, even at this, had not Minty's return to his kingdom gone to his head. To find some fitting way of expressing his joy must have taxed that brindle pup's ingenuity, for before any of us were up he decided to use the living-room, where he delightedly and diligently proceeded to remove the upholstery from the old Chesterfield. By the time I came on the scene, at any rate, there was nothing but a grisly skeleton of the Chesterfield left. Now, that particular piece of furniture had known hard use, and there were places where the mohair had been worn through, and I discussed the expediency of having the thing done over. But I knew that Minty's efforts to hasten this movement would not get him my approval. So I discreetly decided to have Whinnie and Struthers remove the telltale skeleton to the bunk-house. Before that transfer could be effected, however, the Dour Man invaded the living-room and stood with a cold and unsatisfactory eye inspecting that monument of destructiveness.

"Where's Elmer?" he demanded, with a grim look which started my heart pounding.

"Elmer's dressing," I said as quietly as I could. "Do you want him?"

"I do," announced my husband, whiter in the face than I had seen him for many a day.

"What for?" I asked.

"I think you know what for," he said, meeting my eye.

"I'm not sure that I do." I found the courage to retort. "But I'd prefer being certain."

Duncan, instead of answering me, went to the foot of the stairs and called his son. Then he strode out of the room and out of the house. Struthers, in the meantime, circumspectly took possession of Minty, who was still indecorously shaking a bit of mohair between his jocund young teeth. She and Minty vanished from the scene. A moment later, however, Duncan walked back into the room. He had a riding-quirt in his hand.

"Where's that boy?" he demanded.

I went out to the foot of the stairs, where I met Elmer coming down, buttoning his waist as he came. For just a moment his eye met mine. It was a questioning eye, but not a cowardly one. I had intended to speak to him, but my voice, for some reason, didn't respond to my will. So I merely took the boy's hand and led him into the living-room. There his father stood confronting him.

"Did that pup sleep on your bed last night?" demanded the man with the quirt.

"Yes," said the child, after a moment of silence.

"Did you hear me say that no dog was to sleep in this house?" demanded the child's father.

"Yes," said Elmer, with his own face as white as his father's.

"Then I think that's about enough," asserted Duncan, turning a challenging eye in my direction.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. My voice was shaking, in spite of myself.

"I'm going to whale that youngster within an inch of his life," said the master of the house, with a deadly sort of intentiveness.

"I don't want you to do that," I quavered, wondering why my words, even as I uttered them, should seem so inadequate.

"Of course you don't," mocked my husband. "But this is the limit. And what you want isn't going to weigh."

"I don't want you to do that," I repeated. Something in my voice, I suppose, must have arrested him, for he stood there, staring at me, with a little knot coming and going on one side of his skull, just in front of his upper ear-tip.

"And why not?" he asked, still with that hateful, rough, ironic note in his voice.

"Because you don't know what you're punishing this child for," I told him with all the quietness I could command. "And because you're not in a fit condition to do it."

"You needn't worry about my condition," he cried out—and I could see by the way he said it that he was still blind with rage. "Come here, you!" he called to Dinkie.

It was then that the fatal little bell clanged somewhere at the back of my head, the bell that rings down the curtain on all the slowly accumulated civilization the centuries may have brought to us. I not only faced my husband with a snort of scorn, but I tightened my grip on the child's hand. I tightened my grip on his hand and backed slowly and deliberately away until I came to the door of my sewing-room. Then, still facing my husband, I opened that door and said, "Go inside, Dinkie." I could not see the boy, but I knew that he had done as I told him. So I promptly slammed the door shut and stood there facing the gray-lipped man with the riding-quirt in his hand. He took two slow steps toward me. His chin was thrust out in a way that made me think of a fighting-cock's beak. He had not shaved that morning, and his squared jaw looked stubbled and blue and ugly.

"You can't pull that petticoat stuff this time," he said in a hard and throaty tone which I had never heard from him before. "Get out of my way!"

"You will not beat that child!" And I myself couldn't have made a very pretty picture as I flung that challenge up in his teeth

"Get out of my way," he repeated. He did not shout it. He said it almost quietly. But I knew, even before he reached out a shaking hand to thrust me aside, that he was in deadly earnest, that nothing I could say would hold him back or turn him aside. And it was then that my eye fell on the big Colt in its stained leather holster, hanging up high over one corner of the book-cabinet, where it had been put beyond the reach of the children.

I HAVE no memory of giving any thought to the matter. My reaction must have been both immediate and automatic. I don't think I even intended to hunt my husband in the short-ribs the way I did, for the impact of my body half twisted him about and sent him staggering back several steps. All I know is that bolster and belt came tumbling down as I sprang and caught at the Colt handle. And I was back at the door before I had even shaken the revolver free. I was back just in time to hear my husband say, rather foolishly, for the third time, "Get out of my way!"

"You stay back there!" I called, quite as foolishly, for by this time I had the Colt balanced in my hand and was pointing it directly at his body.

He stopped short, with a vacuous look in his eyes.

"*You fool!*" he said, in a sort of strangled whisper. But it was my face, and not the weapon, that he was staring at all the while.

"Stay back!" I said again, with my eyes fixed on his

He hesitated for a moment, and made a sound that was like the short bark of a laugh. It was too hard and horrible, however to be taken for laughter. And I knew that he was not going to do what I had said.

"Stay back!" I warned him still again. But he stepped forward, with a grim sort of deliberation, with his challenging gaze locked on mine. I could hear a thousand

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

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THE DAWN OF PHYSICAL HAPPINESS

Join Olympian Society's Practical Movement and Get More Out of Life

BY MARY E. WOODS
NATIONAL SECRETARY

HERE is joy in my heart as I spread on this page the announcement my society has authorized me to make. I rejoice that thousands of women will see it; and I feel for those others who will not read and heed it. For this is a true opportunity. A practical plan for becoming the woman you were meant to be! Your dearest wishes of bodily health, mental vigor, and womanly charm—all placed in easy reach.

First I will tell what this new movement is; what it has done, and for whom. Then as to how you may take part—for your own benefit. Olympian is now nearly 30,000 strong! That many women have already shared its secrets of successful living. It will soon double its number—for nothing can stop such a force for good.

This is not a story of drudgery, denial, or tedious study. The Olympian plan is a fascinating force for the better enjoyment of womanhood. It is interesting every step of the way. It is easy to follow.

Every woman who accepts this plan, and uses it even one month will experience benefits from her Olympian membership which will prove fairly amazing. Read how these results are achieved:

First: A Glorious State of Health

THE first fundamental of happiness is health. So, Olympian starts with the natural principles of health. Some of them, you may know. But what has always been lacking is the key to their use. You are told the scientific secrets of applying these principles with full force. Results are instantaneous.

You will feel changes the first week. A month brings improvements hard now to believe. Quickened energies crowd out every petty ailment. New physical and mental powers seem inexhaustible. It is wonderful. Investigate this opportunity.

Quick Development of Personal Attractiveness Comes Next

NEXT are developed the traits which make for personal magnetism. The knack of making others like you is acquired—and the processes are fascinating. Your progress will astonish you.

The next stage is physical manifestations of womanly charm. Unmistakable changes are wrought in your carriage, poise, in your step, your attitudes in repose. The analyses, charts and pictures, the illustrated text, all are so simply and plainly set forth that every minute is interesting. While this drive for larger membership and wider usefulness is on, you can examine the entire material used in the Olympian plan without the least obligation.

Every Worth-While Beauty Secret Told

NOTHING bought in a bottle can rival Olympian as an aid to physical beauty. When told the scientific causes of supple body and limbs—a clear skin—sparkling eyes—pretty shoulders—firm, symmetric breasts—luxuriant hair—it is absurdly easy to attain them.

You'll learn how to remove 30 or 40 lbs. of excess flesh in sixty days—without starving. How to remove every line in face or neck (unless you are past sixty).

Three scientific hair-health secrets that bring any head of hair to abundant thickness, length, and lustre are fully explained.

How You May Join This Month Without Paying Dues

THE wealth of material necessary to the plan of the society is valuable, of course. But we are now in a position to loan it all. Furthermore, you may enjoy full membership privileges for three weeks; all without paying even one month's dues. By this liberal demonstration of what we can accomplish for women, we shall spread our membership to a million! Of course, this trial membership can but start the big benefits. There can be but one of the twelve discussional lectures sent you; but one bulletin for individual guidance. However, the special service features you may use to the full—making daily demands, if you wish, on any or all of twenty-seven departments in which the world's foremost specialists counsel you on health, beauty, education, or any problem of life! In even this brief time, you will have had cause to thank Olympian the rest of your days. I know; by what it has done for me personally, and by the many reports I read daily from others.

For Married Women and for the Young Miss

IT IS not exaggerating to say that any woman's married life is made vastly more enjoyable through enrollment with Olympian. The very things she wants to know, causes and effects.

Successful motherhood; adorable children. What to believe—and not to believe. Preparation for motherhood.

Mothers have told us their daughters have built mental and bodily perfection on the simple principles revealed in this course.

At the threshold of life, girls, and boys too, are immeasurably helped through a parent's Olympian membership. Any woman who knew all that it can mean to any family, would deem it her duty to join.

An Action-Compelling Offer

AND now for the opportunity—your opportunity: we want you to try membership in our organization for three weeks. No obligation to go a step further; nothing that you must buy. Your application for temporary membership will, at present, bring Olympian Society's complete material. You may have unrestricted use of all, full privilege of consultation, you will in effect be a full-fledged member of Olympian three weeks from the time of receiving our notification. If you decide that membership the full year is worth a hundred times the small monthly tuition fee (less all told than one spends for carfare) the society will welcome you as a full member.

Apply on the handy form presented below. Send no payment of any sort. On delivery of material, you need pay just one dollar—only one-half the cost of packing and transportation. Thousands of PICTORIAL REVIEW readers will doubtless avail themselves of such an offer; we are prepared!

Some Letters from Olympian Members

Olympian's daily mail is large, for membership carries unlimited privileges of consultation, specific advice, practical help in every division.

Olympian Society:

The thought aroused to make the body beautiful, vigorous and symmetrical in itself pays for membership.—Louise Hume, Seattle, Wash.

Olympian Society:

I have received lasting good from the course and wish the society success in its great work. —June H. Kern, 5927 Throop Street, Chicago, Ill.

Olympian Society:

While the material you sent me has not been in my hands quite a week, I like it and shall hope to be improved physically and mentally. It is what I especially needed.—Olive Chapman, Holliston, Mass.

Olympian Society:

I am a business woman and find the course is very interesting. I feel much better already. —Leone Lovelle, 310½ W. Main St., Dunham, N. C.

(Two months later from the same member)

I was ready to give up when I enrolled, and today am the picture of health, look 30 though past 40, and weigh what I should!

APPLICATION FOR TEMPORARY MEMBERSHIP IN OLYMPIAN SOCIETY

OLYMPIAN SOCIETY,
Calumet at 21st St., Chicago, Ill.:

Please enroll me for temporary membership with full privileges and unrestricted use of complete Olympian material for three weeks, without monthly dues. All I agree to pay is $1 on delivery. If I do not decide to continue membership I will return all material by parcel post at the end of trial period—with no further obligation. (108)

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"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

The Royal Baking Service

from The Royal Educational Department

EDITOR'S NOTE—With what immense satisfaction do we enjoy a piece of good home made cake! How infinitely better! is then our way we could possibly buy! Many cakes good flour, baking powder, shortening, eggs and above all, home baking seem to give it may even become an expert and turn your baking knowledge into dollars, for everybody loves home made cake. The Royal Educational Department is ready to help you with suggestions and special instructions whenever you need assistance.

Cake Troubles

"WHY does my cake rise up in the middle?" "How do you make chocolate icing glossy?" "How must I change a cake recipe when baking in high altitude?" Hundreds of women are writing this department daily such questions as these. You also perhaps may be bothered by similar baking troubles. If so, write the Royal Educational Department. It is prepared to help you as it is helping thousands of women all over the world. Following are a few of the commonest difficulties—

Question: **What makes my cakes split open and the batter pour down the sides?**

Answer: The oven is too hot. A crust forms before the cake has had a chance to rise completely, and the uncooked batter forces its way through the top, making a very unsightly cake with poor texture. Send for the Glazed Paper Oven Test. It is a sheet of correct oven temperatures and will be of great assistance to you.

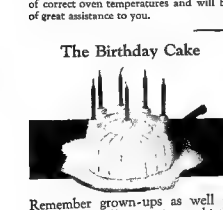
Question: **Is it necessary to use pastry flour for cakes?**

Answer: While pastry flour is excellent for all recipes in which baking powder is used, it is not necessary and moreover not available for everyone. All recipes on these pages and in the New Royal Cook Book were made up with an ordinary good bread flour and the proportion of liquid is correct. All flour, however, should be sifted before measuring (two or three times is even better for cakes) and never packed down in the cup, but piled in very lightly.

Question: **How can I get a fine-grained cake?**

Answer: Cream butter or other shortening before adding sugar—use fine granulated sugar if possible. Beat the batter well after adding each ingredient, and when the beaten egg whites are added last, mix them lightly, but very thoroughly, into the batter. On the other hand, hard beating at this stage tends to toughen the cake. Bake the cake in a moderate oven, increasing the heat slightly after it has been in the oven about 10 minutes.

The Birthday Cake

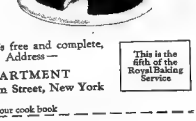


Remember grown-ups as well as little folks will appreciate a birthday cake. It must be of superfine quality. This inexpensive Pound Cake (recipe below) is delicious; for one still less costly you might try the Royal Cream Loaf Cake (page 12 New Royal Cook Book) which is so light and fine you would never dream that it requires but two eggs.

Of course the birthday cake must go as far as possible. Everybody will want a piece, perhaps two, so here is a way of cutting it that will surprise you by its economy.

With a sharp knife, beginning at the outside, cut around in circles until you reach the center, then slice through each circular piece as illustrated.

Small families, however, will not eat a whole cake at one time; therefore instead of the usual way, cut desired number of pieces from center of the cake as illustrated below. To keep the rest fresh push the two remaining pieces close together like a whole cake. This will keep it moist and soft several days.



This is the fifth of the Royal Baking Service

Send for the New Royal Cook Book today—it's free and complete, containing all departments of cookery. Address—

ROYAL EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
Royal Baking Powder Company, 137 William Street, New York

Cut these out and put in your cook book

Pound Cake

1 cup butter
2 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon lemon extract
5 eggs
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar very slowly, beating well between each addition. Add flavoring and yolks of eggs which have been beaten until light yellow. Beat egg whites until light and add with flour which has been sifted with the baking powder two or three times. Beat mixture well for several minutes, until very light and fluffy. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about one hour. Cover with the following frosting:

Ornamental Frosting

1 ¼ cups granulated sugar
½ cup water
1 egg whites
1 teaspoon Flavoring extract
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder.

Boil sugar and water without stirring until syrup spins a thread; add very slowly to beaten egg whites, add flavoring and baking powder and beat until smooth and stiff enough to spread. Put over boiling water stirring occasionally until icing over boiling water stirring occasionally until icing grates slightly on bottom of bowl. Spread on cake, saving a small portion of icing to ornament the edge. This can be forced through a pastry tube, or, through a cornucopia made from ordinary white letter paper.

Royal Tropic Aroma Cake

(Illustrated above)

½ cup shortening
1 ¼ cups sugar
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 eggs
2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream shortening; add sugar and beaten eggs. Mix well and add sifted (together) half the flour, salt and spices; add milk and rebaking powders, mix well and add remainder of dry ingredients. Bake two-thirds of mixture in two greased layer tins, and to the remaining batter add one tablespoon cocoa which has been mixed with one tablespoon boiling water. Use brick for middle layer. Bake layers in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes. Put following filling and icing between layers and on top of cake

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons cocoa
2 cups confectioner's sugar
3 tablespoons strong coffee
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream butter. Add sugar and cocoa very slowly, beating until light and fluffy. Add vanilla and coffee slowly a few drops at a time, making soft enough to spread.

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THE PRAIRIE CHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

warning voices somewhere at the back of my brain, and at the same time I could hear a thousand singing devils in my blood trying to drown out those voices. I could see my husband's narrowed eyes slowly widen, slowly open like the gills of a dying fish, for the hate that he must have seen on my face obviously arrested him. It arrested him, but it arrested him only for a moment. He dropped his eyes to the Colt in my hand. Then he moved deliberately forward until his body was almost against the barrel-end. I must have known what it meant, just as he must have known what it meant. It was his final challenge. And I must have met that challenge. For, without quite knowing it, I shut my eyes and pulled the trigger.

There had been something awful, I know, in that momentary silence. And there was something awful in the sound that came after it, tho it was not the sound my subconscious mind was waiting for. It was distinct enough and significant enough, Heaven knows. But instead of the explosion of a shell it was the sharp snap of steel against steel.

The revolver was empty. It was empty—had been empty for weeks. But the significant fact remained that I had deliberately pulled the trigger. I had stood ready, in my moment of madness, to kill the man that I loved.

HAD a ball of lead gone through that man's body, I don't think he could have staggered back with a more startled expression on his face. He looked more than bewildered; he looked vaguely humiliated, oddly and wordlessly affronted, as he stood leaning against the table-edge, breathing hard, his skin a mottled blue-white to the very lips. He made an effort to speak, but no sound came from him. For a moment the dreadful thought raced through me that I had indeed shot him, that in some mysterious way he was mortally hurt, without this particular bullet announcing itself as bullets usually do. I looked at the revolver stupidly. It seemed to have grown heavy, as heavy as a cook-stove in my hand.

"YOU'D do that?" whispered my husband, very slowly, with a stricken light in his eyes which I couldn't quite understand. I intended to put the Colt on the table But something must have been wrong with my vision, for the loathsome thing fell loathsomely to the floor. I felt sick and shaken and a horrible, misty feeling of homelessness settled down about me, of a sudden, for I remembered how closely I had skirted the black gulf of murder.

"Oh, Dinkydunk!" I blubbered, weakly, as I groped toward him. He must have thought that I was going to fall, for he put out his arm and held me up. He held me up, but there wasn't an atom of warmth in his embrace. He held me up about the same as he'd hold up an open wheat-sack that threatened to tumble over on his granary floor. I don't know what reaction it was that took my strength away from me, but I clung to his shoulders and sobbed there. I felt as alone in the gray wastes of time as one of Gershom's lost stars. And I knew that my Dinkydunk would never bend down now and whisper into my ear any word of comfort, any word of forgiveness. For, however things may have been at the first, I was the one who was now so hopelessly in the wrong; I was the big offender. And that knowledge only added to my misery as I stood there clinging to my husband's shoulders and blubbering, "Oh, Dinkydunk!"

The third instalment of "The Prairie Child" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published March 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

NAGGING—THE GREAT HUMAN CRIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

she heard was the word "beat." It was enough. She jumped to her feet. "You try to beat me. I'll have you arrested. I'll show you." Intent on a little husband-beating in advance, she marched toward him, through a barrage of very blue air, with hand raised.

No longer an old-fashioned man nor the great American husband, but a turned worm indeed, Henry gave her, just as she was about to pounce upon him, a shove which sent her prone upon the settle in the hall.

"I'm done," he said with a white-heat but calm finality. "I'm not coming home to-night—or any night. Good-by." With majestic stride he was out of the door, in his car, and off.

Helena threw herself upon the guest's breast and wept, loud and long. Then suddenly she dried her eyes, and looked the guest squarely in the eyes. "I don't nag, do I?"

The guest, less courageous than wise, answered, "No, dear, of course you don't."

Henry did not come home that night. Seven times that day Helena telephoned him, and his secretary said he was not in. She telephoned to his clubs, to his mother's house—even the morgue. He was not to be found. Next day she went to his office and tried to interview him. She purred and mooed and simpered and cajoled—Henry had become a vertebrate. He not only refused to see her, but he even told her he did not love her any more. And meant it.

In time Henry married his secretary—a woman with as much cultural background as Helena and infinitely more intelligence and understanding.

Helena, languid and abused, is cynical of all men. She says, "I wouldn't trust the best man who ever lived. Look at Henry! Could there have been a kinder and more attentive husband? It doesn't pay to let a man know you care too much for him."

THERE are a lot of Helenas in this world—women who start life on a free, fair road and even with winds to back them, but who, because they follow the strange and insidious impulses of small meannesses, find themselves in the journey is only just begun or half over, stranded in the bypaths of loneliness and unjustifiable cynicism.

A judge whose aptitude for patching up the troubles of domestic warriors has given him the title of the "Great Reconciler" once told me that ninety per cent. of the divorce suits brought in his court were traceable, in the first instance, to nagging—sometimes on the part of the husband, but more often, much more so, on the part of the wife.

"I would grant a divorce on the ground of nagging quicker than on any other ground, for in the majority of cases nagging is provocative of all other grounds."

Hard words, these—but just. For nagging is an insidious quality seeking devious ways of expression. Often under the mask of virtue or of loveliness naggers instil a poison which saps their domestic happiness. Dozens of women like Helena, to all appearances the most desirable of wives—pretty, dainty, and bewitching—have kept their victims under their spell even while they tortured them. There are wives, too, who in every way but one are their husbands' true helpmeets. Excellent housekeepers, charming hostesses, or even intellectual companions, they have that one taint which makes all virtues of no avail. It may be just some little habit of thought or speech or action, and they may even be blind to it as a fault, thinking it to be a virtue. But it is a fell destroyer.

For instance, there is the cleano-maniac. Every one knows her—the woman who scrubs and sweeps and dusts and polishes until she vacuums her husband right out of the house. As merciless as a Kansas cyclone, she gives no quarter. When her truculency has its inevitable reaction, she beats her breast and cries, not *"Mea culpa,"* but "And I was such a good wife!"

I KNEW a woman like this once. She was what is known in fashionable circles as "splendid housekeeper." Her husband was a young lawyer of promise and with a consistently growing practise which meant that daytime he fought continuously the battle of the big mind. When he got home at night he needed home, and he wanted rest and relaxation. They were the last things he got.

In the first days of their marriage, when they lived in a hotel, she pleaded continuously for a "nice, cozy, little home of their own." He heard her a dozen times, and was all her own—for there was neither nook nor corner which he could call his. If he lay down on the couch in the living-room for a quiet doze before dinner, she was there with a newspaper to place under his feet. Were he so thoughtless as to choose a soft satin pillow for a head about to split, the pillow was jerked from under him and a "sofa" cushion, as hard as a rock, replaced it.

If he sat down to smoke and, by some sad accident, a bit of ashes fell on the ash-tray or from his pipe or the end of his cigar dropped upon the table, a duster was whisked under his nose, and then about until he almost sneezed the top of his aching head off. If he went into the bedroom and took off his coat to be ready for a few minutes, his coat was immediately upon a hanger and in the closet—"where it belonged."

If he took a book from the bookcase and dozed off while reading it, presto! it was back in the bookcase—"where it belonged."

If he smoked, no matter how cold the weather, the window was thrown up and the curtains vigorously shaken. If he tracked a bit of dust into the house, the dust-pan was promptly under his feet.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

Dolly Dingle and Neddy and The Story of Artie and Baldie

ARTIE and Baldie are dear little twins;
With caps on their heads they are like as two pins;

But *when* caps come *off*—Oh me and Oh my!
The difference would force a stone image to cry.
Artie has millions of cunning wee curls,
While Baldie's as bald as the roundest of pearls.
The reason I'll tell you, my sweet little dears;
Now get out your hankies, for you will shed tears.
Dear Artie just loves to have nurse wash his head,
And Baldie's roars really would waken the dead.

So if you would like curls, *instead* of bald pate,
Copy Artie—else surely you'll have Baldie's fate.

PICTURES FOR SCRAP BOOK

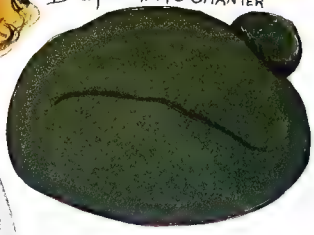
IM JUST AS BRAVE~AS BRAVE'S CAN BE
WHAT MEANS A FUSSY~CAT TO ME?

OR GREETING CARDS.

I LOVE YOU~YOU LOVE ME
WHAT SWEETER IN THIS WORLD COULD BE?

DOLLY DINGLE

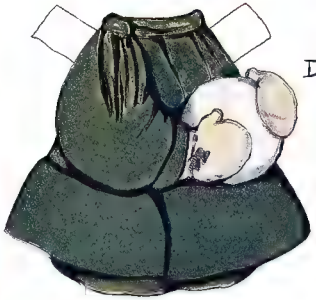
DOLLY'S TAM O'SHANTER



NEDDY'S CAP

GGDRAYTON

DOLLY'S PLAY-MATE NEDDY.



DOLLYS COSY WARM COAT

Drawings by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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Successes of the Season Give Added Laurels to These Favorites

FOREMOST among the popular plays of the season is "Dadcy's Gone A-Hunting," in which Arthur Hopkins is starring Marjorie Rambeau (at the right). A play of absorbing interest, it tells an old story in a new way, and Marjorie Rambeau has an opportunity to show her unusual talents to the best advantage in the finest rôle she has ever played

Photographed by The Fish Studios

THE revival of "The Return of Peter Grimm" proves that memory has played no tricks, and that it is as exquisite as a flawless setting and an excellent cast could make it. David Warfield is admirably supported by his leading woman, Miriam Doyle (below). David Belasco wrote and originally staged the play for Warfield's use more than ten years ago.

CLAIRE WINDSOR (at the left), is increasing her popularity with an already large public with every production in which she appears. She is taking leading parts in Goldwyn films, and her beauty, magnetism, and unusual talent are winning for her a foremost place among screen favorites. Her youthful charm is one of her greatest assets.

Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe

Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe

Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe

THE Theatre Guild's foremost success of last season, "Liliom," is still holding entranced its audience, and it is largely due to the remarkable casting of the leading parts. Eva LeGallienne (above) plays the difficult rôle of the little servant girl with increasing intuition.

Photographed by Edward Thayer Monroe

Photographed by Apeda Studio

AN exceedingly clever version of "Main Street" has been produced by the Shuberts. The company is unusually good, even in the comparatively minor parts. Myrtle Cass, the young schoolteacher, is played admirably by Marvel Snow (at the right). The stage version was written by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. Alma Tell plays the leading woman's part.

ARTHUR HOPKINS has at last found an "Anna Christie," a rôle that gives opportunity to that gifted actress, Pauline Lord (above). An admirable supporting cast, an interesting setting, and above all a play that is one of the best produced this season, make the performance one that should not be missed. The gifted author, Eugene O'Neill, shows himself in a new light.

AL JOLSON is the shining light in his new production, "Bombo," which is characterized as a musical comedy, but is more in the nature of an elaborate revue. The Shuberts have assembled excellent support, and one of the most attractive of the cast is Charlotte Sprague (at the left).

Photographed by Donald Biddle Keyes

A FAVORITE among Paramount stars, and indeed among motion-picture stars, is Lois Wilson (at the left). She has unusual gifts and a great deal of magnetism, and shows marked ability in her interpretation of difficult parts.

GOOD Morning, Dearie" promises to be another record-breaker among musical comedies, and that in a season when there are more than usual that are worth seeing. Mr C B Dillingham has given this comedy by Jerome Kern and Anne Caldwell a lavish background of settings and costumes, and has selected a very good cast. One of the leading parts is taken by Peggy Kurion (at the right). Charming music, a clever plot, exquisite dancing, and comedy well above the average combine to make it superior to the general run.

Photographed by Campbell Studio

Google

The Happiest Time of Her Life

Admiration, attention—groups of eager young men awaiting her appearance, and more partners than she can dance with—this makes girlhood days the happiest time of a woman's life.

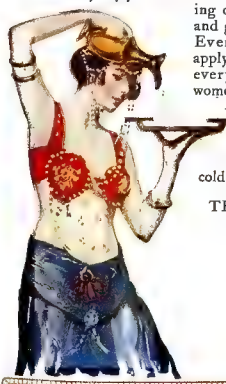
To miss this popularity is a tragedy. Yet many girls are socially unsuccessful because of some lack in charm.

What constitutes this charm is hard to define—but one thing is certain. The popular girl, the successful girl, the gay, happy, all-admired girl is always distinguished by a fresh, radiant skin.

How to have this perfect complexion is the problem of many girls, but we can solve it for you. It's a simple secret, discovered many thousand years ago.

What spoils complexions

Every day your skin accumulates a coating of dust, dirt and general soil. Every day you apply powder, and every day most women use a little or much cold cream. This dirt, powder and cold cream penetrates the tiny skin pores and fills them. Perspiration completes the clogging. You can judge for yourself what happens if you fail to wash these accumulations away.



Once a day your skin needs careful, thorough cleansing to remove these clogging deposits. Otherwise you will soon be afflicted with coarseness, blackheads and blotches.

How soap beautifies

Mild, pure, soothing soap, such as Palmolive, is a simple yet certain beautifier. Its profuse, creamy lather penetrates the network of skin pores and dissolves all dangerous deposits. Gentle rinsing carries them away.

When your skin is thus cleansed, it quickly responds with fresh, smooth radiance. The healthful stimulation results in natural, becoming color.

And the lotion-like qualities of the Palmolive lather keeps your complexion delightfully soft.

Now, when your skin is healthfully clean, is the time to apply cold cream. Now, powder and that touch of rouge are harmless.

You can perfect your good complexion and beautify one not so good by the means of this simple cosmetic cleansing.

Cleopatra's way

With all classic peoples, bathing was a daily rite never neglected. The ruins of Cleopatra's sumptuous marble bath are ample proof of her faith in this ancient beauty secret.

Palm and olive oils were the cleansers used—the same bland oriental oils we blend scientifically in Palmolive.

The lotion-like qualities which made them the most highly prized of all old world beautifiers, are imparted to Palmolive Soap.

A 10-cent luxury

The vast volume in which we produce Palmolive to supply the world-wide demand naturally lowers cost.

If made in small quantities the price would be at least 25 cents. Manufacturing economy permits us to offer this finest facial soap for only 10 cents.

Thus you can afford to share Cleopatra's favorite luxury.

Use Palmolive for bathing and let it do for your body what it does for your face.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited, Toronto, Ont.
Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for only

10c

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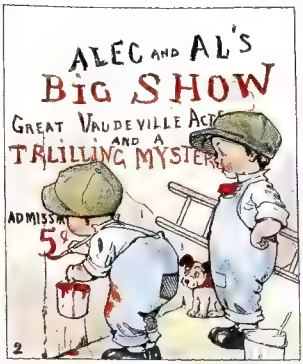
Alec and Al

Drawings by C. H. TWELVETREES

This month we see Alec and Al presenting a wonderful show, and

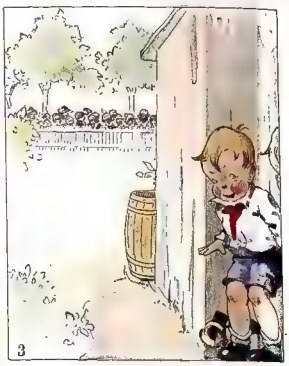
1

"Ooh! gee! Two dollars each to go!
I'll bet you any money we
Can give a darned sight better show
With lots more thrills and mystery."



2

"Now, Alec, make that five stand out
And then the poster will look great.
Oh, golly! How they'll laugh and shout
When they find out the op'ning date."



3

"Gee, Al! Just peep around and see
The crowd all standing at the gate;
Let's hurry now and dress, so we
Won't have to make the audience wait."

7

"Oh, Al! I think he looks a dream
And just as funny as can be.
Crums! Won't they clap and laugh and scream
When out he pops for them to see!"

8

But as this mystic animal
Displayed his teeth and gave a roar,
They yelled for Alec and for Al
And "beat it" madly for the door.

When every single soul had gone
The beastie wondered what was up,
And turned his fiery hind legs on
Both Al and Alec and the pup.

"What makes that woman so distressed?"
"You boob! She's merely getting dressed!"

"She's eating something soft and red;
I wonder if it's candy bread."

"Ooh! it smells good—now let's make haste,
And very soon we'll have a taste."

"Hey! what's the matter with your end?
That's not the way to treat a friend."

"It tastes like poison mixed with fat;
I say, let's leave it for the cat."

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and the Nibbler Boys

Verses by PERCY WAXMAN

the Nibbler Boys pursuing a thrilling adventure in a lady's boudoir

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4

As fair La Belle from far-off France
("Twas really Alec all dressed up)
Began her thrilling wiggly dance
It greatly mystified the pup.

5

Then Al in mother's dress and hat
Came out to sing a Spanish song;
And every time his voice went flat
The orchestra grew loud and strong.

6

Then both the boys with faces blacked
As merry minstrels gaily played;
The audience enjoyed this act,
To judge by all the noise they made.

10

Now, if the gates had not been wide,
There might have been an awful crush;
But luckily all got outside,
And then you should have seen the rush!

11

Right down the street this queer thing ran,
But no one knew what it could be,
For not a woman, child, or man
Remained there long enough to see.

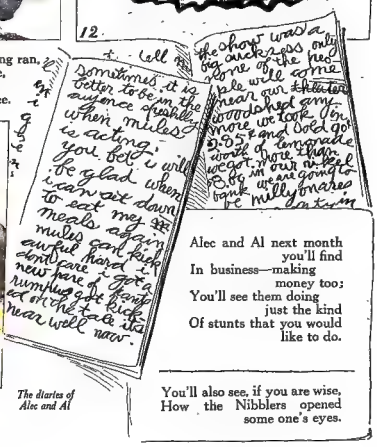
Great Commotion in Main Street
A Mysterious Beast Escapes
Urges Annual Subscriptions to Federated Philanthropic Societies.

12

"Just wait till I pull off this top;
I'll bet it's a honey, tea, or pop."

"Help! Murder! Help! or I'll be drowned;
What awful things they leave around!"

"You dear, sweet thing! You smell so strong,
The cat will think you're cheese gone wrong."



Alec and Al next month
you'll find
In business—making
money too;
You'll see them doing
just the kind
Of stunts that you would
like to do.

You'll also see, if you are wise,
How the Nibblers opened
some one's eyes.

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"I like school 'cause every day after school I have

JELL-O

As an after-school lunch Jell-O takes the edge off the growing child's hunger without giving an excessive burden to digestion. It pleases his natural taste for a sweet, but is not a sweet that will bring him to his evening meal with an impaired appetite.

*

OUR new recipe book, entitled "At Home Everywhere," shows Jell-O as used North, East, South and West. The book will be sent without charge to anyone. It gives scores of ways of serving "America's Most Famous Dessert."

WE also have a de luxe "Book of Menus," written by an eminent authority and illustrated by silver and china service from the most exclusive shop on the Avenue. This book will be sent for twenty cents in stamps. Our address is on our package.

Google

BUILDING UP TO THE HEALTH-LINE

Nourishing Diets for Underweight People Who Want to Be Strong and Vigorous

By JENOISE B. SHORT *and* HARRIET T. BARTO

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON "EAT AND BE HEALTHY"

Drawings by Jessie Gillespie

LAST month on this page we offered words of advice to our overweight friends. This month we are talking to our underweight readers. We know that you are in the minority and that you glory in your thinness. We realize also that at the present time it is particularly stylish to be almost painfully thin. But there is a limit even from an esthetic standpoint—angles are never beautiful. Then, too, there is a point where thinness approaches a danger-line. The person who is underweight is prone to fatigue and nervous exhaustion.

Building up by way of nutritious foods has always been the panacea for anemia. The wasting effect of tuberculosis is combated largely by means of a carefully adjusted diet, fresh air, and rest. Because of their lowered resistance to infection the underweight tend to suffer from frequent colds.

Just by way of encouragement—a few pounds underweight are not cause for worry, but rather for rejoicing, especially if you ate over thirty years of age. Study the table given on this page as a guide to your normal weight and then eat, exercise, and rest accordingly.

Generally speaking, it is lack of sufficient knowledge of food values that is responsible for both overweight and underweight.

But there are other influences besides food that must be considered when one is trying to build up.

First of all, those of you who wish to gain either from esthetic or physical reasons must learn to relax. You can not gain with your nerves in a high state of tension. Composure is especially important at mealtime. Do not eat when you are overtired. A short rest before and after meals is a great benefit. It is a mistake to rush in from a hard shopping trip and start a meal before resting. Learn to sit still. Do not wiggle your foot or hand continually while talking—you are wasting energy.

Next, plenty of sleep, fresh air, and a moderate amount of exercise are necessary to help in the body.

Last but not least in importance, the body can not come back to normal without a sufficient amount of wholesome and nutritious food to build up muscles, nerves, glands, and organs. Eat as much as you can without upsetting your digestion. From this point of view the building-up process is a very pleasant one. Know your normal food requirement and increase it gradually. To do this an understanding of food values is necessary.

Body-weight can be increased by eating extra protein, carbohydrate, or fat, but the most available source of body-weight (or calorie-wards) is fat, because it offers the greatest number of calories in the smallest bulk. It is undoubtedly true that most people who need to be fattened are inclined to eat sparingly of this kind of food. Milk, butter, cream, olive-oil, and bacon—all foods that furnish fat—are easy to digest and should be used liberally in a fattening dietary, together with moderate amounts of starches and sugar.

Foods That Make Calories

BY a judicious choice from the following list of foods it is easy to add many calories to a meal.

	Calories
1 Tablespoonful Butter	100
4 Small Slices Bacon (Cooked)	100
1 Tablespoonful Thick Cream	50
1 Tablespoonful Oil	100
1 Cupful Cocoa (Made with Milk)	600
1 Glassful (1 Cupful) Milk	170
1 Cupful Cream of Vegetable Soup	200
1 Tablespoonful Mayonnaise Dressing	100
1½ Tablespoonful French Dressing	100
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar	100
1 Tablespoonful Hard Sauce	100
1 Medium Potato	100
1 Slice Bread (¾-inch Thick)	50
1 Cupful Malted Milk	230

A mid-morning and mid-afternoon luncheon of milk or milk reenforced, as in cocoa, or an egg-milk drink, often combats the lagging appetite characteristic of the underweight. Fluid foods are easiest of all to take when the appetite is capricious, and are especially beneficial for those who come to the regular meals too exhausted to eat.

In meals planned for the purpose of building up add a plentiful amount of cream, butter, or white sauce to the vegetables. The food value of a dish is greatly enriched by a liberal serving of mayonnaise. Use a little coffee or tea to flavor a cup of hot milk instead of adding the former beverages clear or almost so.

Custards, blanc-mange, and ice-cream are all agreeable ways of adding fuel value to a luncheon or dinner.

Fortunate is the thin person who has a cook who puts her soul into her cooking, for she will help immeasurably in the often difficult process of "getting down food." Attractive food is so much easier to eat than that which is indifferently prepared.

You thin people must learn to eat whether you have an appetite or not. It is sometimes a slow process, but your appetite will come in time. It takes will-power and faith to force down food when one is not hungry. Once swallowed, good food nourishes regardless of whether you like it or not.

The thin person is inclined to eat liberally of bulky foods, low in fuel and building-material, such as lettuce and clear broths. While a small cupful of broth before a meal is appetizing, a large quantity tends to satisfy the appetite before any real nourishment has been taken.

The thin person often has an antipathy to nourishing foods like milk, eggs, and cereals, and is inclined to pick at his food or to make a meal from just one dish or from foods like bouillon, salads, and a cup of tea.

MENUS FOR A THIN PERSON

THESE menus are planned to tempt the lagging appetite of a person whose ordinary requirement is 2,000 calories. Each day furnishes about 2,800 calories.

BREAKFAST
ORANGE-JUICE—½ CUPFUL
EGG—1 • BACON—2 SMALL SLICES
TOAST—1 SLICE
BUTTER—½ TABLESPOONFUL
COFFEE AU LAIT—½ CUPFUL MILK, 2 TEASPOONFULS SUGAR

MID-MORNING LUNCH
COCOA—1 CUPFUL (ALL MILK), WITH 2 TABLESPOONFULS LACTOSE DISSOLVED

LUNCHEON
CREAMED CHICKEN ON TOAST-POINTS—
½ CUPFUL
LETTUCE AND TOMATO SALAD—
1½ TABLESPOONFUL FRENCH DRESSING
BREAD-STICKS—3
PRUNE WHIP—¾ CUPFUL
SPONGE-CAKE—1 SMALL

AFTERNOON TEA
NUT-BREAD SANDWICHES—2
TEA • SUGAR—2 LUMPS • LEMON

DINNER
LAMB-CHOP—1 • BAKED POTATO—1 MEDIUM
CREAMED PEAS—
½ CUPFUL PEAS, ¾ CUPFUL SAUCE
ENDIVE SALAD—
1½ TABLESPOONFUL FRENCH DRESSING
BREAD—2 SLICES
BUTTER—½ TABLESPOONFUL
CHARLOTTE RUSSE WITH LADYFINGERS

BEDTIME
MILK—1 GLASSFUL • GINGER COOKY—1

BREAKFAST
GRAPEFRUIT—½ MEDIUM
COOKED WHEAT CEREAL—
½ CUPFUL
THIN CREAM—¼ CUPFUL
(for Cereal and Coffee)
SUGAR—2 TABLESPOONFULS
(for Grapefruit and Cereal)
SOFT-COOKED EGG—1
TOAST—2 SLICES
BUTTER—1 TABLESPOONFUL
COFFEE
SUGAR—2 TEASPOONFULS
(for Coffee)

MID-MORNING LUNCH
MILK—1 GLASSFUL

LUNCHEON
CLUB SANDWICH—LARGE • COCOA—¾ CUPFUL

AFTERNOON TEA
CREAM-CHEESE AND DATE SANDWICHES—2
TEA • LEMON
SUGAR—2 LUMPS

DINNER
CLEAR SOUP—½ CUPFUL
BEEFSTEAK—LARGE SERVING
POTATO—1 MEDIUM
SCALLOPED CABBAGE—½ CUPFUL
BREAD—2 SLICES
BUTTER—1 TABLESPOONFUL
ICE-CREAM—½ CUPFUL
COFFEE

BREAKFAST
ORANGE—1 MEDIUM
OATMEAL WITH DATES—½ CUPFUL COOKED
OATMEAL, 3 DATES
THIN CREAM—¼ CUPFUL
(for Coffee and Cereal)
CORN-CAKE MUFFINS—2
BUTTER—1 TABLESPOONFUL
COFFEE • SUGAR—2 TEASPOONFULS

LUNCHEON
CORN À LA SOUTHERN—1 CUPFUL
ROLL—1 • BUTTER—½ TABLESPOONFUL
LETTUCE SALAD WITH FRENCH DRESSING—
½ TABLESPOONFUL DRESSING
FROSTED CUP-CAKE—1
COCOA (ALL MILK)—¾ CUPFUL

DINNER
BAKED HAM—LARGE SERVING
SPINACH WITH EGG—1 CUPFUL
SCALLOPED POTATOES
—1 CUPFUL
BREAD—2 SLICES
BUTTER—1 TABLESPOONFUL
BAKED APPLE WITH WHIPPED
CREAM—LARGE APPLE,
2 TABLESPOONFULS CREAM,
2 TABLESPOONFULS SUGAR

BEDTIME
MALTED MILK—1 CUPFUL, AND
1 TABLESPOONFUL LACTOSE
DISSOLVED

Table of Weight and Height for Women at Different Ages*

Height	19 yrs.	20	21-22	23-24	25-29	30-34	35-39	40-44	45-49	50-54
4 ft. 10 in.	98	102	106	110	113	116	119	123	126	129
11 "	103	107	109	112	115	118	121	125	128	131
5 ft.	109	112	113	115	117	120	123	127	130	133
1 "	113	115	116	118	119	122	125	129	132	135
2 "	116	118	119	120	121	124	127	132	135	138
3 "	120	121	122	123	124	127	130	135	138	141
4 "	123	124	125	126	128	131	134	138	141	144
5 "	126	127	128	129	131	134	138	142	145	148
6 "	129	130	131	133	135	138	142	146	149	152
7 "	131	133	135	137	139	142	146	150	153	156
8 "	135	137	139	141	143	146	150	154	157	161
9 "	138	140	142	145	147	150	154	158	161	165
10 "	141	143	145	148	151	154	157	161	164	169
11 "	145	147	149	151	154	157	160	164	168	173
6 ft.	150	152	154	156	158	161	163	167	171	176

In ascertaining height—measure yourself in shoes; stand erect, and press measuring-rod down against scalp. Weigh yourself in indoor clothing and shoes. If shoes have sensible heels, subtract one inch for height; if heels are "high," subtract two inches.

**This table was prepared by Thomas D. Wood, M.D., Professor of Physical Education, Columbia University, and is used by the United States Bureau of Education and the Child Health Organization of America.*

The Book-Shelf

DIET and Health, with Key to the Calories," by Lulu Hunt Peters, A.B., M.D. (The Reilly & Lee Co., Chicago.)

If you are really interested in contracting or expanding, this little book is full of good-humored but scientific advice. You can not fail to find the royal road to reduction, and there are also many helpful suggestions for those who are thin. It is written by a physician, and contains tables from which you can calculate the number of calories you need and the amount your diet is furnishing. Exercises are given for reducing and increasing weight and for maintaining good health.

Does Your Table Fit You?

BACKACHE, headache, and a general sense of fatigue used to be accepted as an inevitable part of the housewife's burden. She almost invariably worked on levels far too low for her, her back bent at the waist-line, her neck forward and head down; or else she strained on tiptoe to reach utensils on shelves that were many inches too high. Was it surprising that at the end of the day she had that "Oh, so tired!" feeling?

Investigators in the offices of the United States Department of Agriculture found from recent experiments that when a woman washed dishes at a table or sink placed so low that she was obliged to bend over, or when she did the same work on too high a surface, she actually used more calories than when the sink or table was the correct height. Furthermore, not only did the woman use fewer calories when the working surface was suited to her height, but there was less bodily strain and fatigue at the end of the day's work.

When estimating the height of working surfaces it is difficult to make a cut-and-dried chart that will apply to all women, as individual differences are too great. The height of the working surface depends upon the height of the individual doing the work, the length of the arms, and the kind of work to be done. A good standing position is also essential in determining the height of the working surface. It should be possible to hold the chest erect, back straight, head up, and chin in. If the work involves movement, let any bending be done from the hips rather than from the shoulders or waist-line. The efficiency that comes through poise depends upon the placing of the feet and general good posture of the worker.

To find your working level for mixing, rolling, chopping, and other work ordinarily done on the kitchen table, stand erect, the arms straight at the sides, and the hands held at right angles to the arms. The palms of the hands should then rest comfortably on the table. In most processes the utensil which one uses will lift the working surface somewhat; for instance, when beating a cake the bowl will raise the working surface until the arm is bent almost to a right angle at the elbow.

A working surface that is too high is as fatiguing as one that is too low. It lifts the shoulders and arms, and makes it impossible for the forearm to act as an effective lever or exert pressure.

Miss Balderston, in "Housewifery," gives the following measurements for persons of medium height—five feet six inches, or thereabout: "Tables for standing work should be about thirty-three to thirty-eight inches high; kitchen sinks should be about thirty-four to forty inches to the top, and wash-tubs about thirty-six to forty inches to the roll of the tub."

When washing, the working surface is at the side of the tub. The tub should be high enough so that the worker can stand with her arms straight, and work comfortably.

Because your working surfaces are low does not mean that you "must put up with them" for all time. It is possible to have a plumber raise the kitchen sink to a comfortable working height, but such a move will cost from fifteen to twenty dollars. If this is too expensive the dish-pan and rinsing-pan can be raised by placing blocks under them. The kitchen table can be raised by means of blocks, casters, wheels, or wooden tubing. The standard of the stationary wash-tub is often too low, but it can be extended by gas-piping to bring the tub up to a good working level. Care should be taken to have the portable wash-tub on a bench of the right height so that the worker may be comfortable.

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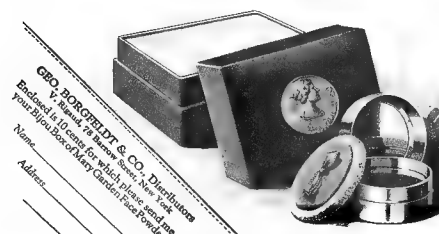

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"IT IS TO LAUGH!"

Good Stories for Every Occasion

DON'T let yourself fall into that class of guests who never have a fitting story to tell. Keep a card-file of jokes, listed under different subjects, and refresh your memory before you start out for the evening. Of course these jokes are old, because, like old friends and old wine, they often are the best.

A Question of Food

A NEGRO employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion.

"You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream."

"Put a lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! Not a-tall! I quits right here and now."

"But," protested the director; "this lion won't hurt you. This lion was brought up on milk."

"So was I brung up on milk," wailed the negro, "but I eats meat now."

End of a Perfect Day

THE barber was finishing lathering a customer and was talking volubly as usual.

"Yes, sir," he said, "we have to mind what we're about here. Every time we cut a customer's face we are fined a dime, and if we make an ugly gash it costs us a quarter!"

Then, picking up and brandishing a razor, he added: "But I don't care a hang to-day. I've just won a dollar!"

Forbidden Fruit

A SAILOR had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I am sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship."

"Lor' bless you, ma'am," replied the bluejacket, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."

What's in a Name?

MISS SIMPERING—"And is your charming daughter convent-bred?"

Irate Father (in receipt of bills)—"No, college loaf!"

A Useless Demonstration

A TEMPERANCE lecturer displayed to his audience two geraniums. The first had been watered in the usual way. The other had been dosed with alcohol, and its foliage was shriveled and sparse, its stem twisted, and its vitality decayed.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," cried the lecturer, "what can you say to a demonstration like that?"

"It's all right, and if I were a geranium," said a shabby man at the back of the hall, "I'd stick to water; but, you see, I'm not a geranium."

A Question of Transportation

THE girl walked briskly into the store and dropped her bag on the counter. "Give me a chicken," she said.

"Do you want a pullet?" the storekeeper asked.

"No," the girl replied, "I wunta carry it."

The Religious Servant

A WELL-KNOWN bishop relates that while on a recent visit to the South he was in a small country town, where, owing to the scarcity of good servants, most of the ladies preferred to do their own work.

He was awakened quite early by the tones of a soprano voice singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." As the bishop lay in bed he meditated upon the piety which his hostess must possess which enabled her to go about her task early in the morning singing such a noble hymn.

At breakfast he spoke to her about it and told her how pleased he was.

"Oh, Lor'," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by: three verses for soft and five for hard."

Like Father Like Son

JOHNNY liked ice-cream, but he drew the line at turning the freezer. One day when his mother returned home she was agreeably surprised to find him working away at the crank as tho his life depended on it. "I don't see how you get him to turn the freezer," she said to her husband; "I offered him a dime to do it."

"You didn't go at it in the right way, my dear," replied the husband. "I bet him a nickel he couldn't turn it for half an hour."

Fifty-Fifty

A YOUNG fellow wrote to a firm in a New England town which was selling razors at fifty cents each. This is the style of his letter:

"Please send one of your razors, for which I enclose P. O. for fifty cents.

"P. S.—I have forgotten to enclose the fifty cents, but no doubt a firm of your standing will send one."

They replied:

"We beg to acknowledge your esteemed order, and have pleasure in sending the razor, which we trust you will like.

"P. S.—We have forgotten to enclose the razor, but no doubt a fellow with your cheek won't need one."

Does This Sound Familiar?

WENT home about three the other morning, and, just as I got into our room, I heard my wife moving in bed, and I knew she was awake and waiting for me, so I sneaked over to the cradle and commenced rocking it. She let me rock it for a long time, then she said:

"Is that you, Old Man?"

"Yes, Petty," said I.

"What are you doing over there?"

"Rocking the cradle," I said. "The baby was restless and I didn't want him to wake you up, so I got up out of bed and came over here to rock him to sleep."

"How long have you been rocking that cradle?" said she.

"About an hour," said I.

"Well," she said, "you may as well come to bed now, for I've got the baby in bed with me."

Of Course He Was Scotch!

A TRAVELING salesman, having at last succeeded in getting an order out of one of the largest firms in the North, purchased a big box of costly cigars which he intended to present to the manager as a token of his gratitude. But the manager was highly offended.

"Naw, naw, mon," said he; "I canna tak' them. It's just bribery; that's what it is."

"But surely," persisted the salesman, "you can accept a present from me?"

"I couldna, mon; I couldna do it."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what—I'll sell the cigars to you for a purely nominal sum; say a quarter for the box."

"Weel, that's different," answered the scrupulous one. "An' as you're so pressin' I'll pay ye cash for three boxes."

A Diplomatic Recommendation

A GENTLEMAN lately dismissed a clever but dishonest gardener. For the sake of his wife and family he gave him a good character, and this is how he worded it:

"I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of my garden than any other man I ever employed."

Can't Be Done in 1922

A MINISTER opened his Sunday-school the class with the well-known hymn, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand." In the middle of the first verse he stopped the singing and complained strongly of the half-hearted manner in which it was rendered. He made a fresh start.

"Now, then," he shouted, "'Little drops of water,' and, for goodness' sake, put some spirit into it!"

What Could He Say?

Boss—"You never met my wife?"

Secretary—"No, I never had the pleasure."

Boss—"What makes you think it's a pleasure?"

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FOR THE WOMAN WHO WANTS TO REDUCE

YOU CAN, NOWADAYS, TO MUSIC, NO MATTER HOW STOUT

ANY woman who really wishes to reduce can do so these days. It is not difficult (when gone about right) but loads of fun. For the benefit of those who would like to know, here are some interesting and informative statements about the remarkable course of reduction set to music. The method was conceived and perfected by Wallace, a physical director in Chicago. The astonishing results he has secured for people of all degrees of overweight, and of all ages, has caused him to become nationally known.

In the first place, let no sensible woman try to get thin through the cruel starvation systems which deny the body nourishment needed for one's very existence. Wallace's course *lets one eat.*

Food Does Not Cause Fat

It is not food that makes a person fat. If it were, how would we account for the many very stout persons who actually eat less than a child of ten years? Long walks, or other exertion common to everyday activities, will not take off excess flesh—or no fairly active woman would be fat. Wallace gives you things to do which cause your system to use every ounce of what you *do* eat to be used for blood and bone and sinews. Nothing remains from which fat can be manufactured, and there you are. It is simple enough, but the discovery of this principle came only after this specialist had studied the subject for years.

When the Wallace method was first made public, newspapers and magazines were full of pictures and statistics. A Chicago newspaper conducted a class of fifty extremely stout persons who reduced under the daily observation of the press. In just forty days Wallace had the last one down to normal weight and measurements—and the least overweight of any individual was something like 50 lbs.! But look at the photographs reproduced here. The lady resides in Chicago; her reduction by Wallace was all accomplished through the mails, Mrs. Horchler receiving no instruction other than the personally dictated phonograph records sent her from Wallace institute. Wallace has over a thousand letters testifying to the ease and speed with which his music method reduces. Many of these have been published by permission. But "seeing is believing" so just observe these likenesses of Mrs. Horchler, who lost seventy pounds in just four months. The method did not leave her with that gaunt and wrinkled look that follows starvation; her figure is now well-proportioned, remaining flesh firm and smooth.

A STARTLING COMPARISON IN WEIGHTS. BOTH PICTURES ARE OF THE SAME WOMAN, WHO REDUCED FROM 234 LBS. TO 164 LBS. IN FOUR MONTHS' TIME THROUGH WALLACES' METHOD OF GETTING THIN TO MUSIC. THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE OF MRS. GRACE HORCHLER, 4615 INDIANA AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Fifteen to Twenty Pounds Reduction is Nothing

In the case of Mrs. Gilbert Taylor, 616 West End place, Moberly, Missouri, thirty-three pounds were taken off. She began the Wallace course in October and finished sometime in November—a matter of six or seven weeks. Many women of her town have since taken up this novel means of reducing, convinced of its absolute efficiency as shown in Mrs. Taylor's remarkable improvement. In Columbus, O., Mrs. William Vernon, who resides at 264 Broderick st. has reported her successful reduction of thirty-eight pounds with the health and feelings of a youngster as a result. All these ladies have been generous-minded in permitting their experiences with Wallace to be made public, that sister sufferers from stoutness may read, believe and be similarly benefited. Reductions of fifteen and twenty pounds are so commonly reported that Wallace himself could not tell how many his records have reduced in these amounts.

One's own phonograph is all the equipment needed. Wallace's instructions—too plain to be called difficult—too interesting to be termed a task—are sent every where. The course is full of interest, full of surprises, and results come so quickly that the fat seems to roll off by *magic.* It only requires something like twelve minutes actual time each day. Your greatest trouble will be to stop when told.

To test this wonderful course you need pay nothing, nor risk nothing. The first lesson comes without charge or obligation. With it, you can take off *five pounds in five days.* If you are not surprised and pleased with results from the demonstration, there is no obligation to continue the course—or even to pay for the service rendered. If any proof of Wallace's ability were needed, the very form of his offer would be sufficient. Hundreds of PICTORIAL REVIEW readers have used Wallace reducing records with entire success—reducing to normal, and having not a little fun in the process. So, if you are burdened with fat—would like to be trim of figure—want the energies and enthusiasms that a lithe, active body brings, here is your opportunity. Just clip and mail the convenient coupon below.

How Any PICTORIAL REVIEW Reader Can Get Thin to Music

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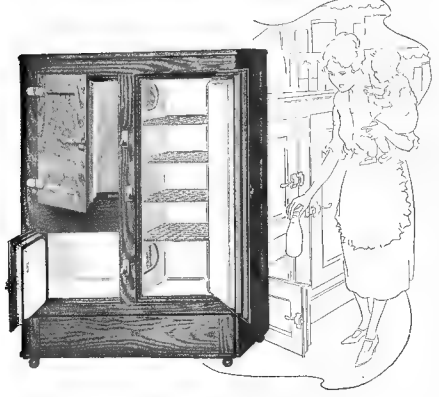

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NAGGING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

Sometimes he felt as if "where he belonged" was on the sidewalk. This feeling got to be a habit, and after a while he put it into action. He walked the streets after dinner, smoking cigaret after cigaret until the neighbors felt sorry for him and asked him in. One of his neighbors was a pretty girl!

When their world discovered him it said, "And such a good wife! You could eat off her kitchen floor! Never a thing out of place! How could he—and for such a silly, brainless creature!"

And there's the clinging vine, with a style all her own of driving a surfeited husband upon the open road to ruin. She must be kissed continually. She must be greeted enthusiastically at the doorway morning and evening and after every meal by a husband ever on the alert to reiterate,

"I love you, darling, better than any one in the world."

If his day has been perplexing and he forgets to kiss and to emphasize that his love will never die, she takes her cue.

"You don't care as you used to," she pouts. "Don't deny it. I know. I guess I'm no fool. I bet you're in love with some one else. I can tell when a man's tired."

Earth is indeed a limbo to such a husband. If he speaks to another woman, he is in love with her. If he dances with any one else and appears interested in what she is saying, if he remarks that some other woman is pretty, his torture begins.

It doesn't take long to destroy marriage with such a weapon. If it does hold, love and romance and forbearance cease. I knew of one case in particular whose happiness was killed by just such nagging. From the day they were married he could not speak to another woman when his wife was about; she demanded to know every word that was said.

He was often asked to speak at the town banquets—a very good thing for his business—he was a bond-broker. If he accepted, he ran a nerve-wrecking gauntlet.

"Oh, yes, that's a good excuse for an alibi. You're not going there at all. I know where you're going. You're going out with some other woman. I'll bet it's Rosalie Jones. If it is I'll just drag her name through the mire," was the litany of her suspicions.

While the banquet was going on she kept the telephone busy calling up the hall or the hotel or the lodge where the dinner was served, to reassure herself that her Romeo was not after all a Don Juan. The man had charm and good looks and a fine brain, and after about five years of this he wandered early and often. The wife was canonized as a saint, for she wore her halo on her brow. He was condemned as a sinner, for he was brave and would not tell.

THIS type is not confined to the female of the species. The male, if not so numerous, is even more vocal, for he keeps his wife's spirit in chains of coldest and sharpest steel. No military spy is more constant to his job than he. He soft-slippers in doorways or outside of windows or behind trees in the garden, questioning and cross-questioning and misinterpreting every word she speaks—every move she makes.

"What were you saying to George when you were waiting together down there close to the music?" he asks.

Puzzled, she may answer, "To George? Why, I don't remember! What we said at that particular moment. We talked about so many things."

"Well, both of you looked darned interested," is his maddening reply.

If when eavesdropping he hears the end of a sentence, and, as such people are apt to do, misapplies it, his question is, "And so men are queer animals, are they? They don't always understand, do they? How do you know so much about men? What particular vagary of yours is it that I don't understand? Seeking sympathy, weren't you? Nice way for a married woman to talk to another man."

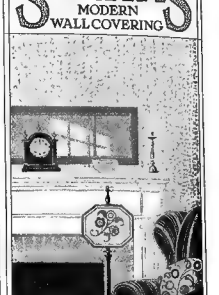
There was a wife of such a man who never dared to have those women friends. If he telephoned home in the middle of the day and she was not there, he called up all the women she knew to find out if she were with them. If she were not, on some pretense or other he telephoned the men who danced with her, just to find out if they were at their club or at business. One night, heart-hungry, rather desperate, and a little moon-mad, she went for a walk on the beach with another man. She was pretty and the man was human. He kissed her. She did not protest as she should have, perhaps. The husband, who had followed them from the house, sat on the beach in the shadow of a boat. A very bad quarter of an hour she had later on at home, and a very bad number of years—every day she was reminded of her gay little hour.

"Three months, two weeks, seven hours, forty-five minutes, sixty seconds ago now Charlie kissed me," she would say at times when she was trying hardest to forget. This took place every day—mind you—for years, and finally when it got to be four years, eleven months, twenty-nine days, twenty-three hours, fifty-nine minutes, and sixty seconds, she cried, "Enough!" and went home to her father.

This husband was affable—even to the telephone central. He was a good provider

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING



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NAGGING—THE GREAT HUMAN CRIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

and he was proud of his wife. He had business integrity, too. So when he divorced her on the ground of desertion and she went out to earn her living, rather than play the parasite in such a gnarled and twisted domesticity, society deprecated. "What a fool she is! To leave such a fine man! I have no sympathy with her. She was never good enough for him anyway."

Not so long ago at a dinner-party were a smug little wife and her spouse of a husband. The wife had once been as plump and rosy and as dimpled as a girl can be. At thirty-five she is worn and colorless. Her once full, red lips are drawn into a thin, fine, drab line—except when they are rouged—and then they have a cruel, hard look about them. Her eyes are sharp and searching. Her hair is fast graying. The husband, once upstanding and assertive, is now passive and inert—that is when his wife is about. The conversation at the dinner turned upon the subject of marriage. It was a revelation in the ways of some leisure folk—this open forum on how to handle your husband, with the particular husbands under discussion an interested and a perfectly good-natured audience.

The wife in question delivered her ultimatum on husbands. It was, "Men should consider their wives. Their time, aside from business hours, belongs to their wives. A wife should certainly know where her husband is every minute of the time. I've been married to Bessie for nine years now and he's never out of my sight after six o'clock except by a special concession on my part. I let him go out once in a while to play cards, but he knows he must get home by eleven o'clock. If not, he finds me in tears."

Bennie is known to be quite a gay boy at the noon-hour. He asked a woman I know to lunch with him, and when she refused, saying, "You should be ashamed of yourself when you have such a good little wife," he replied, "Sure she's good—but oh, so hard!"

AND nagging is such a crafty imp! It so easily becomes a habit of thought and action. Young people, starting life together, are harassed by it before they are aware of its destructive efforts.

Two dear young people who love each other deeply barely escaped its inquisitions not long ago. A very wise mother of one of them was their redemption. Both of them were fast acquiring the habit of faultfinding. The slightest circumstance set the snarls atangling. If the dinner were not on time or there were a speck of dust on the mantelpiece or he could not find his pipe or the day had been mean and he were tired, he nagged. If the weather were too hot or the stove would not work or she lost at bridge or her new dress did not fit well or she were nervous and out of sorts, she nagged. It was unpleasant to be near them.

One day the husband came in at the tea-hour to find guests, who lingered close to the dinner-hour. Finally when they left, he announced,

"I'm starved. For Heaven's sake give me something to eat."

"Do you want some tea?" she asked.

"Tea! Nothing! I want dinner."

"I'll get it right away, dear," she said, being in a fair mood. "If the Draytons had not stayed so long it would have been ready by now."

"Well, hurry, for I'm starved." If he said he was starved once he said it twenty times.

He made her so nervous that everything went wrong. The cream would not broil—the potatoes would not bake—the salad-dressing refused to mix—a stray cat discovered the custard set to cool on a high shelf on the back veranda and upset it. During all this time he reiterated his state of absolute starvation.

Two chops and one potato being more benign than their brethren, she sought to appease his hunger by suggesting that he sit down and eat his dinner and that she and his mother could wait until the rest was done.

He grunted and sat down. He did not eat. Thinking it was because he wanted something else, she asked,

"Is there anything I can get you?"

He grunted negatively.

She placed a dish of olives near him. He shoved it away from him. The same treatment was accorded the currant jelly.

"Why don't you eat?" she asked. "Your dinner's before you."

"A nice way for you to treat a man—to expect him to sit down and eat his dinner by himself! Why don't you sit down?"

"I will when the rest of the dinner is ready."

"Then why did you serve me first? I'm no pig, even tho I am starved."

"It isn't ready. Won't you eat, dear? Mother and I——"

"For Heaven's sake stop nagging me," he snarled, at the same time getting up from the table. "You've done nothing but nag me since I got home——"

This was the last straw. The wife went into hysterics, and of course immediately he had her in his arms, calling himself everything under the sun and begging a million pardons.

The man's mother was their guest. Her policy was absolute non-interference. So she waited until the storm calmed, and then, when they were having after-dinner coffee on the veranda, she said,

"I have always said that I would not interfere between you two. But I see plainly that what ruined my life will ruin yours. Your father and I were very happy when we were first married," she said to her son, "but we both of us got the nagging habit—until the day came when our love was torn to shreds, and simply by lack of self-control and forbearance.

"Not a day has passed since I've been here that one of you has not in some way or another nagged the other. If Dorcas has not found fault with your collar or your play at golf, she has cavilled at your lapse in grammar, or you have growled about Dorcas's mistakes at bridge or at the length of her skirt or at the way she has expurgated her eyebrows. This can't go on. I take no side; one is just as guilty as the other. And it grieves me to see it, for I know so well where it is leading."

Husbands are a tractable lot as a whole. Most men, when they marry, have every inclination to stay put. If naturally polygamous, as many women maintain, they are monogamous mentally, for they think in terms of divorce much less frequently than women. Even the worst of them look upon a wife as a protection. Even the best of them can be, and have been by hordes, actually driven by the constant suggestion of nagging wives, into seeking feminine diversion outside of the home.

Men have told me that they were first drawn into taking interest in other women through their wives' constant references to these other women. They just thought that Jane or Jennie or Janet must be pretty attractive to cause so much apprehension on the part of their wives—and they started out to discover how really arresting Jane or Jennie or Janet was.

Is such subornation of infidelity to remain forever a crime without a penalty? I think not. The nagger is self-destructive. She kills the very thing she loves.

Where the wife nags and marriage is maintained, it is only half sustained—a weakness creeps into the domestic machine at some crucial joint. If the husband stays put through the first years, he comes to revolt at the dangerous age of forty, for then he wants ease and comfort in his love. And it is then that the woman, be it wife or the little party of the third part, who makes life comfortable for him is apt to have and to hold him for the rest of her natural life. I've known wives who had made a failure of their marriage to suddenly come to along toward middle life and, realizing that they were on the wrong tack, have recovered their lost, strayed, and stolen husbands simply by making home so comfortable that the cross-currents outside of it held no lure. On the other hand, there are many husbands who wander about at this age seeking a sympathetic shoulder upon which to lay their nag-ridden heads. We laugh at them, we modern women, for their simplicity when they say, "My wife is a good woman—but—she does not understand me," when in truth the poor driven soul means nothing of the sort. What he does mean is that any woman, be she as old as Mrs. Methuselah and as intriguing as a molting hen, is indeed to him as the Queen of Sheba if she but holds in her eye the mild beam of a gentle disposition.

I don't think my sister women will like this article of mine very well, for they will think I am unfair. I am not. Women do nag—a great deal more than men. But they are not going to do so in the future. Feminism—which has come to be a sort of panacea for all that ails the world of men—will cure it, for feminism is away with the two factors which permit nagging to persist—the "great American husband" and the "clinging vine."

THE great American husband has been a unique because he now no alternative. There were not many contrasting women in his life, and, despite her nagging and her clinging, his wife called him still to other women he met. Not so now. Into the business world there have filtered women—hundreds of thousands of them—of the same order of breeding, culture, and beauty as their wives. Many of them have these qualities plus—and that plus is intelligence and self-control and a sense of responsibility in their individual relationships. The contrast will be deleterious to wives who have not these qualities.

Men of the future will not marry capricious and unsecure women. And if they do, having absorbed the doctrine of individual responsibility, they will not so easily nor with so great a chivalry remain supine as they did in the days of the "weaker sex." All things being equal, they will revolt, and the nagger will have brewed her own punishment to fit her own crime.

A word for the woman who is nagged—she, too, need no longer bear the brunt of a pesky husband. Every woman now has the finger of economic opportunity. She will not, through fear of poverty, have to stay with a man who makes her life wretched. There is work for her to do in this world.

By this equal balance of the scales a better domestic régime will come. There will be fewer divorces—fewer errant sons and daughters—happier homes and better children. The destroyer will have destroyed itself.

Why the Human Body Grows Old Sooner Than Necessary

"There's a Reason"

POOR old Ponce de Leon followed a delusion and found a disappointment.

Metchnikoff was a great scientist. He followed facts and found why the human body grows old sooner than necessary.

He found that food that passes too slowly through the intestines (as many starchy, heavy and "refined" foods do) creates conditions which amount to an ageing of the body.

"Auto-intoxication" is one of the terms used to describe what happens. Hardening of the arteries is one of the results.

Sense Instead of Magic

There is no fountain of eternal youth, of course. But there is an extension of youth, through proper feeding and care of the body.

One of the distinctive qualities of Grape-Nuts as a food is that it helps to avoid the conditions pointed out by Metchnikoff, and by many others since his time, as being the real beginning of old age.

Grape-Nuts has wide popularity because of its delightful taste, its economy and its unusual nourishment—but it has a larger merit than that.

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The processes that make Grape-Nuts—including continuous baking for 20 hours—act upon the nutritive solids, producing a food which is partially pre-digested, and develop in Grape-Nuts its own natural sweetness from the grains.

Whole wheat and malted barley flour—from the grains which are richest of all in the food elements needed by the body—is used in making Grape-Nuts. All the nutriment of the grains is retained, including essential phosphates and other mineral salts, intended by Nature for the building of human bone and brain tissue and for feeding the red corpuscles of the blood.

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Often, in making the so-called "refined" or whitened cereal products, these most vital of Nature's gifts are thrown away. Grape-Nuts contains the necessary "roughness" to stimulate quick and complete functioning in the digestive tract.

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Grape-Nuts puts no burden upon the digestion—and it passes naturally through the digestive tract without causing fermentation or creating any of those disturbing conditions which are so common, and which have been identified as a first and principal cause of the ageing of the body.

"There's a Reason"

These are scientific facts about Grape-Nuts

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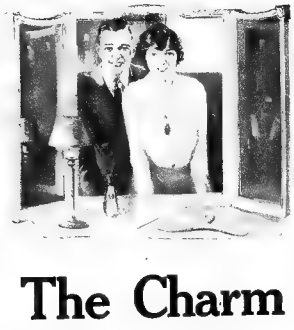

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of white teeth comes in this way

This ten-day test will show you clearly the way to prettier teeth.

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The results will surprise and delight you. Compare them, for your own sake, with the old way of teeth cleaning.

That dingy film

A dingy film—a viscous film—accumulates on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It clouds the teeth's luster and fosters attacks on the teeth. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many internal diseases.

Teeth left unclean

The tooth brush used in old ways leaves much of that film intact. Then night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, it may do a ceaseless damage.

Teeth are left unclean. Thus millions find that teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay.

Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing until very few escape. And the reason lies largely in that film.

Now we remove it

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. Able authorities have proved them effective. Now leading dentists everywhere are advising their daily use.

Both are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which meets every modern requirement. Millions of people now use it daily. And the use is fast spreading all the world over, among people who care for their teeth.

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Pepsodent, with every use, brings five desired effects. It combats the film, wherever it may cling. It leaves the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

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Results are quick

The results are both quick and conspicuous. One can see and feel them. One cannot doubt the benefits they bring.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch all the delightful effects.

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AN INTERSTATE SOCIAL

BY HELEN H. PIERCE

PSYCHOLOGY has a very important part in the noble art of entertainment, and the most successful social affairs are those based upon topics of most universal interest. Loyalty to one's native State is born in us all, and this idea provided the basis for the following "live-wire" social. It will be found even more successful with the difficult large gathering than with a chosen few.

The invitations, written on dainty notepaper, were in rime,

Oh! Many a state
Is the gift of fate,
Be it merry, or mad, or funny;
A state of war,
Or a state of peace,
Or a state of matrimony!
But whatever your state,
If you'll come at eight
And join our celebration,
We know you'll say
That the state of *play*
Is the greatest state in the nation!

Cards bearing the hostess's name and address and the date of the social accompanied these rimes, and the number of interested acceptances proved ample justification of the time spent in preparing them.

As the social was held in California, golden poppies (the State flower) were used for decoration, together with quantities of smilax and potted ferns. The other States were represented by pennants and State emblems disposed about the walls.

Arriving guests were handed slips of paper at the door, and told to write upon them their own names and the names of their native States, and to pin them on. "Oh! have you been in ——?" and "Do you know So-and-so?" kept every one amused while the crowd was gathering.

Numbered slips of heavy paper bearing the following conundrums were pinned to walls and curtains, and the guests were given papers numbered from 1 to 10. They were then asked to think of State abbreviations that would provide most appropriate answers, and to write them after the proper numbers upon their own slips.

1. Religious state
2. Egotistical state
3. Classic state
4. Father of states
5. Maiden state
6. Mining state
7. Invalid state
8. Doctor state
9. Noah's state
10. State of astonishment

(Answers are—Mass., Me., Wash., Pa., Miss., Ore., Ill., Md., Ark., O.)

THE guests were then asked to choose sides and engage in a novel contest. A dissected map of the United States was scattered upon a table in the center of the room, with all of the States turned carefully upside down. Alternating players from the two sides were required to step up, pick out their native States solely by memory of shape, and to name capitals of same before ten seconds should elapse. This stunt is harder than it looks, and provided plenty of laughs for the onlookers.

By this time every one was ready to rest a while, so seats were found, and mimeographed copies of the following "Poem of States" were passed around—blanks to be filled in with the historic nicknames of the States mentioned.

Proud of her forests, broad and great,
Maine sends herself to —— State.
Vermont, in history's pages named,
Is for —— grandeur famed.
Fair California's balmy clime
Boasts —— sunshine all the time,
While Indiana's fertile farms
Convince the world of —— charms.
New Hampshire, stern and fixed as fate,
Deserves the title —— State.
Virginia, too, in our opinion,
Is rightly termed the ——
Kansas, in spite of jealous taunts,
Her flaming —— glory flaunts,
And chill Wisconsin, far away,
Doth emulate the —— gray.
Proud Pennsylvania's —— blinds
Our arch of mighty deeds and minds,
While —— Texas, like a gem,
Adorns our border diadem.
But North, or South, or East, or West,
One's native State is still the best.
However far afield we roam
'Twill best the magic title—home!

(Names to be inserted are—Pine Tree, Green Mountain, Golden, Hoosier, Granite, Old Dominion, Sunflower, Badger, Keystone, Lone Star)

This game was followed by the ever-popular relay race, which proved to be a race between real prairie schooners" to "California and return." The "schooners" were crudely constructed of light paper, and hung by their arching bow tops to two long cords stretched tightly the full length of the room. A paper driver was perched upon each seat. The game consisted in blowing them across the room and back. If the "prairie winds" grew too boisterous, and the driver was dislodged, it was necessary to replace him at once before proceeding with the race. Excitement grew as the relay progressed, and at the whirlwind finish the room resounded with cheers and shouts of laughter.

Refreshments were quite simple, and emphasized the color scheme employed in the decorations. Orange ice, small squares of angel-cake dipped in orange frosting, and a golden poppy laid carelessly across each plate proved satisfying alike to eye and appetite. From start to finish it was a wonderfully successful party.

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SIC SEMPER SUSANS!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

adores me in pink. I don't believe he likes light-blue at all."

"Emily, dear," my wife replied firmly, "your pink dress is in the wash. I can not supply you with pink dresses on a moment's notice. If your Bob does not like light-blue dresses you had better get another Bob. I am talking to your father."

I did not quite catch what Emily replied, but it sounded like "O squash!" Latin, I presume. I saw a dangerous look come into Jane's eyes, and I hastened to say,

"And you said, 'Question!' What did you say that for, my dear?"

"It is what one says," said Jane. "I arose and said, 'Question, Madam President!' And, of course, Susan looked right at me and said, 'I beg the member's pardon, but there seems to be no question before us.' After we had been talking about the date of the lawn tea for a full half-hour, Henry! That's Susan. So I arose again and said, quite calmly, 'In that case, Madam President, I move that we hold the lawn festival for the croupy children on the twenty-first of this month.' And Mrs. Billings seconded it."

"I'm sure that sounds quite businesslike, Jane," I ventured.

"Indeed! And what does Susan Brightmere care for that?" Jane demanded. "You know quite well, Henry, that I was appointed chairman of the Cake and Ice-cream Committee for the lawn tea over three weeks ago, and that I have been trying to find an hour—just one spare hour—to call my committee together. And I'm sure I told you that Mrs. Billings was chairman of the Table and Chair Committee. But what does Susan Brightmere care? 'You have heard the motion, ladies,' she said, quite unconcerned, 'but before I put it I will change the date to the twenty-eighth. I think it will be a better date, because I have ordered the ice-cream and the tables and chairs for the twenty-eighth. I know you don't care.' I was furious, simply furious!"

"And what did you say to her?" I asked.

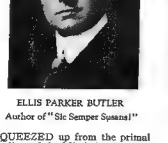
"Say?" asked Jane. "What could I say? I said, 'Of course, the twenty-eighth will be perfectly lovely.' What else was there to say? But we were all furious. Ignoring the Cake and Ice-cream Committee and ignoring the Table and Chair Committee, and ordering everything herself without consulting a soul! And after the meeting she came up to Mrs. Billings and said, quite sweetly, 'I know you will not mind, dear, so I have put Mrs. Jed Gray and Mrs. Holloway Hinch on your committee.' "

I thought it best to say nothing. I muttered, "Tut! Tut!"

"Imagine!" exclaimed Jane. "When it was distinctly understood that Mrs. Billings was to choose the members of her committee herself, and it was only because her days are so full that she had not chosen any. And nothing for the committee to do, anyway! But that's——"

The telephone-bell jingled just then, and Jane went. I heard her say, "Of course, it will do quite as well, dear," and "Yes, *will* you notify my committee members? So

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
Author of "Sic Semper Susans!"

SQUEEZED up from the primal slime of the Mississippi back in '69, he blatted tremulously like a scared and new-born little pink pig on a chilly morn, shivered, ducked, and tried to grin at a world that he could not understand, that you can't understand, and that nobody ever can understand. Frightened stiff and trembling like he stood on his head and stood on his tail and cut fool capers to save his grin, and when Too Solemn Samuel laughed he kept up his capers, trying to make more folks giggle. It's a great life if we don't take it too solemnly! It's a good world if we don't be too unkind to John Doe and Mary Roe! So off he went with a-living-to-make riveted to one hind leg, rooting for fun chestnuts with one eye on the weather, and here we are, fat and fifty-two and families and fixed in Flushing. Cheops is dead and Cæsar is dead and Napoleon is dead and George Washington is dead, but we are still alive and able to grin.

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COME PLAY WITH YOUR CHILD

What One American Town Has Done to Encourage More Home Play

By HELEN FERRIS

PLAYTIME at home! Could anything be better? No, not even in a finely equipped community playground, splendid as the latter is. Playtime at home, when father and mother join in. In these busy days how many fathers and mothers are finding time for it every day?

This was the question which the town of Visalia, Cal., asked itself during its home-play week. And the answer? The story of that home-play week gives the answer.

The idea originated with the Community Service workers in Visalia, who had a vision. This was the vision: Every back yard a home playground. Every father and mother making *and keeping* an appointment to play with their children *at least ten minutes each day*.

"How can this be brought about?" asked these workers. Whereupon this plan was evolved: To have a home-play week, during which a concentrated effort would be made to bring the vision into reality. How do it? Why, by holding a contest, of course! For in California contests arouse just as much interest as they do in Texas or Wisconsin or Pennsylvania. For this contest the town was divided into four neighborhoods, each with a duly appointed captain, assistant captain, and lieutenants. The goal of the contest was to see which neighborhood could, during home-play week, show the greatest number of homes fulfilling the home-play requirements.

Is This in Your Window?

How may a back yard become a playground? In numerous ways! For the purposes of the contest, the Visalia play committee selected the following. Any home which had established six of these requirements qualified for registration in the contest.

1. Play-space. Outdoors. Clean. For babies should be fenced a portion of the porch, or a four-sided baby-pen.
2. Swing. For little tots should have sides; back and seat to tote in.
3. Horizontal bar or trapeze.
4. Sand-box. May be shallow box, small or large. Main idea is clean, dry sand. Cover to keep out rain.
5. Garden. Must be child's own. May be only a window-box.
6. Pet. To feed and care for. Even baby enjoys observing chicks or rabbit.
7. Museum. Child's own collection of *anything*, and *special place to keep*.
8. Workshop. Hammer, saw, etc. Special place to keep and space to work, if possible.
9. Play-house. A place in which to create.
10. Doll-house and doll-carriage. Counting one point. Doll-house to furnish.
11. Seesaw. Not too high.
12. Slide. Not too high.
13 Bird-bath. To keep clean and to observe. Place high to keep away from cat.
14. Equipment for playing ball, tennis, croquet

HOME PLAYTIME

1. Regular playtime with parents.
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3. Subscription to a popular-science magazine.
4. Music at home. Including music lessons, voice or instrumental.

FOR CHILDREN UNDER THREE YEARS

1. Six colored balls, preferably worsted
2. Hanging prism.
3. Tiny wagon or wheelbarrow.
4. Carpenter blocks. May be gotten from planing-mill. Must be large size so can build village, trains, etc.

Long before the dates of the home-play week arrived, the people of Visalia knew what was to come. The newspapers heralded the event and printed the home-play requirements. The contest officers of each neighborhood distributed at every home circulars giving full details of the contest.

"Play with Your Children," read this circular, in part. "If you, Mr. Daddy, will take ten minutes after dinner every day to romp with your children, you will be the most popular member of your family. You will gain the confidence and comradeship of the youngsters, which will enable you to *lead* them the way you would like them to go. You will find leading easier than driving them."

The mothers of each neighborhood came together in meetings to learn about home-play week and to be *taught games which they could play with their children*. These meetings were conducted by play experts of the Community Service. To further help the parents, the librarian of the town posted books dealing with the subject of play.

The schools entered into the plan and held a prize-essay contest. Eight hundred children, including all from the third to the eighth grade, wrote essays on the subject of home play and back-yard playgrounds. The children were also busy preparing for the big home-play program and exhibit to be held during the eventful week and in which they were to be the chief performers.

When, at last, home-play week arrived, excitement in the neighborhood contests ran high. Each home that qualified received a poster for its front window, like the illustration shown with this story. In the window of one of the largest of Visalia's stores the results of the contest were posted as follows. Here was hung a large map of the town. As each family reported to its neighborhood captain fulfilment of the requirements, a ribbon the color of the neighborhood was run from the family's place on the city map to the plate glass of the store window, where the name and address of the family were pasted for all to see. In this store window there was also a model of a back-yard playground. During the entire week, this window was the chief point of interest in town.

Throughout the week, the motion-picture theaters featured children's play pictures, and the newspapers featured the progress of the contest.

When the evening for the home-play program and exhibit arrived, the municipal auditorium was crowded with an eager throng. A children's orchestra played with spirit before the program and accompanied all musical numbers. The program numbers all centered about the play of children. There was a play parade, for which the children of a fourth-grade room had written verses. A little girl recited these verses and with each verse a group of children crossed the stage, illustrating some special play activity: tennis girls and boys, indoor baseball boys, outdoor baseball boys with balls and bats, children on kiddie-cars, bicycles, skates, in wagons, jumping rope, and other forms of play.

Then there was the pet parade, with the Boy Scouts in charge! Cats, dogs, and rabbits were there. Also birds, turtles, even ladybugs! Many of the pets misbehaved, much to the distress of their young owners and to the delight of the audience. One little dog, hitched to a wagon, refused to move on. He just wouldn't! (Applause.) Whereupon one boy owner pushed, another pulled, and the cavalcade all slid on their way, not rejoicing. (Great applause.) Then followed pantomimes and tableaux. Other numbers on the program included a talk on home play, a community sing (the words for the songs being printed on the program).

After the program, all visited the home-play exhibit: Children's games, music-books, play-clothes, pets, home-made playground apparatus constructed by the manual training class of the high school. Local merchants co-operated in arranging and contributing to this exhibit.

"Are You on the Map?"

THIS was the question the Visalia play committee asked of every parent in Visalia during home-play week. What was the result? Many entire blocks registered one hundred per cent. in the contest. But more than this, for a week home play was the chief topic of interest in town. Perhaps, to-night, some father will keep an appointment with his boy; a father who, a year ago, thought he was too busy or too tired or too something else.

"Are you on the map?" This is the question which the Visalia home week passes along.

The plan for home-play week can be adapted to any community. The Visalia list of home-play requirements may be used by any mother, by every father, in checking up the back-yard playground or the home playtime. Even if your home is an apartment, much that is suggested may be your children's, if a special place of their own can be given them. Visalia is a town of eight thousand. But cities may use the plan, with the contest held within a city block or other feasible division.

Google

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A sprinkling of the soft, fluffy Bon Ami powder on a damp cloth, a few brisk sweeps, and in a jiffy you shine forth—a great glistening piece of porcelain.

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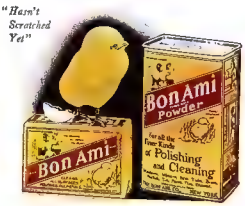

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THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

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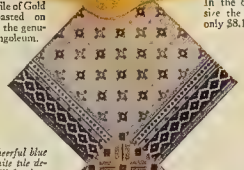

This cheerful blue and white tile design will brighten up your kitchen. It's No. 468.

A conventional wood pattern in tones of brown is always in good taste It's No. 386.

Here is a popular blue design with charming touches of brown. It's No. 325.

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"Ain't it funny the difference this new rug makes?," said the grocer's boy. "I call this the house with the smilin' kitchen now."

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6 x 9 ft.	$ 8.10	9 x 10½ ft.	$14.15
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Look for the Gold Seal

Be sure to look for the Gold Seal. Read the guarantee and don't forget the seal is printed in green on a gold background. It is pasted on the face of the goods; none others are genuine.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

By EDITH M. BARBER

WHAT remembrance of childhood is more sweet and more tantalizing than that of the cooky-jar? Perhaps you have heard the story of the child who visited for the first time an apartment-house and whose criticism was summed up in the question, "But, Mother, they have no cellar. Where do they keep the cooky-jar?"

COOKIES

THE following recipes have among them some plain cookies for the cooky-jar and some wafers and richer cookies for tea and dessert. Because cookies can be made more quickly than cake and have better keeping qualities they are ever popular with the busy housewife.

When rolled cookies are to be made, chilling the dough after mixing will make it roll more easily and, without using extra flour, will prevent its sticking. If a recipe calls for sour milk and soda, sweet milk and baking-powder may be substituted, using one and-one-half teaspoonful to each cupful of flour. Sour milk and soda, however, make a softer, more tender cooky. Sweet milk may be soured by adding a tablespoonful of vinegar to a cupful of milk.

Spiced Cookies

½ Cupful Fat
1 Cupful White or Brown Sugar
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Sour Milk
1¾ Cupful Flour
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Cinnamon
¼ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
½ Teaspoonful Soda
1 Cupful Raisins
1 Cupful Oatmeal or Nuts
½ Teaspoonful Cloves

CREAM the fat, add the sugar gradually and the eggs well beaten. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and mix these with the chopped raisins and nuts or oatmeal, and add to the first ingredients, alternately with the milk. Drop by spoonfuls onto a greased baking-sheet and bake in a moderate oven ten to fifteen minutes.

Jelly Jumbles

½ Cupful Fat
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
½ Cupful Sour Milk
1½ Cupful or More Flour
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Teaspoonful Soda
Currant Jelly

CREAM the fat and sugar together, add the egg, then the milk alternately with the mixed soda, salt, and flour to make a soft dough. Chill and shape, using a round cutter. On the centers of one-half the pieces put currant jelly. Make three small openings in the remaining halves, using a thimble, and put the pieces together. Press the edges slightly and bake in a moderately hot oven, so that the jumbles may be kept in good shape. This same recipe may be used for plain soft sugar cookies, if the jelly is left out.

Soft Molasses Cookies

1 Cupful Fat
1 Cupful Sugar
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Molasses
½ Cupful Coffee
2½ Cupfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Soda
2 Teaspoonfuls Cinnamon
1 Teaspoonful Ginger
½ Teaspoonful Salt

MIX in order and drop by spoonfuls onto a baking-sheet and bake in a moderate oven five to eight minutes.

Gingersnaps

½ Cupful Fat
¼ Cupful Boiling Water
½ Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Molasses
3 Cupfuls Flour
1 Teaspoonful Soda
1 Teaspoonful Salt
½ Tablespoonful Ginger
½ Teaspoonful Grated Nutmeg
½ Teaspoonful Cloves
Chopped Walnut-meats

POUR the water over the fat, then add the sugar and molasses. Add the flour, soda, salt, and spices, mixed and sifted. Chill thoroughly and roll thin. Cut with a cooky-cutter. Sprinkle with nut-meats or coconut and bake ten minutes.

Walnut Wafers

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1¾ Cupful Brown Sugar
1 Egg
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1½ Cupful Chopped Nuts
2 Tablespoonfuls Water

MIX in order and drop by teaspoonful two inches apart onto a greased baking-sheet. Bake in a hot oven seven to ten minutes. Remove from the oven, cool one minute before taking from the pan.

Sand Tarts

½ Cupful Butter
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Egg
1¾ Cupful Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Egg White
Blanched Almonds
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
4 Tablespoonfuls Sugar

CREAM the butter, add the sugar gradually and the egg well beaten. Then add the flour mixed and sifted with the baking-powder. Chill, roll one-eighth inch thick. Cut in rounds and brush over with the white of an egg and sprinkle with sugar mixed with cinnamon. Split the almonds and arrange three halves on each tart at equal distances and bake eight minutes in a slow oven.

CAKE FROSTINGS AND FILLINGS

MANY variations of a plain cake may be made by the use of different frostings and fillings. Several types of these are given, and they may be varied by the use of other flavorings, nuts, coconut, and marshmallows.

Boiled Frosting

(Large Recipe—Three-layer Cake)

3 Cupfuls Sugar
1½ Cupful Water
4 Egg Whites

BOIL the sugar and water until when tested it will hang from the spoon by a long thread (238 degrees F.). Pour it over the beaten whites. Beat well and place the bowl in hot water. Beat until fluffy. This frosting will not run.

Boiled Frosting

(Two-layer Recipe)

2 Cupfuls Sugar
¾ Cupful Water
3 Egg Whites

USE the method as given above for the larger recipe.

Uncooked Frosting

2 Egg Whites
1½ Cupful Confectioners' Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Boiling Water
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla

BEAT the eggs until stiff. Add the sugar gradually. Add the boiling water, then the vanilla. *If* too thin more sugar may be added.

Burnt-almond Frosting

½ Cupful Butter
2 Egg Yolks
1½ Cupful Confectioners' Sugar
½ Cupful Almonds

CREAM the butter, add the sugar and the egg yolks. Spread on the cake when ready to use. Blanch the almonds, bake in a moderate oven until light brown. Cut in pieces and sprinkle on the frosting.

Fudge Frosting

2 Cupfuls Sugar
¾ Cupful Milk
2 Squares Chocolate
1 Teaspoonful Butter
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla

PLACE the sugar, milk, and chocolate in a saucepan and stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Boil without stirring until when tested a soft ball forms in water (230 degrees F.). Remove the pan from the fire, add the butter and vanilla, set in cold water, and stir until thick enough to spread.

Caramel Frosting

1 Cupful Brown Sugar
¾ Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Granulated Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Butter

FOLLOW the method for fudge frosting. Boil to 234 degrees F.

Confectioners' Frosting

2 Cupfuls Confectioners' Sugar
1½ to 2 Tablespoonfuls Boiling Water
1 Teaspoonful Melted Butter
Flavoring

SIFT the sugar, add 1½ tablespoonful boiling water at one time and beat until smooth, adding more water if necessary to make the frosting thin enough to spread. Add the butter and flavoring and spread on cake or cookies. One square of chocolate may be melted and added.

Cream Filling

¾ Cupful Sugar
¼ Cupful Flour
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Eggs
2 Cupfuls Scalded Milk
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla or ½ Teaspoonful Lemon-extract

MIX the dry ingredients, add the eggs slightly beaten, and pour on gradually the scalded milk. Cook fifteen minutes in a double boiler, stirring constantly until thickened, afterward occasionally. Cool and flavor.

Chocolate-cream Filling

ADD one and one-half square of chocolate to the recipe for cream filling.

Fruit Filling

½ Cupful Seeded Raisins
½ Cupful Chopped Figs
½ Cupful Chopped Dates
¼ Cupful Chopped Nuts
2 Teaspoonfuls Lemon-juice

MIX with a boiled or uncooked frosting and use as a filling for Lady Baltimore cake. Citron and candied cherries may be added.

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PLANTING BY SIGNS

By LEWIS *and* MARY THEISS

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH

THE list of tree activities given last month shows that some trees always begin growth before frost danger is past, while others never start until after the average date for frost. As extreme examples let us choose the silver maple and the honey-locust. Their ranges are not dissimilar. The region in which we ourselves live is roughly two-thirds of the distance toward their northern limits. Our silver maples should, therefore, normally be making their first leaves about the second week in April. The honey-locusts should not leaf out until well into May. If one were to choose the silver maple as a guide for gardening, one would often plant too early. The honey-locust would be a perfectly safe guide.

In making the study with reference to the Hessian fly, the Government scientists discovered that there is a general law for temperature, according to which the season varies four days for each degree of latitude (about 69 miles), for five degrees of longitude (as the dry air of the interior is warmer than the raw coast atmosphere), and for every 400 feet of altitude.

It has long been a matter of observation that the season advances almost one week for every 100 miles one goes south. This, approximately, is correct. It is a safe rule to reckon by. Like any other rule, it has its exceptions. Some gardeners, not realizing the force of these exceptions, have attempted to apply the rule with regard to nothing but latitude, and have sometimes met with disaster.

A letter from a well-known seed-house to a customer concerning this matter is illuminating. "We very much appreciate your suggestion regarding planting the seed arranged in latitudes to sow certain seeds and set out certain plants. Your latitude theory, while theoretically appealing, we do not think would work out, for altitude is such an important factor. As a rule the higher the altitude the colder and more backward the season, and yet there are exceptions. Take your illustration for example—the cities near Denver reach degree of latitude extending from Philadelphia to Denver. The former is probably not over 50 feet above sea-level and, therefore, should have a warmer and earlier Spring than Denver, which is 5,200 feet above sea-level, yet yesterday's temperature in Philadelphia was only 50 degrees, while that of Denver was 70, accounted for by the fact that the prevailing Western winds at Denver are from the south; thus the temperature is greatly modified by the winds coming from the dry, warm regions of Arizona.

"In addition to thermal waves, latitude, and altitude, there are other conditions to consider, viz.: early, late, and normal seasons; rainfall and the consequent effect of the sun; the soil, whether light, well drained, and 'early' or compact and clayish, heavy, cold and late. Even in localities in comparative proximity these local conditions may make advisable planting-dates from one to two weeks."

And because we have this matter of early, late, and normal seasons, planting-dates are as useless as rules based on latitude. As Dr. Bailey says, "A person who is intelligent enough to make a garden does not need an arbitrary calendar of operations. Too-exact advice is misleading and unpractical. Most of the older gardening-books went out on the calendar method—giving specific directions for each month in the year. We have now accumulated sufficient facts to enable us to state principles; and these principles can be applied anywhere—when supplemented by good judgment—whereas mere rules are arbitrary and generally useless for any condition other than that for which they are made. Seasons and conditions vary so much in different years and different places that no hard and fast advice can be given for the performing of garden operations."

Do Not Plant by the Calendar

THEREIN lies the beauty of these new discoveries about plant life. A calendar date remains fixed and arbitrary. The response of the plants to nature has nothing fixed about it. They respond quickly to an early Spring, come on slowly when the season is late, and start growth at about the same date each normal year. Trees and other plants, then, rather than numbers on a calendar, are our true criteria. What the wise gardener of the future must do is to observe the processes of the trees and other plants and to use them in following their lead. The grape, as Peter Henderson tells us, is an almost infallible sign of Spring. Yet should the grape burst into activity weeks ahead of its normal time, the wise gardener must not be misled by it.

How true a sign the grape is, we may judge by its behavior in the Spring of 1921. Never has the present generation of gardeners seen an earlier Spring. Things came on weeks ahead of their normal periods. The itch to plant was almost irresistible. After things were well started came two cold waves, with freezing temperatures.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59

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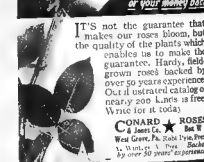

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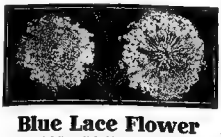

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PLANTING BY SIGNS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

that killed buds and blossoms and laid new growths black and contrate.

The last of these cold spells came on the night of April 10, when in our locality the thermometer registered 25 degrees or less, and ice an inch thick formed on waterbuckets. Vegetation was far advanced. The frost chart shows that the average date for the last killing frost in Pennsylvania is April 5, which means that hard frosts often occur later than that. Hence this frost should not have been unexpected and gardeners should not have been deceived by the forward state of vegetation. Had they observed carefully the action of certain plants, gardeners would not have been misled.

The day following this late freeze we made a note of the relative advancement of plants in our gardens and orchards and woods. We found these flowers in bloom: violets, dandelions, Dutchman's-breeches, bloodroot, rock-cress, blueta, arbutus, pepperwort. There were also others. The ash-trees were putting out their first tiny clusters of bloom, the willows were in leaf, the red-birch buds were hardly swollen, the elms showed color in their bud-scales, the early maples had full-sized keys already formed, chestnut-buds were swelling, butternut-buds were swollen, walnut-buds were slightly swollen or not at all, the English-walnut buds were greatly enlarged, the pecan-buds were barely started, currants were in full leaf and flower, raspberries were leafing out nicely, the grape-buds were just opening, Baldwin, Wealthy, Delicious, Smokehouse, and Belleflower apples were showing pink, Rome Beauties were getting their first tiny bits of leaves at the ends of a few twigs, Northern Spies were as bare as bamboo poles, sweet cherries were in full bloom, sour cherries were just showing color, peaches were abloom, apricots were done blooming, plums were in flower, and early pears were showing color while late ones had hardly started to grow. The oaks were like Winter trees.

Don't Trust Every Tree as a Guide

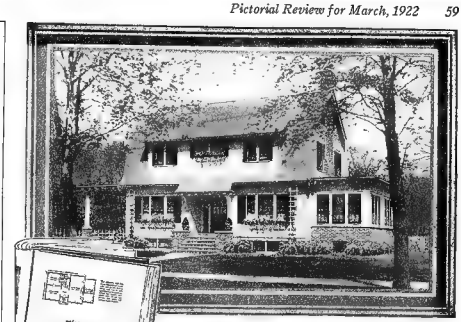
IF ONE examines this list carefully, one sees again how differently various plants respond to the call of Spring, and which ones can be trusted as guides and which should be avoided. The walnuts, the birches, the Northern Spy apples, the grapes, the sour cherries, the butternuts, and the chestnuts were all so tardy that they had hardly made a start. Year after year we have noted more or less carefully, the action of some or all of the foregoing plants, and always their relative progress is about as stated

Certain vegetables, like certain trees, naturally start growth at certain stages of Spring. If they are to do their best, they should go into the ground at the time that is naturally correct. Lettuce is a cool-season plant, yet most lettuce can be planted too soon. The trees, rather than calendar dates, are our best guides as to that. When the silver maples are in leaf or the poplars have their catkins, plant lettuce, mustard, onion-seed and -sets, parsley, round-seeded peas, early Irish potatoes, radishes, spinach, turnips. Ten days later plant beets, carrots, kohlrabi, a second sowing of peas. Asparagus, Brussels sprouts, broccoli, cabbage, parsnips, rhubarb, salsify, cauliflower, endive, corn-salad, endive, and kale are other cool-season plants that should go out early when the trees first start to leaf, or even more than 45 degrees in the shade. It should be at least 15 degrees warmer, on the average, before hot-weather plants go out. These include beans, corn, cucumbers, eggplants, melons, okra, peppers, pumpkins, squashes, sweet potatoes, and tomatoes. Experience shows that it is better to plant these seeds a little late rather than too early. They can not grow without sufficient heat, and lying in the cold ground sometimes ruins the seed or stunts sufficient growth.

Each of us wants to have products at the earliest possible moment, of the best possible quality, in the greatest possible abundance. We shall succeed best when we work in harmony with nature. No one can examine the table showing the like processes of the forest trees without coming to the conclusion that there is a time for everything. And the time appointed by nature is the best time.

No one else can so well determine how nature works in and about our own premises as we ourselves can. Tables, charts, general averages, and the like are well enough when they are the best we have to go by. It is within the power of every gardener, however, to have exact data as to plant-growth in his own garden, and that is precisely what each of us wants. We must all become observers and recorders of natural phenomena within our own garden walls.

The time to begin is now, this Spring. Pick out a few trees or bushes in your own yard or close by, and jot down in a permanent note-book—preferably with your garden records—the dates on which the selected trees and bushes begin to open their buds and get their first leaves and put forth their first flowers, noting down at the same time what you are doing in the garden and the temperature conditions. Do the same thing again next year and the next and the next, and presently you will have a record that will be invaluable to you as a gardener and that will have given you real pleasure in the making.



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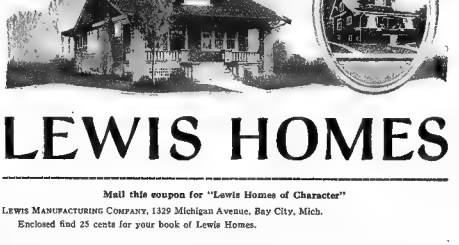

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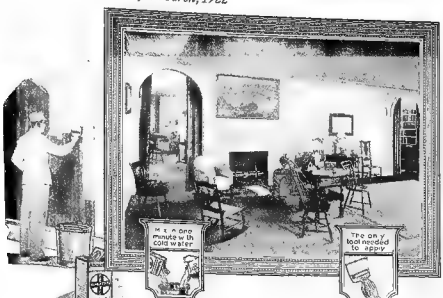

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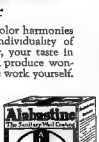

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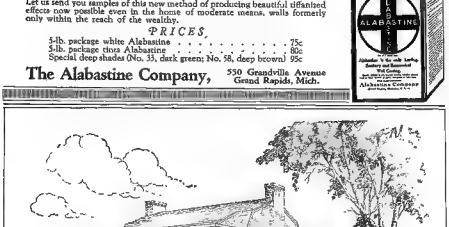

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SIC SEMPER SUSANS!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

sweet of you!" and then she returned to me.

"There!" she said with exasperation. "That was Susan. That is an example. She told me quite calmly—quite calmly, Henry—that she has changed the date of the lawn tea to the fourteenth. She thinks it will be better. And she has changed the order for the ice-cream and for the tables and chairs, and she quite casually mentioned that she has written an advertisement and put it in Dwight's *Eagle*. You can imagine how pleased Sarah Adams will be! Sarah has charge of the advertising. Do you wonder, Henry, that we feel we can not bear Susan another year?"

"No, my dear," I said heartily, for I was sure of my ground now, "I do not!"

DURING the following days the irritation against Susan Brightmere had been planted in me by Jane increased to a burning sense of injustice. I felt that Susan's behavior was more than outrageous, and I had a strong man's desire to avenge the wrongs Susan was doing my wife. As a member of the Executive Committee of the Tuesday Afternoon Club Jane should have been consulted on every slightest matter, but it was only after Susan Brightmere had made the arrangements that she telephoned Jane that she had decided the affair would not be a mere tea, but a lawn festival, and that she had hired a Punch and Judy, a black tent, and motion-picture outfit, a six-piece orchestra, and a canvas to stretch on her lawn for dancing. Mrs. Billings dropped in to say that Susan had ordered the hundred seats for the motion-picture tent without saying a word to the Table and Chair Committee. The committees seemed always three or four laps behind Susan. Mrs. Adams actually burst into tears when she told Jane that the Advertising Committee had not been permitted to do a thing; Susan had done it all in advance.

"Jane," I said, "if you will permit me I will forbid you to have anything further whatever to do with this lawn festival."

"No!" she answered bravely. "No! I will see it through. The croupy children must not suffer."

I am sure Jane never looked more beautiful than on the day of the affair, and the festival itself was a huge success. The club had hoped to clear two hundred dollars through the tea and it cleared something over two thousand through the festival. This was fortunate because, as Jane pointed out to me, Susan had incurred expenses of over five hundred dollars without the club's consent, and if only the expected two hundred had been made the club would have had a loss of three hundred dollars. This would have been due entirely to Susan's high-handedness.

"But the affair made a very large sum, my dear," I ventured.

"That," said Jane, "has nothing whatever to do with it. Susan Brightmere need not think we are going to be ignored and trampled on in this way any longer. Tomorrow night some of the ladies are coming here; you will go to the movies."

When I returned the next evening the ladies—eight, counting Jane—were having cake and lemonade and were of one mind. They had had enough of Susan's high-handedness and had formally resolved that a new president should be elected. Twelve terms was enough for Susan; it was time she was retired.

"I am glad to hear it," I said to Jane, after the ladies had gone. "Who is to be the new president?"

"They asked me," Jane said, "but, of course, I would not even think of it. We left that open; we will decide it later. The main thing is that we have agreed to have no more of Susan, and that we are to begin the campaign against her at once. We begin to-morrow by pledge the members to vote against her. We have divided the membership into eight equal parts, and each of us is to see and talk to one-eighth."

That very night Jane, with her usual efficiency—which many men might do well to copy—telephoned seven on her list, or would have telephoned if they had answered the telephone. I suppose they were in bed. Shortly after midnight our own bell rang; it was Mrs. Adams, who wished to know whether her list was the one beginning with H or with R. The campaign for *sic sempering* Susan was losing no time.

In the ensuing weeks the ladies did splendid work, but I must admit that the field was ripe. All were against Susan. The sentiment against Susan had been growing for years, and only needed a head.

"It is going to be unanimous," Jane told me. "We all feel the same way. It only needed some one to stand up and show a little grit."

If anything was needed to consolidate the grit of all the enemy Susan Brightmere did that thing at the next monthly meeting of the club. Jane returned to the house after that meeting, angry and triumphant.

"Now it is settled!" she exclaimed. "What do you imagine Susan has done without consulting a single member of the Executive Committee?"

It was, of course, impossible to guess.

"She has ordered the Punch and Judy, the black tent and the movies, the orchestra and the lawn canvas, the ice-cream, the tables and the chairs for another lawn fes-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61

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SIC SEMPER SUSANS!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

tival for a week from next Wednesday. Without consulting us, Henry! And when I said, quite meekly, that I thought some one should have been consulted first, what did she say?"

"I hope she was not rude," I said.

"She said she had consulted." Jane said. "'You may not think so, Henry, but I can be sarcastic when I wish. 'And may we ask, Madam President,' I said, 'whom you have consulted?' And Susan replied, as cool as cucumbers, 'I consulted Mrs. Weatherby Squeers. She is quite enthusiastic. She will loan us her lawn and has accepted the chairmanship of the entire festival.'"

"Imagine!" I exclaimed, for I saw by my wife's face that that was the proper word to exclaim.

"We all thought as you do, Henry," Jane said. "I alone spoke up. But Mrs. Squeers is not a member of the club," I said, 'and she can not be elected for two months after her name is proposed. That is according to the by-laws.' And Susan said, 'Yes, I thought of that. We will now suspend the by-laws and elect Mrs. Squeers.' And that settled Susan Brightmere's chance of ever being president of the club again!"

"Outrageous," I cried. "And what is Mrs. Squeers like?"

"Oh! she's lovely, if it comes to that," said Jane. "Of course, we all voted for her. What else could we do? Susan had brought her to the meeting."

They could do nothing else: I saw that. But the temper of the members was shown, as Jane told me, by the fact that every member except Susan and Mrs. Squeers remained after the meeting and every member signed Jane's list. The list was the final straw that was to sink Susan to the oblivion of mere membership in the Tuesday Afternoon Club.

The list was Jane's thought. Each member wrote her name on the list, with an amount of dollars opposite her name, and the sum total was to be used to purchase a suitably engraved wrist-watch to be presented to Susan at the annual meeting. The inscription was to be, as I understood it, a free translation of *Sic Semper Susan*, something like "To Our Beloved President upon Her Retirement from the Presidency of the Tuesday Afternoon Club." It was the bunch of lilies on her official coffin.

When the subscriptions reached one hundred and sixty-five dollars Jane was well pleased, for every member—including Mrs. Squeers—had contributed. The second lawn festival made a little more than the first and caused even more irritation, for not only did Susan Brightmere take upon herself to countermand all the orders of all the committees when they did not suit her, but Mrs. Weatherby Squeers loomed as a second uncontrolled tyrant, only less despotic than Susan. The day after the festival—and poor Jane was quite worn out by her hard labor there—Susan Brightmere called her on the telephone. I did not hear what Susan said, but I heard what Jane said, and I admired her delightful diplomacy.

"Oh, Susan! What a shame!" she exclaimed. "Surely you don't mean it? You positively won't take the presidency again? But, think— Yes, I know how busy you are— Well, you know best."

WHEN Jane came to me she was much pleased with the message Susan had given her.

"Just what we have been hoping for!" she cried. "Susan refuses to be elected again. She has so many other things to do, and she does not feel quite well, and she will not take it. I am glad. Now we can go right ahead."

"Yes, my dear," I said, altho I thought she had been going right ahead for some time, "and who will you make your next president?"

"That," said Jane, "is practically settled. We think Mrs. Peterby Smith will make a wonderful president. She is so gentle and unassuming."

With everything thus nicely settled Jane went smiling to the annual meeting of the Tuesday Afternoon Club. I thought, as she came down the stairs, that no man in Westcote had a handsomer wife, and I kissed her through her veil. I was proud of her, and proud of the way in which she had managed the overthrow of her club tyrant. She was quite radiant, too, for she had been chosen to present the wrist-watch to Susan and make the little speech, which I had heard her repeat until she was perfect in it. I admit I was quite excited, so much so that I remained home from the office for the day. I wished to be at home to welcome Jane on her return and to hear how Susan Brightmere behaved when Jane made her touching little speech of hail and farewell.

As dusk fell I watched for Jane. Mrs. Weatherby Squeers brought her to our door in her limousine, and Jane waved a merry farewell to Mrs. Squeers and came tripping up the walk, her face even more radiant than when she left. I tried to be calm.

"Well, dear," I said when Jane was seated on the davenport and drawing off her gloves, "and how did the speech go?"

"Oh, so nicely!" she exclaimed. "Susan wept—wept real tears—when I handed her the watch. She said——"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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SIC SEMPER SUSANS!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

"Mother!" Emily called from up-stairs. "I can't find my blue dress. Where is it?"

"I don't know where your blue dress is. It is in the wash. Bob wore your pink dress," Jane called.

"But, Mother, dear!" Emily said reproachfully. "I simply can not wear my pink dress. Bob is coming and he adores me in blue. I don't believe he likes pink at all."

"Emily, dear," Jane replied, "Your blue dress is in the wash. I can not supply you with blue dresses at a moment's notice. If your Bob does not like pink dresses you had better get a new Bob. I am talking to your father."

I did not quite catch what Emily replied. It sounded like "O prunes!" Latin, I presume.

"Susan wept when you gave her the watch!" I suggested. "And how did she take the result of the election?"

"Take it? How should she take it, Henry? Like all of us, I suppose. It was a lovely election; no irritation; everything so good-natured and unanimous. And we were all so glad that Susan was willing to be president again."

"Susan!" I exclaimed

"Certainly Susan," said Jane quite serenely. "There was no serious opposition whatever. Why, we simply could not get *anything* done if Susan was not president. We were so pleased when she let us coax her to take another term."

I said nothing. Or perhaps I said it had been a nice day, but that for an hour or so it had looked as if it might rain. That is always a safe thing to say to your wife, for wives pay little attention to what husbands say about the weather. My mind was, for the moment, overwhelmed as I thought of the amazing efficiency and multitudinous interests of the modern wife, and of Jane in particular.

"How," I asked cautiously, as Jane arose and picked up her hat and gloves, "did Susan like the words engraved in the watch?"

"The words?" said Jane questioningly, for she was already thinking of other things. "In the watch? Oh, we did not have anything engraved in the watch! We thought we would leave that to Susan; she is so clever at such things."

SILK-STOCKING CARE

BY ANNA RANDOLPH KEIM

CARE in the washing of silk hosiery is most important. Everything before the first wearing will rid the stocking of some excess dye and set the web a little. Stockings should be washed every time they are taken off, the sooner the better, as perspiration on drying and staying in the fiber causes rotting. In washing it must be kept in mind that silk is an animal fiber and must be handled gently; the water should be tepid, the same temperature more or less for rinsing; difference of temperatures causes the silk fiber to contract. Use a good mild soap, and make a lather of suds to avoid rubbing the soap on the stocking. An alkali soap would cut and work on the silk to destroy it. Squeeze out rather than wring out the excess water.

The stockings should be hung up by the feet, as in drying the water will drip to the end. The quicker the water dries out of the silk the better. Ironing is unnecessary; smooth out the stocking by running the hand through it. This also opens it up, and it dries more evenly and quickly. The heat of the iron would be particularly bad for white or light-colored stockings, as heat and light yellow silk. White or light-colored stockings should be washed at night or kept in a dark room to dry. Wrapping in a towel will also exclude light.

Runs from the top of the stocking may be avoided by sewing on a sewing-machine at a small stitch and sewing twice around the edge of the band at the top of the stocking. Runs may have this reenforcement given them in the factory. In wearing, if a run starts, and you can not darn it at once, a moistened finger, or rubbing a bit of soap on the dropped stitch, will impede its progress temporarily. Shoes which are well finished inside as well as out help to save stocking-wear.

"Mend the small holes and the big ones will take care of themselves" is a quotation well worth considering. Keep a piece of beeswax or paraffin in your mending-basket to rub on the wrong side of your stocking when a weak spot or worn place is visible. This will strengthen the wearing threads and put off the sad day of wearing through.

For darning, china eggs may be used, but flat cardboard is better if the hole is too big to darn over the fingers of the left hand. Always turn the stocking wrong side out before beginning to mend. Use a single thread of darning-floss. This may be doubled, but by having only one thread in the eye of the needle it is more readily passed through the material. A large hole may have a fence run around it and drawn in while it is being mended and later pulled out. Darns should be put in loosely, as they will shrink in washing, and the stocking has already been laundered. Long runs may be filled in by sewing-machine stitching.

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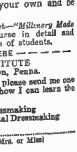

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MY EIGHT-HOUR HELP

The Successful Experiment of a Modern Housekeeper

By MARY O. WHITTON

I HOPE that you will let me say a few words on the subject of the eight-hour-a-day household assistant, not because I'm theoretically in favor of the plan, but because I have actually tried it in my own home for more than a year. My experience ought to be of value to other women, because I belong to the class least likely to have an eight-hour household worker; that is, I'm the woman who can pay for only one "help," and I'm also the kind least favored by ordinary domestics, because we have a baby; to be exact, the child was a year and a half old when I began the eight-hour business.

Here was our problem: We could afford but one domestic, yet if I hired a "general houseworker," she would give me no help with the baby; if I hired a baby-nurse, she would not assist with the housework. Personally I was not strong enough either to take full care of the baby, who was very large and heavy, or yet to do all the housework. Then a friend suggested that I might be able to find one of the "new eight-hour workers who would do a little of both."

That is how I came to hire Miss Smith. I was desperate, and I afterward decided that desperation is the only proper mood in which to try a household revolution. I was resolved to make the eight-hour day a success, because there was nothing else left for me to do; the alternative was a trip to the hospital with bills that I could afford still less than wages, so I was determined to keep out of the hospital if I died in the attempt, so to speak.

It took me about a month to get our household on a smooth-running basis, and the only thing that encouraged me to keep on trying was the fact that Miss Smith was really a good worker. And here is the system that we evolved together. In passing I ought to say that her eight hours began at 10.30 A. M. and ended at 6.30 P. M., and that we lived in a city apartment, tho a rather large one, and that we had both gas and electric appliances to help.

I arose about 7.30 and sneaked out to the kitchen without waking daughter if possible. Started breakfast and fixed a glass of warm milk for her Majesty; dressed and had breakfast on the table at 8. This work was shortened by cooking the cereal over night in the fireless cooker, and then, while we ate our fruit and oatmeal we made toast and cooked eggs or bacon at the table on a little electric stove. From 8.30 to 9.30 I cleared the table, washed the dishes, made out menus and grocery orders, and made the beds, her Majesty presiding in a rocking-horse. At this point any well-brought-up mother would have paused to bathe the baby. I not only didn't, but couldn't, because it was against the doctor's orders for me to lift her in or out of the tub. So daughter remained in a bath-robe till Miss Smith arrived at 10.30. I never discovered that this neglect hurt anything but my New England sense of neatness.

Miss Smith Takes the Baby Out

SO, UNTIL Miss Smith arrived, I either sat down and read the morning paper, or played with the baby. Then at 10.30 I turned her over to Miss Smith to be washed, dressed, and taken to the park. On the way there Miss Smith would execute my grocery orders.

I cooked the noonday meal, to which my husband came home. While the baby was little we had luncheon at noon, and dinner at night; afterward, when she needed a heavier meal at noon, we switched and had dinner at noon and supper at night. Even when I was preparing the dinners, I never permitted myself to take more than an hour. If we were to have a slow-cooking vegetable or a roast, I would put it in the fireless cooker after breakfast. Of course, our dinner was a plain meal. meat, potatoes, one other vegetable, and a good home-made dessert that the baby could eat, such as custard, fruit-whip, tapioca, rice pudding, etc. This saved extra cooking for the baby.

You may object that we reduced ourselves to the simple life. But we had to reduce somewhere, and while everything was very plain, it was made of good materials, with plenty of milk and eggs, and was carefully prepared and nicely served. Didn't we ever long for mince pie and waffles? To be honest, we did, and I'll tell you later what we did about that.

After luncheon Miss Smith washed the dishes and cleared up while I put the baby to sleep. Then while her Majesty slumbered, we did light cleaning; that is, ordinary sweeping and dusting made light by a vacuum cleaner. By actual clock-time, it took us just one hour and ten minutes to go through the entire seven rooms with a vacuum cleaner; while the dusting was so reduced as to become almost negligible as a time-consuming process. We did this cleaning only two days a week, and on the others the baby had her nap outdoors, while I rested, or mended, or read. There are usually about two rainy days a week, and we always choose those for cleaning.

At 5 Miss Smith came in, and I took charge of the baby while she made ready the supper or dinner as the case was. We usually sat down to this meal at 6, and our helper departed at 6.30. After supper I cleared up, and put the next morning cereal in the fireless; this generally took me until it was time to put the baby to bed. After that we had our evenings to ourselves, and I was not too tired to enjoy them. We could never bring ourselves to go out and leave the child alone, so we arranged a compromise with Miss Smith. Eight-hour workers, you know, are not expected to "eat on the house." But after Miss Smith discovered what the near restaurants charged, and also found out that I was a pretty good cook, she herself suggested staying late two evenings a week in return for her luncheons. So, then, when we felt a great longing for lobster, or mince pie, or a theater or a concert, we were able to indulge—when we had the money.

This was my system and it really did work. We paid Miss Smith $12 a week and $3 for a laundress besides. In addition, there was the cost of gas and electricity for our labor-saving appliances. We had an electric iron for the laundress, used a toaster-stove every morning, and a vacuum cleaner two hours a week. Also, there were seven rooms in our apartment to light, yet our electric bills seldom reached $3 a month, so that we did not consider that an important item.

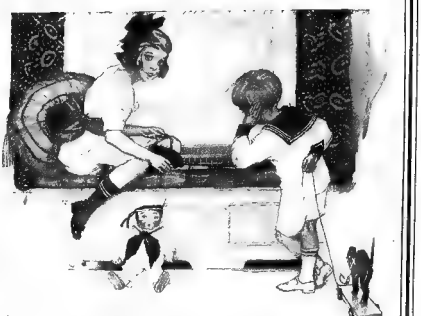
Systematic Workers Needed

IF, HOWEVER, I stopped at this point, I would give too roseate a view of our experience. When we left for the country Miss Smith could not go with us, so in the Fall I had to find some one else. By that time the eight-hour idea had spread and mental qualities necessary to make a good "eight-hour assistant."

My friends used to say, "But you could teach any one." Unfortunately, I have met minds that are simply impervious to this sort of teaching, and I believe that the training courses should in some way test the ability of their pupils to work systematically.

I believe that it is entirely possible to develop an eight-hour assistant who really can take the place, tho differently, of the vanished maid-of-all-work. If the employing woman will do her part. On the other hand, I can see that the law of supply and demand tends toward the training of specialized cooks, waitresses, etc., for homes of wealth. It seems to me that the ordinary housekeeper ought to seize this opportunity and insist that these assistants be trained for the simple home as well. The bulk of our demand is larger, tho the individual hiring capacity is smaller. What we want is a young woman who can cook a good plain dinner in one hour, rather than some one who expects to take half a day to make marrons glacés.

They tell us women that we must be as progressive as our husbands; that when do not hesitate to introduce new machinery into a factory, merely because it upsets the usual working schedule. On the other hand, no business man would disturb his entire scheme of production unless the new machinery was a first-class article and worth the trouble. So it is with the eight-hour assistant. If the worker is worth it, we women can and will re-order our homes.



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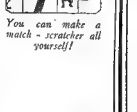

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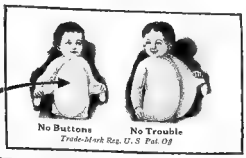

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WHEN BABY IS TWO MONTHS OLD

MY DEAR MRS. N——: I am so glad you are finding these monthly reports helpful in caring for little Paul. His weight at two months of age should be 10½ pounds, just as you state in your report, which reached me this morning. You are quite right not to take advice from every one who comes in to see you and baby; and I like your idea of having a paper pinned to your mirror, on which you jot down questions to ask me whenever they occur to you. I will now answer those you sent this time.

1. "Baby has a little yellow substance on his scalp which I can not get rid of. What is it, and how can I remove it?"

Ans. This is a skin trouble often seen in young babies. Mothers usually call it "cradle-cap" or "milk-crust"; its technical name is "seborrhea." It is a disease of the sebaceous glands of the scalp. If it is neglected it will grow worse, and finally a form of eczema will develop. From what you say I think your baby has a very mild case of it. Soften the little crusts with olive-oil, then wash the scalp with a little pure soap and warm water, and at bedtime apply a two per cent. resorcin ointment spread on soft linen. Make a little cheese-cloth cap to hold in place the linen with the salve on it. In the morning wash the scalp with olive-oil, and at bedtime repeat the salve on the linen again. Do this until the scalp is clear. If any signs of the trouble return repeat the treatment a little longer. Do not irritate the scalp by trying to get off the crust with a fine-tooth comb; it must be soaked off gradually.

2. "Little Paul seldom has colic, but sometimes he cries hard and I wonder whether he is having a real attack of it or simply wants to be taken up. How can I tell colic, and what should I do if he really has a bad attack of it?"

Ans. The symptoms of colic in babies are a strong, hard cry coming suddenly and returning every few minutes. The feet and legs are drawn up, the muscles of the face are contracted, and the abdomen is hard and tense. Taking the baby up may stop his cry for a minute, but it soon begins again. Walking, rocking, jumping him about will not stop the cry if it is real colic. If it is not colic, he will stop crying as soon as he gets what he wants. Babies who are constipated or overfed are often troubled with colic, and only when these causes are overcome will the colic cease.

The treatment for an attack of colic depends on whether the trouble is in the stomach or in the bowels. If the gas seems to be in the stomach, give the baby one tablespoonful of hot water with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in it; hold him up over your shoulder and pat the back a little; do not walk or rock him. As soon as the gas is belched up the colic will be relieved. If the gas is in the bowels the quickest relief is an enema of warm water in which there is a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. This may be given with a little soft-rubber bulb-syringe. The abdomen should be gently massaged also. The feet should be warmed in front of the fire, their warm stockings and bootees put on, and a hot-water bag placed near them. Hot flannels should be placed on the abdomen, or the baby may be allowed to lie on a hot-water bag if this is carefully protected by flannel so he can not be burned in any way.

If a baby has frequent attacks of colic the cause must be found before the trouble can be really cured. Possibly the mother does not take enough out-of-doors exercise. Or she may worry and fret too much over little things. If she is constipated or has frequent attacks of indigestion this may also result in colic for her baby. Constipation in the baby should be cured as soon as possible by regular training to use a small chamber in the mother's lap at the same time daily, by a little orange-juice, by one or two bottle-meals of specially modified milk, or by milk of magnesia if everything else fails. Usually as soon as the bowels are regular the colic will cease. I am enclosing a leaflet for you which tells you just what to do for colic and constipation in a breast-fed baby.

Any other mother is welcome to a copy of this leaflet provided she encloses a self-addressed, stamped envelop with her request.

3. "Please tell me just how diapers should be cared for? May I use twice, without washing, those that have been wet?"

Ans. The care of diapers is important if you wish your baby to have a healthy skin. As soon as a diaper is soiled it should be rinsed in cold water and put in a covered pail in the bathroom to soak in cold water. At least once each day the entire collection of diapers should be washed in hot water with some pure soap, then very thoroughly rinsed so that no soap remains in the diaper; they should then be boiled in clear water for at least fifteen minutes, wrung out, and dried out-of-doors in the bright sun. When dry they should be ironed, but they should not be blued nor starched, of course. They should always be warmed in front of the fire before they are put on the baby.

When a diaper is simply wet it should also be washed before it is used again. Do not dry wet napkins in the nursery and then use them; it is a very bad plan, and often gives a peculiar odor to the room as well as irritates the skin of the baby.

4. "What formula shall I use for the one bottle-meal, now that Paul is two months of age?"

Ans. Take 2¼ ounces of whole certified milk, 4½ ounces of boiled water, and 2 level teaspoonfuls of milk-or-malt-sugar.

At first give only 4½ ounces of this formula, but in a week or two give 5 ounces for the one bottle-meal the baby takes.

5. "Baby's ears stand out quite a distance from his head and begin to look rather ugly. Is there anything I can do to help make the ears remain close to the head?"

Ans. Now is the time to correct outstanding ears if ever. There are various makes of ear-caps on the market, and I advise you to get one of these and have the baby wear it constantly, day and night, until the ears remain closer to the head. Do not attempt to strap the ears back with strips of adhesive plaster. I have seen many mothers do this and often with very poor results for the baby. The plaster irritates the tender skin and pulls the hair, if there is any. Net ear-caps are more apt to correct the trouble than anything else.

EVERY mother having a baby under six months of age is invited to join the special Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. Send in the baby's name and age with a self-addressed, stamped envelop, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. You will receive regular monthly help until the baby is two years old. There is no charge for this service. Mothers having older children up to the age of seven years may ask questions about their care, feeding, and general hygiene. We have helpful diet lists and recipes which will be sent if a self-addressed, stamped envelop is enclosed and all questions are numbered. Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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FREE Two Gifts for Baby Simply Mail the Coupon

What 112 Doctors Told us About caring for a Baby's Skin

By the Head of the Research Laboratories of Bauer & Black

MODERN science has perfected a new and radically different way in infant hygiene.

Its object is to overcome diaper rash and skin irritations, and thus, by relieving discomfort, to make baby's days happier — and mother's days less trying.

It embodies new principles—principles now combined in a remarkable new Bauer & Black requisite — B & B Baby Talc. Note coupon below for liberal test package free.

Supplants Old Methods

Many months were spent perfecting this new way. Old methods were inadequate.

We consulted famous children's specialists, dermatologists, heads of maternity homes — 112 in all. We sought a new way—a scientific way — of combating the irritant acids which obtain in perspiration and in urine.

Extensive laboratory experiments were made. Numerous tests effected under the personal direction of a famous baby specialist. Now we believe we have attained the ideal. And highest authorities agree.

Combats the Cause of Irritation

The pores of the skin constantly exude moisture. It is nature expelling impurities from the body. Upon exposure, this perspiration becomes a semi-acid irritant. So does urine. But more intensely so.

These acids make the skin raw, tender — susceptible to rash. Infection often follows. Hence, you must combat them.

B&B Baby Talc
B&B Baby Soap

"A Bauer & Black Product"

It is well to consider the maker behind the product you use. For twenty-eight years Bauer & Black have held the esteem of the medical profession; of druggists and the public; and it jealously guards this standing.

Druggists everywhere sell all B & B Products.

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Old methods attempted merely to dry the moisture, thus affording but indifferent relief.

B&B Baby Talc combats the irritant body acids—*makes them harmless to the skin.* It strikes at the cause of irritation. It marks a new era in infant hygiene.

Use it after baby's bath. Sprinkle it on diaper cloths. It is cooling, soothing, gently healing — scientific protection in the charming guise of a soft, white talc.

Try it for two days. Results are quick—and amazing. Note how much smoother baby's skin — how much more restful and happy — for comfortable babies are happy babies.

B & B Baby Soap
"Tempered to the Infant's Skin"

A mother's zeal in keeping her baby sweet and clean, as every doctor knows, frequently finds expression in an unfortunate choice of soap. B & B Baby Soap is made of edible fats. It lathers freely, dries slowly, and rinses off readily. It contains a slight percentage of zinc oxide, hence is mildly healing. Bland and soothing, it provides a *safe soap* for your baby.

Mail Coupon for Free Samples

We want all mothers to try this new way of making babies happy. So we invite you to mail the coupon for liberal trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap, free and postpaid.

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Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

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BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, U. S. A.

If you live in Canada, address Bauer & Black, Canadian Laboratories, Toronto, Canada.

Please send me a trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap — these without charge or obligation on my part.

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CUTTING THE COSTS

Some Facts About Marketing, Cold Storage, and New Food Products That Every Housewife Ought to Know

BY CAROLINE B. KING

DRAWING BY W. B. KING

HOW can we lower the cost of our food without lowering the quality or the standard of our tables?"

This is the query that housewives all over the land have been putting to me and to other teachers and writers on the question of home economics, and a very pertinent and timely question it is, too, for our past five years' experience with high prices has taught us the need for careful expenditure and the wise use of supplies.

The solution to the problem is not such a difficult one if one will but give the subject some study and consideration. There are a number of ways in which the situation may be alleviated. The first and perhaps the most difficult, because of traditions and customs, would entail the simplifying of the system of living. This does not by any means imply that meals should be less bountiful or less tempting, but that they should be less complex, less elaborate. Simple old-fashioned dishes made of products which, altho less costly, would not be less nutritious or inviting would be a welcome change from the too often indigestible meals which are served in so many homes.

The food budget is a most successful check to excessive expenditure in the matter of table-supplies. Almost all housewives at the present time have discovered the advantage of apportioning the income to fit the various requirements of the family. Naturally each household is a law unto itself in this matter. In one meat will be the expensive item, in another, especially if there are children, milk will require a generous portion of the budget. Some families are very fond of salads and care nothing for desserts, while others adore cakes and sweets.

It may be that it has seemed in the past necessary or advisable to have one's purchases at the butcher's or grocer's charged, paying the bills at the end of the week or the month as was most convenient. This system is one of the best that has ever been invented for keeping up the cost of living.

By buying your meats, groceries, fruits, and vegetables at cash markets and carrying them home you can avail yourself of the bargains that are often to be had in potatoes, sugar, or some other product. If you are earnestly desirous of decreasing your table expenses in a legitimate and logical way. You will often be able to pick up specially priced fruits or meats and other products, and you will also have an opportunity of choosing exactly what you want and exactly the quantity that you require, which is not the case when the marketing is done by telephone or through an order clerk.

But not a great deal is to be gained by going to market and paying cash unless one is versed in market lore to some extent at least. I have watched housewives on more than a few occasions wandering about the markets, baskets on arms, and buying indiscriminately meats, eggs, vegetables in such an unintelligent manner that the time they were taking to attend to the matter seemed actually wasted.

"Give me twenty-five cents' worth of beefsteak."

"A dozen of eggs, please."

"Send me a chicken to-morrow."

"Well, butter is high, but you must have it. Give me a pound of the best."

These and similar remarks all pointed to the fact that the women who were marketing were totally ignorant of either market conditions or the products they were buying. Steaks may be had from various parts of the beef carcass and at any price from eighteen to forty cents a pound. Eggs vary also from fresh from the warehouses being much cheaper than new-laid eggs; prices on this commodity often vary also with the size and color of the eggs. Chickens should be most carefully selected, not ordered like a bag of peanuts; and there are almost as many grades in butter as in diamonds.

Keeping Posted on Foods

AS LONG as the libraries teem with literature on foodstuffs and the newspapers publish daily bulletins of available products with their prices, while the magazines devote pages to the subject of the preparation of foods and their relative value to the human body, there is plenty of information available to the housewife on this important subject. It is just as simple a matter to keep posted on meats, butter, milk, and potatoes as it is on the fashions, and let me assure you that the study of foods is fully as fascinating as the study of textiles or art.

There are so many new foods being continually launched on the market, so many new ways of caring for and marketing those which are already familiar to us, that one will require all her wits just to keep up with the conditions and prices.

Most persons have a deep and well-rooted aversion to cold-storage foods. A cold-storage egg to them is only next in undesirability to a spoiled egg, and they look with repugnance upon a cold-storage chicken or turkey. This prejudice would be entirely swept away if housewives were but a little better informed on the subject.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER MUST STUDY FOODS TO KNOW HOW TO BUY WISELY

Cold storage is not a new fad, as so many suppose, brought into being to help unworthy dealers foist old or half-spoiled products upon an unsuspecting public. Cold storage, after a fashion, is as old as the world itself. The bees storing their honey for the Winter, the squirrels hiding away the Autumn's harvest of nuts, and the housewife when she puts her fruits in jars and fills her vegetable cellar with turnips and potatoes from the garden, are all making use of a certain form of cold storage. And the farmer digs pits for his cabbages and carrots, puts his sausage in jars and covers it with lard, and stores green food for his cattle in silos. What are these if not cold-storage methods?

Professional Cold Storage

PROFESSIONAL cold storage is only a perfected way of doing all of these things and more. Storage-plants are not owned and controlled by one man or one group of men; they are public establishments wherein the packer may store his meats, the dairyman his butter, and the produce man his cheese. Fruits and vegetables may also be put away in cold-storage warehouses; in fact almost any perishable article which it is desired to keep for a length of time finds its way into these great buildings.

The season of greatest production on the farm begins in April. Then the hens lay more eggs; the cows begin to give more milk, which is made into butter or cheese; there are calves in plenty; young poultry is coming along, and, as the weather grows warmer and the sunshine brighter, vegetables and fruits become abundant.

Then the packer or the creamery men or the produce dealers, like the industrious ant of the fable, begin to store some of the surplus for days when the supply will be too scarce to permit us to enjoy all of these good things. April eggs are the best to be had; the hens then are in splendid condition, they are running out in the open, and there is an abundance of green food for them. Later in the Summer, or still later in cold weather, eggs, even if they are plentiful, are not nearly so good. Therefore the farmer brings his fresh April eggs to the produce man as soon as they are taken from the nests, and they are selected, sorted, and candled; then the storage-plant receives them and keeps them safe for the housewife's Christmas cakes and pies.

As for butter, any farmer will tell you that there is nothing to equal the butter made in June; it has the most delicate, sweet, nutty flavor and there is so much of it that the creamery men pack the surplus for Winter and take it to the nearest cold-storage warehouse for safe-keeping. And this butter, made in June from the sweet early Summer cream, has a better flavor in December than butter made in that month.

So what possible objection can be raised against cold-storage butter? We must admit, too, that a chicken or turkey which has been permitted to run about in the grass, feed upon fresh green stuff, and fatten on the skim-milk that is so plentiful on the farm in the Summer-time, is a far better chicken or turkey than one dressed at Christmas after weeks of artificial feeding in a close pen.

Cold storage enables us to enjoy the products of the entire world at fairly reasonable prices. Cold-storage eggs and poultry are not cheaper because they are inferior than the fresh, but because they were purchased and packed away at a time when they were very plentiful.

The cold-storage prejudice is not the only one which the housewife must overcome; the antipathy which is so widely felt toward frozen fish, meats, or poultry is just as unreasonable and just as great an impediment to her best interests. Before the subject of refrigeration had been so carefully studied and so perfected this aversion might have been understood; but since it is now possible to freeze the fish taken in the net on a Summer day in Labrador and keep it in absolutely the same condition until it is placed in the Western or Southern or Eastern housewife's hands in February or later, frozen fish have become a staple in the markets and should be purchased carefully and appreciatively, for the flavor of a nicely cooked frozen fish is identical with that of a fish just from the water.

Refrigeration has made it possible for us to feast on the fish of all waters, north, south, east, and west, at prices which are extraordinarily low.

Summer Fish in Winter

AND this matter is quite as logical and understandable as the matter of cold storage. It would be impossible for the fishermen to dispose of or eat all of the fish they take during the Summer, when the weather permits them to go out in the boats every day and all day; so what more reasonable than for them to devise a way by which they may preserve them for days when it is impossible to put out a net or a line? Isn't it quite the same principle as the one the housewife follows when she cans the surplus berries or peas in the garden?

There is another class of goods which has come in for too much disapprobation from the consumer who has not learned their worth. These goods, for want of a better word, have been misnamed substitute products. Margarin, nut butter, cottonseed- and corn-oil, corn-sirups, fat compounds, powdered and canned milk are all included in this category and too often condemned without even a single trial. But they are all good, valuable articles of food and would enable the housewife to save money.

And why the prejudice among some women?

Simply because, as I said before, these foods are regarded as "substitutes" for more expensive articles, and all Americans want the best there is; they feel they are entitled to nothing but the best on their tables, and substitutes for better things are not to be tolerated.

But if margarin, for instance, were regarded as a totally distinct and different product from butter the odium attached to it would, I believe, entirely disappear. Nut margarin is made by churning together cocoanut-oil, peanut-oil, and sweet milk, and the result is a very pleasant product. To be sure, it is white, nearly as white as lard, which makes it less attractive in appearance than if it were a tempting yellow hue. But because there is a tax of ten cents on each pound of colored margarin, the manufacturers prefer to sell it in its natural state, providing a tiny capsule of coloring-matter with each pound, which the housewife may blend with it or not as she prefers. Colored margarin may be had, but it is more costly than the white.

"But, colored!" you say, in a shocked tone. "Is it possible that you advocate the use of foods that are colored?"

And in reply I must explain that most of the creamery butter which leaves us golden and inviting in its attractive cartons is colored, perhaps only faintly but unmistakably, with the same coloring matter used in the margarin package. This coloring, however, is usually produced from carrotin, the coloring-matter contained in the carrot, and is entirely harmless.

In oleomargarin the leaf fat of cattle is used as a base. The fat is rendered, purified, and refined, then it is churned with milk to give it flavor and the correct texture. There is no deception as to either of these products. They are supplied in order that the housewife may have something to take the place of the more expensive butter; and if a pound of either type of margarin is softened slightly and blended with a pound of well-flavored butter it will have the very desirable effect of making it go twice as far. And I can promise you that even should this thrifty bit of camouflage be detected the family will forgive it for the sake of the extra amount they may use on their hot cakes and waffles.

Oils for Salads and Cooking

COTTONSEED- and corn-oil are perfectly good foods also, and will make very excellent salad dressings as well as being useful in frying and other cooking processes. They are quite as pure as the more expensive olive-oil and far less expensive.

"Until you mentioned it I had no taste a rice pudding of powdered milk," said a housewife to me recently, "one of the most popular desserts I ever had in this house."

Powdered milk is a comparatively new thing, but its virtues should be recognized by every housewife. It may be purchased skimmed or whole, and requires but the addition of water to make it exactly like fresh milk.

The powdered skimmed milk is excellent for making creamed dishes, custards, puddings, and cream soups. It is not a compound or a substitute, but is pure, wholesome milk, evaporated until every bit of moisture has been taken from it; then it is reduced to a fine white powder and packed in attractive cans or cartons. It will keep indefinitely, and is wonderfully convenient to have on the shelves of the provision-closet. The whole milk is good to drink and may be used just as the fresh whole product is.

Canned milk and its advantages are already well known to most housewives, but there are innumerable other good things that require but a single trial to convince her of their ability to add to the variety and quality of the menu, at the same time cutting the cost of the table-supplies considerably.

And these are the answers to the queries which housewives have sent to me from all over the land. They will not solve all of the difficulties incidental to the new era of prices and the servant problem and all of the other questions which are puzzling the housewife to-day, but they will, I hope, guide her into a new avenue of thought. She will then receive ideas with an open mind, decide for or against new methods or products only after she has intelligently learned all that is to be discovered about them, and she will no longer be bound by outworn traditions or customs, but will regulate her home and her mode of living to suit her own and her family's satisfaction and requirements.

HERE are the answers to some of the questions that housewives have sent to Mrs. King from all over the land and put to her in her lectures in Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, in the Middle West, and on the Pacific Coast. Many of them are based on her recent experiences in conducting a food information bureau for housekeepers in connection with a string of retail markets in two of the large Eastern cities.

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First, let me tell you how to keep the skin soft

so it won't roughen or chap, despite the chilling winds or glaring sun. Then, if you wish, we'll talk about the other benefits you'll receive from using Hinds Honey and Almond Cream:—

Simply rub on enough cream morning and night to moisten the skin thoroughly. Repeat, if convenient, before going out of doors, but be sure to do so upon returning indoors. If the skin is tender or irritated, ***don't rub it,*** but pat it gently with a cream-moistened tab of cotton or soft handkerchief.

Many women use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream to cleanse the skin instead of soap and water, and their complexion continues wonderfully clear and refreshed. — But, natural soft skin is essential to skin-health and girlish beauty. Hinds Cream keeps the skin ***naturally soft.***

Hinds Cream is selling everywhere. A small sample will be sent for 2c. Trial size bottle, 6c.

Our charming little booklet: ***"The Girl Who Loved the Beautiful,"*** mailed for 2c.

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A. S. HINDS
Dept. 42
Portland, Maine

THE HOUSE SELZJIORD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"I can say wh—when and j—just," she fenced; "like you, I say now, J—Jim, J—John, J—Jelly!"

"Fine," he agreed, "but for all this, what is it you wish?"

"Lars, tell me—when at the first you take me so quick—ask me dat first night to be your wife, is it not because I came from the old country like you? You trus' me more just for that, because we are Norsk both, tho you have Finnish, Selzjiord, and I of Svensk a little."

Lars thought this over carefully, his shaded eyes warm and proud, and a little troubled.

"That is true," he admitted.

Elsa turned and busied herself with the stove.

"And?" Lars prompted.

The stick of wood she had put in had to be prodded and replaced. He took the poker from her.

"Elsa! What is all this talk?"

Both were flushed, half laughing, half earnest. Elsa recovered herself.

"Selzjiord," she said with dignity, "Svendsen say he is coming, and I like we shall both be nice to him."

She met his eyes without effort; there was silence.

"Why not?" he asked then.

"Because he speaks as you do not like of Sweden."

"When he goes there he will be cured. He will come running back."

"Maybe."

He kissed her briefly.

"You shall trust me—with our guest."

From the door he said,

"I wish he would take his Mongol pheasants!"

"Oh, no!" Elsa cried. "There will be babies! Under the currant there are already vonderful little eggs!"

"The cock pulls up whole rows of corn."

It was true. When he was tired of strutting, tail up like a peacock, he was into everything! But Elsa answered,

"Ve have enough!"

Lars went out of the door with a bang.

"WHY does he wish to come?" Lars asked her in the morning.

"He is lonesome for—for those like his own. Who used to be Svensk," she added.

"Elsa, he likes you!"

"He likes my bones," she admitted calmly; "he wishes to paint dem."

"Your bones!"

At the shocked suspicion in his face Elsa restrained a laugh.

"He says I have g—gorgeous bones."

He caught her face between his hands.

"Elsa —I like it not!"

"Lara, you shall trust me for always!"

"Girl!" he breathed through his teeth, and his hands smoothed her hair with such fierce, rapid strokes that it pained her.

She watched him start down the cave-like skid road through the forest with the saw over his shoulder. He called from the turn, where all but the gleam of his saw was lost in shadow.

"Look for sea-shine when I fell the next tree."

"Ya—I look."

Both stood silent.

"Elsa?"

She ran blithely toward him.

"Mind the saw," he warned as she threw her arms about him.

"Aa, Lars, boy," she cried, "even with von arm you break me!"

She held his face between her hands and kissed his eyes, his forehead

"Lars—Lars! I vish you like furies!"

Manlike he let her say it all for him, and they parted for the length of four hours.

ELSA said to herself afterward that she knew it would be that day; somehow the necessity had been upon her to have it out with Lars in the morning. She was at her door-latch again, rubbing and polishing, when a pebble turning underfoot made her look around. There sat Svendsen, less than twenty feet distant, with a great pad on his knee, sketching in the back of her head, her shoulders, braids.

They were glad to see each other—glad as two children. His sketch, a half-dozen lines which somehow told all the supple swing of her shoulders, was fascinating to her. He had just come up the mountain from Robe, he said, and she brought him in and gave him coffee and toast. He talked while he ate. Elsa, whose husband was silent at meals, loved it. He said he had been down to Seattle to get his paints. Would she pose for him right away so he could block it all in this soft morning light? Mist was atmosphere, he said, something not often found so high on the mountain.

Elsa cleared away with haste and took him into the living-room. He placed her presently before her open chest. The work-dress she wore, of old-country linen, had softened by many washings to a warm indigo. Svendsen smacked his lips over its color. Once at work, he fell silent.

The morning drew out intolerably for her, cramped by one position. It seemed to her he was doing nothing most of the time. Yet he worked boldly and fast. When he told her to rest she found that it was only eleven. There was time to get a good dinner. She was glad of that. The fear of Lars coming upon them unexpectedly had worried her for the past hour.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

Do Half a Day's Work in Half an Hour

and have cleaner, brighter, free from dust and prettier floors. Do away with bending, kneeling and stooping. Save time, work and money. All of this is possible and practical with the new

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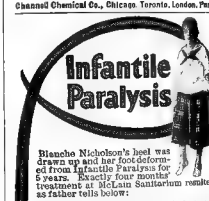
Infantile Paralysis



Blanche Nicholson's heel was drawn up and her foot deformed from Infantile Paralysis for 5 years. Exactly four months' treatment at McLain Sanitarium resulted as father tells below:

We took our daughter, Blanche, to the Sanitarium May 9, 1921, for Infantile Paralysis in the right limb. We brought her home September 9th, with a nice straight foot. We feel proud of her improvement. Our neighbors are surprised at results she got in four months.

W. J. NICHOLSON,
R. R. 2, Box 27, Bristol, West Virginia.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," free. Write today.

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THE HOUSE SELZJIORD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

"Did you see my husband as you came?" she asked.

He shook his head. He was absorbed in his study.

"It's pretty good at that," he called to her out in the kitchen. She was working off her anxiety. If Lars came now it would not be so bad. But over that open chest—alone with Svendsen——!

Elsa heard him call from before the house, in pleased excitement.

"Elsa—come look!"

"Have you seen?" he demanded as she ran out to him.

"Not before. What is it?"

He pointed over the dip in the tree-tops, which marked the new clearing, to a dazzling white line like the reflection of a mirror.

"The sea-shine!"

"Where have you been that you did not see? I told you to look—that you should see it at the fall of the next tree."

"How long is it, Lars?"

"Two hours maybe."

He was excited—talkative.

"That is maybe thirty—forty miles—the sound before Seattle," he cried. She was afraid to delay her news.

"Lars, Svendsen is here."

His excitement cooled at once.

"When did he come?"

"I thought maybe you meet him."

"Did he say that?"

"No."

Lars thought a moment, his eyes on the sea-line.

"All right. Let us go in. I will welcome our guest."

He went around the house and washed in the basin outside, entering by the kitchen door. Elsa saw that he noticed the breakfast things used for Svendsen and hastily set aside. She listened anxiously to his greeting of the two, but he was cordiality itself. It was too much. Lars, except under stress, was laconic. He had been free of speech the past week than ever in her knowledge of him. She watched her husband's face when he was shown the sketch. Lars set it back in semi-shadow; his broad thumb-strokes were more convincing so.

Lars made no comment, but his face twitched; his lower eyelids lifted till his eyes were half hid. "?" Elsa he was a sinister figure for a moment. He turned away.

"I believe Mrs. Selzjiord has dinner prepared," he said, and led the way to the kitchen.

Svendsen was absorbed and silent. Elsa was without appetite, but Lars Selzjiord ate deliberately and well, as usual.

Through the afternoon he worked in the garden, coming in but once for a fresh filling for his pipe from the jar above the fireplace. When he had lighted it he stepped over casually and inspected the sketch, a new one, crayon this time. Without comment he went back to his hoeing. Elsa's hands and feet were cold. She was numb and miserable.

Supper was impossible. Elsa excused herself and went out to look after the pheasants.

"As, God," she mourned, "can a woman have no friends but husbands?"

IT WAS Lars who decided that it was too far to Robe for the night, that is, if Svendsen were going to paint in the morning again. He rolled up his own blankets and made a bed on the rug before the fireplace. Svendsen accepted without argument.

The morning was gray. Before breakfast was over it began to rain. The first sketch (made in the sunlight) could not be continued, and a new one in color was begun. Elsa ached and writhed at her pose. Lars had gone off in the pour. She could hear his saw from the clearing. He came at noon, ate, and departed. Svendsen, getting his stride now, was so absorbed that he spoke but once during dinner, and that was to ask for more butter.

Elsa sat for him till she was numb. For the first time in her life her will was strong body was a burden.

"Something will break, "she whispered to herself, putting fresh coffee to boil.

Svendsen brooded all the evening or scowled over the prints in *Jukhstemming*. His daubs—so Elsa called them now—seemed not to please him. He was poring over them again when she came out to get breakfast in the morning. The house which had been spacious for herself and Lars suddenly cramped her.

It was raining hard now, straight down, but while the men ate she went outside, heavily booted and waterproofed, to escape. The dun mother, nesting beneath the scant protection of the currant-bush, watched and listened to her bedraggled mate with cheerful unconcern. The rain had ruined both the plumage and the disposition of the gorgeous cock. Soured and revengeful, he poured into her fluorescent ear the tale of his grievance, evidently blaming her for all the mischance of life Elsa was shaken with a gust of mirth that left her eyes wet.

"Ven all t'ings are the vorst, they can get only better," she thought, and went back to her posing.

LARS left them again, this time for the whole day. There was no rhythmic beat of the saw to relieve the long hours of silence and inaction. Where had he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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THE HOUSE SELJJORD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

gone in the downpour that was almost a cloudburst? He would be soaked through—nothing could withstand such a torrent.

It was eight o'clock—nine. Elsa had kept the dinner back, unwilling to sit down without him. Suppose he did not come, and Svendsen and she were left alone in the house for the night! It could not be; it should not! First would she walk the four miles down to Robe through the forest? She had not feared the forest for a long time. Now fear began to mingle with all her thoughts.

When he came at last she waited mutely upon him, bringing his dry clothing and throwing out the wet things. She was afraid of a rush of tears if she spoke, so great was her relief. At last he was ready to eat. She stood beside him where he sat drawing on his boots. She wished desperately to touch him, hold his head in her arms, to tell him what his coming meant to her, but the old impassable barrier of his silence lay between them as at the first. It had grown again in the three days of Svendsen's stay.

Seljjord led the way to the kitchen. He was smoking there by the fire when she finished her dishes. She went presently to bed, her superb young strength worn out with her emotions.

ELSA shook the stove noisily as she built her morning fire. It was not to be endured! Between them they were killing her! The getting of breakfast was a symphony of rebellion. Lars, cool, refreshed, remote, was all that delayed the climax. She would not eat till the men were done. She dallied with her work till Svendsen called her to account. Lars, holding the screen door aside, stood ready to go. To Elsa, the instinctive housewife, it was the last drop which broke the dam.

"Lars Seljjord, go either in or out and shut that door! Is it not enough that I work and clean the whole time without I have flies to chase?" She broke into sparkling Norsk. What was it he was trying to do to her, holding himself so much above her with his stiff neck and his dumb tongue?

Lars met her attack in absolute silence. Had she ever pleased him? she demanded; should she ever please him? No! Everything was her fault—of course—always.

He closed the screen door with a finality that penetrated her absorption in her diatribe, yet she followed him and discharged her last bolt into the empty, sunlit garden.

Svendsen was standing with his back to the door through which she entered the living-room. He was putting away his sketches with delicate care, each wet canvas in its slot and buttoned fast. His tubes of paint were laid in order and his brushes wrapped and stowed. He knew she was there waiting, and he made her wait. He turned at last with the kindly, masculine superiority of seventeen.

"Elsa, I want to tell you something: you've got a fine man, and don't you forget it. It isn't one in a hundred would take in a stranger like me as he did. Of course there's a lot in my folks being from the other side. And then, again, your playing that up would have made some men mad as blazes. You want to look out, little *Kusin*; you're a lot too pretty. All the fellows aren't like me. You stick to your man and let the others be. That's telling you for your good."

Elsa was convulsed with her need of the right word to blast him—sear him with her contempt; her ignominy silenced her.

"You'll get over it, you little fire-eater. Gee, but you're gorgeous when you blaze like that, your ears afire! Lovely—lovely!"

He seized her with boyish impudence and kissed her mouth. Elsa stepped back for a better swing, and with the full strength of her outraged wifehood struck him. Facing her, pale in mildair, as it seemed, they saw each other for the first time, in the rising welt across his cheek and forehead, the odd, frowning aspect suddenly come to life in the eyes—fiord-blue like her own—Elsa found a renewed self-respect.

Svend Svendsen drew himself erect, touched his cap, and held out his hand, palm up, in mute plea.

"Good-by, *Kusin!*"

Elsa looked from her hand, still tingling, to the boy's face, from which the new complete regard looked out on her. From that security she spoke.

"It is best you go, and come not again unless Lars shall say so."

He shifted the strap of his box to his shoulder. From the doorway he said, modestly enough,

"You really are my *Kusin*, first *Kusin*. I saw aunt down in Seattle. Your fadder and mine were brothers."

Elsa's silent assent to this did not relent. And so passed Svend Svendsen from the house Seljjord.

LARS had not come. Toward morning Elsa locked the door. The soughing of the forest seemed a sentient thing. Her humiliation when she thought of Lars was greater than fear; her remorse more than she could bear. If she could only tell him how ashamed she was, how grieved that she had slashed at his self-control. Lars's wife—she was the wife of so splendid a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

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By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

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THE HOUSE SELZJIORD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

man, yet she was without dignity, without self-control, at least toward her husband. She would launch out at him like a bricklayer and throw insults at him—heap him with abuse when his pride was that there should be no quarrels in his house! Elsa suffered and endured and feared till she fell asleep.

The day was full when she waked. She roused herself and went out into the garden. There were no dishes to wash, no beds to make, and she was not hungry. For a while she lay on the strip of grass beside the currant-bush where the pheasant nested. It was something alive at least. The cock strutted in the sun, hunting mischief. Every feather of his gaudy coat had been preened; his aplomb was completely restored. Elsa viewed him with jaundiced eye. It was he who had made all the trouble from the beginning. If Svendsen had not insisted in bringing pets, she would never have had the housewarming which Lars had never really wanted. Svendsen would not have returned to paint her. Lars and she would still be as they were in that wonderful week before. She looked at the dun mother serenely dozing upon her eggs.

"She fusses not—blames no one. She is not like that stupid cock. She just sit tight till everything come right again."

HER weariness gave way in the warmth and beauty of the morning. Perhaps the psychology of the serene, feathered mother subtly influenced her thought, and it may be that Elsa relented toward the "real Kusin" who had laid bare her weakness in so brother-like a manner. Some influence lifted her to her feet and sent her to burrow with pensive content in her chest of treasures. She laid them out upon chairs and table. Piece by piece she looked them over—gloated upon them. There were table-cloths, golden and white and some gray, still unbleached "like the day woven." There were fine white stockings, handspun and knit with "Ingeborg Svendsen," and others with "Bergliot" netted in the borders.

"Dose I keep for mine grandchild," she decided.

Last of all she came upon the caps, a whole series of them, knitted like the stockings, but of cobweb fineness and design, a change in style for every two weeks, from the first, which would not go over her fist, to one she could almost wear upon her head.

Elsa had not really appreciated them till now. They were treasures—beautiful things and her own! They were prepared a hundred years ago, maybe more, for they were yellow with age, for her children, hers and Lars's, yet unborn, and for those to come a long time hence! It awed her, intrigued her imagination. Her own head had shaped them last.

She gathered them into her apron. They should be aired—washed, perhaps, with fine soap and warm water. She was busy with them the rest of the morning — almost happy. At noon she laid them out on the grass by the currant-bushes and went in to get herself dinner.

But the furies had not done with Elsa. Some chance brought her to the door just as the cock discovered the bits of lace. Failing to tear a piece free with beak and talon, he decided to bolt one whole, just as Elsa, broom in hand, bore down upon him.

"*Pfoosh, fog-al!*" she shrieked, and let drive.

Lut's father had not been a domestic bird. He squawked once at the indignity and lifted his wings. Higher and higher he soared, his long tail the rudder, his claws tangled in the lace, up and over the treetops toward the distant sea-line.

Elsa threw herself on the grass, bereft, grabbing at the others to save them from destruction. It was a sign to her desperation, the hand of chastisement. Disaster and ruin were her portion, bereavement her fate. With the caps in her arms, she cried herself to sleep, and did not waken till late in the night. Lars had not come.

There began for Elsa a day that was grim torture. Had Lars really left her, or had he been caught in a fallen tree as once before? She went down to the new clearing and overhauled it thoroughly. For at least one day he had not been at work there; she had listened all day for his saw. No, her heart told her that Lars had been driven from her by her uncalled-for outburst that last morning—her evil temper! Tinged with the melancholy of her race and her youth, she thought her life finished. There could be for her no more happiness. All was over.

She ate little and slept fitfully. When the pheasant mother, relieved perhaps at the defection of her showy mate, came from the nest with a brood of ten, gay as a patchwork quilt, Elsa wept dismally.

Her fear was not active till the shadows of the firs stretched across the clearing, touched the other side, rose, deepened, obliterated the paltry human scar in the forest. Then it was, locked in the house—in her own room—that Elsa faced the specter of her loneliness.

IN THE warmth of midday, out with the little birds, she heard sounds from the clearing: the ring of an ax, the clanging of heavy chains. She crept to the turn of the road. Below her, down the mountain, the skids had been greased, and on around into the clearing the same preparation had been made for "snaking" the heavy timbers.

She heard men shouting, cursing, and as she crept nearer she could see them, hairy and powerful—strangers all of them. They had come in her husband's absence to steal his logs!

Elsa, fired with the sense of outrage, stumbled forward to put a stop to it. A man's hands caught her, set her on her feet—Giba, bearded, sooty, with his decisive grin, his familiar eyes. His hands, in a single movement, wiped themselves up the sides of his overalls into his pockets as he stood looking down around his shoulder at her.

"Morn', *Kusin* Els'," he derided. "Ow's t' squaw 'ead?"

Her lips whitened with anger.

"I — American, you — Hunkie!" she threw at him. "You come eat our bread and den steal de logs of my husband because he iss not here to keel you!"

Giba's hands still in his pockets—his shoulders, his great hairy head, all seemed to lift with leering amusement. There was something else mixed with that expression in the strange, light eyes; a menacing excitement, growing moment by moment. Elsa stepped back, the blue of her own eyes black with anger which the mere glance of the man put upon her.

"You t'ief! You t'ief!" she cried.

He made a lunge toward her, but she was quicker than he. He let her go for the time and turned back to the clearing. Elsa ran all the way home and locked herself in. Yet only for the moment could that help her. Lars was being robbed and she allowing it. She tramped restlessly from living-room to kitchen and back, planning desperately to go by night down to Robe after help. Into the thought of the cave-like roads through the forest made her ill with fright, and night was still hours away. As the day grew warmer she thought the closed house would suffocate her, and she laid out the bread-knife—her only weapon—on the kitchen table and opened the rear door. Her young appetite, forgotten for twenty-four hours, made her light a fire and cook a good dinner, and in her absorption she laid two places. Noticing it for the first time as she sat down at the table, she choked so upon her unhappiness that she could not eat. She pushed back her plate and laid her face on the cool, white-scoured table.

A shadow darkened the doorway, the screen opened, and Giba stood looking down at her startled, wet face. There was in him no trace now either of amusement or crude courting: only purpose, and the sneer of the man against whom unjust discrimination has been made. She had turned him down for a squarehead!

"*Kusin!*" he swore savagely.

Like a breath from a lower and baser world, the stench of evil filled Elsa's house, threatened her being, tainted even the thought of her husband. It was a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

MY OWN SONG

BY

HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT

THE hill-wind is a white wind,
Cleaner than sea or sky;
Swiftly, softly, eagerly
The hill-wind dances by;
He sways, he stops, he turns about
And runs straight back to me
And tears away my binding thoughts
Until my soul is free!

In utter gladness shall I dance
With the pale wind hand in hand
Down the valleys, up the hills,
Over the forest land.
The hill-wind is my wind
And we are laughing friends,
Ready to run to the rim of the sky
And the world's blue ends.

The white wind has caught me
Into his swaying arms:
We shall dance across the hills
And woods and fields and farms—
Into the sky behind the hills
Over the furthest sea
We shall go, for we are friends—
The wind loves me.

One woman in a hundred knows this secret

—and she is the envy of all the rest

In every gathering there is always one girl who attracts the attention of everybody.

And she isn't always the most beautiful woman there, either. But her hair is so exquisite—so full of life and radiance that it makes her seem different from all the rest.

And because she knows her hair is perfect—she really is different from all the rest.

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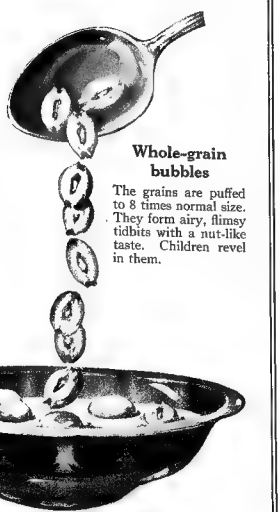

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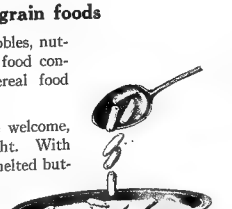

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

1670

THE HOUSE SELZJIORD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

splendid fury, bare-handed, irresistible, that bore down upon that threat, that bodied pollution.

He stood outside the screen, the tears of balked desire dripping from his jowl. It was not the frail barrier of net that kept him there; it was Elsa—Elsa who had ousted him with a suddenness and power beyond his understanding. With Elsa's eyes on him, he slunk out of sight.

She turned. Lars stood in the door of the living-room. On his face was an expression she did not know, but under it she felt suddenly restored. Over his thumb and forefinger was stretched a bit of lace, a thing of cobweb fineness and design. He was self-conscious, incoherent for the first time in her knowledge of him.

"Elsa —"

She waited with new instinct.

"Elsa—I meant not to let you be frightened"

With a knowledge born of pain she let him say it all. He came toward her, reached out his arms for her.

"Elsa, I have slept outside the door—I did not leave you alone——"

Still that silence. Was it only one night? "Have you been keen?" she demanded fiercely.

"Which—who—?" he asked, dazed. But she didn't answer. She reached out and touched the bit of lace.

"But for one t'ing," she said with slow fury, "but for one t'ing I murr—der dat *fördömda fögel* and feed heem to you! He have not seen his babies!"

"Elsa," he choked. "When I saw that little cap in his claw——"

"That is before one night."

"Please, dear—Elsa—ill—forgive."

It was enough. Elsa warmed her hands in the ruddy tangle of hair.

"I am glad you brreng back the liddle cap," she murmured. "It is the first one we need for little Bergliot."

ALL THE DISCOMFORTS OF HOME

By MONTANYE PERRY

SHE was rushing toward the office when I met her.

"Sorry I can't stop a minute," she gasped, as she dashed by. "But I've been late three mornings in succession." Then over her shoulder came back one of Janet's whimsical speeches, "You see I'm enjoying all the discomforts of home!"

I wondered as I continued my own leisurely walk just what was the matter with Janet. Last year I happened to spend a month in a Western city where she had a very comfortable and lucrative position. A number of times I dined in the comfortable home where she was one of three "paying guests." One I spent the night there. Often I called at her office and sat for a few minutes while she tied the loose ends of the day's work.

I had been greatly impressed by Janet's efficiency. Her calm, methodical ways of working, her clear-cut decisions, her habit of arriving at every appointment cool and unflurried, exactly on time, had been quite marvelous to my easy-going and undisciplined self.

And now Janet's firm had opened an office here in her home-town and mine, she had been given a chance to take charge of it, and we had all rejoiced because "it will be so nice for Janet to be able to live at home with her family."

Of course it was nice, and yet—why was the girl so rushed and flurried? Why should she be late three mornings? What lay behind that laughing remark about "all the discomforts of home"? I resolved to pay Janet's family a visit. With the privilege of old friendship I dropped in that evening just before dinner.

Janet was late and we sat down without her. We were half through the meal when she came in, looking very tired. Mother kissed her and inquired (in the same breath whether she had remembered to stop at the cleaner's that morning. Yes, she had remembered (I thought of her lateness). Also she had bought the gloves for sister Nell in her lunch-hour. And she had not forgotten to telephone to the bank.

Her soup was brought in and she trailed along behind us through the rest of the meal. "She is late so many times," Mother complained, "it spoils her dinner and the maid frets about it."

"Did Norah press my things?" Janet asked.

"I'm sorry, dear, but she didn't get time. Those heavy ones and she simply had to can them right away. But the irons are hot and you can do it yourself in a few minutes." Then, to me, "The dear child has been away from home so long she has forgotten what it is to feel free to go into the kitchen and do anything for herself."

OVER her mother's head Janet flashed me a little smile, half rueful, half amused. Suddenly I understood. All the discomforts of home! I spoke of this to Janet when we walked to the car with me.

"I feel like an ungrateful beast," she said, "and yet it is true that living at home makes things infinitely harder for me. Mother is the dearest thing in the world. She would give her very life for me. But she never went to business. Neither did Nell. They can not possibly understand why the ten minutes spent in doing an errand or the extra strain of remembering to do it should make any difference in my day. If I can't stop at a store when I am going right past it, or telephone to somebody when I have a phone right at my elbow all day, I am very disobliging. I can quite see how it looks to them.

"Mother can not understand why I should want to pay Norah for pressing my things. It ought to be just a little diversion to you to do your own pressing, after using your head all day,' says Mother. And I ought to *like* the home feeling of helping with the dishes on Norah's night out. If there are callers I am rude if I don't feel like staying down-stairs until they leave, whether it is nine o'clock or midnight.

"If I am late to a meal it worries Mother. If I phone that I have work to finish and will dine down-town, Mother has made my favorite pudding and she is so disappointed! If I bring a friend home unexpectedly Mother is hospitable, of course, but she is sorry she didn't know it so she could have done something extra for me. I've grown out of the habit of having my every-day comings and goings so important. But I can't bear to hurt Mother's feelings. It is sweet of her to want to cook what I like and fuss up for my company.

"I'm late in the morning because Nell has gone in to bathe first, without stopping to think that she doesn't have to be down-town at nine as I do; or because she fire went out overnight and the water is cold; or because Norah has forgotten the towels; or because breakfast is late for some perfectly good reason. It all sounds horrid—I really love my family! But you see how it is?"

I SAW. As I think it over I know that the thing Janet suffers from is the lack of common business honesty in families. Harsh, but true. For Janet now pays exactly the same sum for her board and room that she paid to the stranger with whom she lived in the Western city. But to the stranger Janet was a business proposition.

It was a matter of cold business to the stranger to see that her guests *always* had hot water in the morning, that the meals were on time, that whatever the maid agreed to do was done promptly and satisfactorily. If Janet missed a meal and her favorite pudding, why, that was Janet's loss, and no one grieved or worried. If Janet brought a guest, she paid for the extra meal, and all was serene. And as for expecting a "paying guest" to do errands or entertain chance callers—impossible! So the house of the stranger gave to its guests the peace and freedom from demands which the business woman or man so sorely needs at home.

I am far from being a defender of the girl who, because she goes to business, expects the whole household to be subservient to her while she does nothing at all in return, or pays a fraction of what her living would cost outside of her home. But the business girl who pays to her family what she would pay to a stranger should get as much as the stranger would give for her money.

Only yesterday I met a young friend who was starting on her vacation. "Going home?" I asked.

She shook her head. "I want to, but I simply must have a complete rest: lie in bed until I feel like getting up; take long tramps all alone, sit by myself in the out-of-doors and dream and doze and get my mind and body all made over. One can't do that with one's family—not if one loves them as I love my family.

"Last year I went home for two weeks. I helped Mother put up fifty quarts of fruit. Of course she protested, but she would not let me hire a girl to help while I was home, as I wished to, and I can't lie in a hammock under the apple-trees while my mother works in a hot kitchen. If I didn't come down to breakfast Dad was disappointed, because he wouldn't see me until evening. And my brother had planned millions of parties and things for me, bless his heart! And I loved it all—but I *needed* rest! My chief actually scolded me because I looked 'fagged' when I went back to work."

What's the answer to all this? It would take a very wise person to settle the whole subject. But one thing is sure: Family life must always be a relationship of give and take. If every one honestly tries to give as much as he or she takes it will go a long way toward eliminating the discomforts of home.

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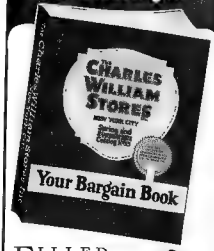

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THE WOMAN ON THE TERRACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

After that two events seemed to happen as tho they were timed. The woman laughed, and the infuriated American lunged toward her; but Monsieur Jonquelle's foot caught his ankle with a swift outward turn, and the man plunged headlong on the terrace. He got a heavy fall, for all the vigor of the infuriated creature was in action.

WHAT followed seemed to attend with an equal swiftness. The two footmen of the Princess Kitzenzof were over the prostrate figure. Instantly his hands and feet were secured; a gag was in his mouth, and they had removed him.

It was all like a flawless scene in a drama, rehearsed to a perfection of detail. In thirty seconds it was ended.

"Monsieur," said the woman in the chair, "you are very clever, and your agents are perfect."

She did not move during the whole violence of the scene, and her voice was now in no whit changed. It was the same detached, unemotional voice. She removed her hands from the arms of the chair and extended them, the slender wrists together.

"Do you wish me, also, to accept the *gage d'amour* of the *Service de la Sûreté?*"

Monsieur Jonquelle did not at once reply.

He went back to his chair. He lighted a cigaret, and he remained for some moments like a man at ease. Then he spoke.

"Tell me, madam," he said, "why did you destroy this house in the Faubourg St. Germain?"

The woman replaced her hands on the arms of the chair.

"Monsieur," she said, "at the end of life, in the face of a death that is inevitable, I have suddenly come to realize a thing that has been an inscrutable mystery to me."

She extended her hand, on which was a plain, narrow, worn, gold band.

"This bracelet," she said, "worth, perhaps, a dozen francs, was given to me by Paul Verlain, a boy who loved me. He was killed at the Marne."

She moved her hand, taking up an immense necklace of pearls, matched and priceless, that hung almost to her knees.

"This necklace," she said, "was given me by Count de Lamare. He was killed in the great allied advance on the Somme."

She extended her hand to include the place about her.

"This villa," she said, "was given me by the Marquis de Nord. He died at Verdun."

She paused.

"Monsieur," she said, "I, a child of Montmartre, an apache, called 'Casque d'Or' from the effect of my yellow hair, which I had been taught to put up as tho it were the head-dress of Minerva; I, who had faith in nothing, realized that these men—Paul Verlain, who loved me, and who also loved life; Count de Lamare, who loved me, and who also loved pleasure; the Marquis de Nord, who loved me, and who also loved power—these men loved something other than me, or life, or pleasure, or power; loved it infinitely more; loved it beyond any measure of comparison, for they left these things and went eagerly to death for it.

"I thought about it, monsieur. It obsessed me."

SHE suddenly rose as with a single gesture, as tho she had been lifted to her feet by invisible hands

"Then suddenly, monsieur, with a flash of vision on that night when I was alone in the house in the Faubourg St. Germain, I understood this thing—I saw that the work in which Monsieur Dillard was engaged—that the prints with which the house was literally filled—would help to destroy the very thing which these men, Paul Verlain, Count de Lamare, and the Marquis de Nord, had given their lives to save."

She spoke with a sudden, eager vigor.

"It would help to destroy France—and, therefore, I took a candle in my hand and burned it. Do you know what the valuable prints were with which this house in the Faubourg St. Germain was crowded on that night?"

"I do," replied Monsieur Jonquelle. "Or I should not have taken these elaborate precautions to secure the American, Dillard.

"The house in the Faubourg St. Germain was packed with counterfeit notes of all the high-denomination paper currency of the French Republic, printed, by this man, from plates etched by the German engraver, Wagenheim of Munich."

DID you see the prize offer on Page 1 of this issue? One Hundred Dollars for the most interesting and helpful letters sent in on the vital question "What is Wrong with Our Public Schools?" Contest closes on March 20th.

Keep Growing Children in Ruddy Health Look to their iron supply.

To Give Cereals An Almost Magical Attraction

for children who should eat them every day

WE ask you to *try a new way* to make children like good cereals—a way to make them *ask* for foods which they now may push away.

A way to *add* more healthfulness to these body-building dishes, while giving them a new and almost magical appeal.

The way is through delicious raisins—a rare health-food in themselves, *but regarded by the little folks like sweetmeats.*

The raisins change the entire dish—from a *duty* to a treat.

Try it on your children. See how quickly they observe a new, delightful difference in that food.

Raisins should go with cereals for more than merely flavor.

Rich in *food-iron*, raisins help to form red corpuscles for the blood—to maintain vitality, and guard against disease. A child needs but a tiny bit of iron daily, yet that need is *vital* to real health.

Being mainly pure fruit-sugar, in practically predigested form, raisins place no burden on digestion. Their mildly laxative effect still further improves each dish.

So, in choosing your foods for children, don't forget these benefits.

Above all, the *vital iron* value of the raisin.

Raisins can save you the burden of the daily "forcing" of some foods—and greatly benefit the child.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Sun-Maid Raisins are the finest California table grapes, dried in the sun.

Packed in a great, modern, glass-walled, sanitary plant in California. Clean, sweet, wholesome—the kind you know are good.

Seeded, Blue package (*seeds removed*) best for pies or bread; Seedless, Red package (*grown without seeds*) best for stewing; Clusters (*on the stem*) an ever ready dessert.

Raisins are 30 per cent cheaper than formerly—see that you get plenty in your foods.

Red package (seedless), best for stewing

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"Baby's Clothes are the real test—

"Isn't it lovely?" My friend held up a child's sheer muslin dress, clean, fresh and sweet. "I have laundered it a dozen times, and I declare, it looks better after each washing.

"I do the dainty things myself," she continued, "although I'm no expert. I explain my good results with just one word, a name everyone knows, 'Larkin.'

"The real test of any laundry product is a baby's clothes. First, they are delicate and fine, and won't stand strong soaps or rough treatment. Second, the kiddies' garments go to the wash much more soiled, as a rule, than most things.

"Years ago I found that Larkin Sweet Home Soap washes the children's clothes perfectly. Naturally I use this famous old soap for all our clothing and linens."

Larkin Laundry Products make Monday a happy day

Larkin Sweet Home Family Soap, a mild, pure, yellow soap, familiar to three generations of housewives, comes in bars for ordinary use, in fine flakes for the washer. It is just one of the complete line of well-known Larkin Laundry Products.

Larkin Boraxine Soap Powder. Of greatest convenience in the laundry, also unequalled for dish-washing and general cleaning.

Larkin Gloss Starch. Perfectly pure corn starch. There is none better.

By the cooperative Larkin Plan Larkin Products are shipped direct from Factory to Family. They afford substantial savings compared with similar articles sold the ordinary retail way.

It's easy, convenient to buy Larkin Products through the Larkin Secretary in your neighborhood, who is ready and glad to serve you. Let her explain the Larkin Plan, and fill your orders.

New Larkin Spring Catalog No. 149 fully describing the money-saving Larkin Plan, free on request.

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G. P. 450

LARKIN PRODUCTS

There's a LARKIN SECRETARY in your neighborhood

HAVE WE STYLES IN COAL?

Let's Start the Fashion to Try a New One Now and Then

By HANNAH MITCHELL

I SUPPOSE that when you first started keeping house you consulted mother or some other experienced person who was interested in your happiness. Having a perfectly good garden variety of furnace and range, you were told to buy stove coal, and you did so. Nor is there any objection to that. But when the demand became greater and during the season when it was at its maximum, thousands of you housekeepers were asking for stove coal, and when the dealers could not supply it you refused to be satisfied with something just as good. For once you were wrong.

I know a dealer who was at his wit's end to supply orders for stove coal, while in his yard the bins on either side of those assigned to "stove," altho they contained lumps only a degree larger or smaller, were heaped high. His customers refused to have any coal unless the lumps were the exact size to which they were accustomed.

In another community there may be an excessive demand for "chestnut" or for "egg." The calls appear almost faddish, and yet we have never thought of ourselves as having styles in coal.

Experimenting with fire-building and her Winter supply of coal may not appeal to the housewife who wants to make sure that her children are comfortable in the coldest weather. But along in the Spring when the pile in the cellar begins to dwindle and the weather is so mild that you are not utterly dependent upon the furnace, it might be worth while to try some new styles in coal. At the end of the season it is usually necessary to buy an extra ton or so, just to tide over. Suppose you do this before whatever large size you have in the cellar is completely gone. And let the new order be for coal of a small size. The lessons from this Spring experimenting should simplify your coal-ordering for next year.

Anthracite coal is divided into certain sizes, the division being three times greater than Cæsar found in Gaul. Now, these nine sizes are all the same as to quality. They all come out of the same mine.

I remember a question one of my friends asked as we were passing a load of anthracite.

"I wonder," she asked, "if it comes out of the ground in those nice, neat little lumps?"

At that time I did not know, but I shall answer her now.

"No, Agnes, it most certainly does not."

I have seen anthracite as it came out of the mine; it is then a mass of lumps of various sizes, mixed with dust and waste. The breaker, or colliery, which is more than half the establishment of any anthracite mine, does the work of preparing and sorting it into those "nice, neat little lumps." As has been said many times, anthracite coal is more a manufactured product than a natural one.

Every Size Has Its Name

THE names of the sizes, beginning with the largest on the market, are broken, egg, stove, chestnut, pea, and four smaller sizes, the largest of which are known as buckwheat, rice, and barley. Chestnut goes through a 1⅝-inch screen, pea through a ⅞-inch screen, and buckwheat through a 9/16-inch screen. These figures show how little difference there is in the comparative size.

Like the five first-named sizes of anthracite, the buckwheat sizes give a clean, smokeless fire and are safe to store in large quantities. They are, moreover, much cheaper than the sizes usually sold for domestic use, because they are put on the market to compete with soft or bituminous coal. The fact that the small sizes, if sold at all, must be sold below the cost of production, is one of the factors in boosting the prices on the larger and more popular sizes. Out of every one hundred tons of coal mined, forty-nine of the finished product are buckwheat sizes.

In a few of our large schools of home economics, instruction is given in the use of fuel. One of the most advanced in this line is the Framingham Normal School at Framingham, Mass. And there the thoroughness of instruction in the uses and economics of fuel is due principally to the interest of one man, Frederic W. Howe. Mr. Howe has recently become head of the School of Household Science and Arts at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

In both the chemistry and cooking courses at Framingham the uses of coal are taught. Anthracite is taught from the ground "out," one might almost say: the division into sizes; the variation in qualities in the different fields; its advantages in saving laundry bills and in housecleaning and in giving a clean, hot fire.

"I have been interested in the matter of fuel values a long time," said Mr. Howe, "and there was a most competent engineer at Framingham a man who was interested in the subject of fuel values. From him I learned a great deal that was practical as well as scientific. Not only did I put these findings into use in the school; I found them most practical in my own home.

"When people say it is impossible to bother with more than one size of coal in the home they are short-sighted. It is perfectly practicable and no more work than confining oneself to one size of coal. In my home I had four bins, the space amounting to little more than the space ordinarily taken by one bin. I used four sizes of anthracite—pea, nut, stove, and egg. And I used them for different purposes, not all mixed together."

"But didn't you have trouble using the small sizes in the ordinary furnace?" I asked. "It is taken for granted by many people that the ordinary grate does not take pea coal."

"I found the pea coal indispensable for the proper heating of my home," Mr. Howe replied. "It is far better for banking fires than ashes. It is particularly good when you want a hot fire for a short time. I used pea, nut, and stove in the kitchen range, the kind I used depending on the kind of fire I wanted. In the furnace I used more stove than any other kind. Egg is all right in very cold weather. For mild weather when you want to keep the fire in the furnace going the small sizes are the best. I know from experiment that a small fire can be kept for a day and a half without shaking or any other attention if it is made of the small-sized coal. In bitter weather, however, I used pea coal only for banking."

Home-makers Study Coal Values

SO FROM a man who was interested enough in his work to make his home a laboratory, the home-makers-to-be at Framingham learned considerable about coal. If the American housewife is the home manager that she ought to be she will at least know all about the business of coal-buying and coal values, even tho she may not have to exercise her knowledge very often.

Returning to the advantage of small sizes in anthracite for home use, maximum heating is demanded with relative inefficiency in the home. Just consider how many days of the coal-burning year you do not need the hottest, most roaring fire of which your furnace is capable. Pea coal can be used to advantage as the regular fuel in the home, either by itself or mixed with chestnut in furnaces, and heaters, in kitchen ranges or laundry stoves, and for banking furnace and range fires at night. Buckwheat No. 1 can be used for laundry and other small stoves with close grates, and is particularly well adapted for banking fires at night. It is cheaper than pea coal and sells at the mines at about half the price of egg, stove, and nut coal.

The greater economy is obtained through the use of a mixture of the larger and smaller sizes in the regular operation of your stove or furnace, just as the Fuel Administration recommended. Don't make the mistake of having the different sizes thrown in the same bin. In such case you would get irregular mixtures and probably unsatisfactory results.

In the case of a hot-air furnace, burning egg coal, a mixture of egg and pea coal or egg and buckwheat coal, if the grate is not too coarse, can be used with good results in all except the most extremely cold weather. The fire can be replenished with separate shovelfuls, one of egg, one of pea, and then another of egg. As Mr. Howe said, in mild weather the pea or buckwheat alone can be used for days at a time.

There are of course specially constructed heaters in which the smallest sizes can be used all the time and produce heavy fires for cold days. However, these furnaces are another story. What I am recommending is a greater knowledge on the subject of coal to the housewife before she puts in her next supply and the use of smaller sizes where possible for the sake of economy and efficiency.

We have the word of coal men that you need have no fear of any scarcity in the supply of buckwheat coal. The domestic sizes can not be produced without the smaller sizes. At present the quantity of buckwheat coal available for domestic heating is at least ten times the quantity that is used for that purpose.

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will eat almost anything that tastes good

But you know that you must satisfy his hungry appetite with food that means his health and happiness and future well-being.

We, as makers of foods, share your responsibility for the health of your youngsters. It is a sobering responsibility. It makes purity and goodness a matter of principle to us.

Every one of our loyal workers feels in honor bound to prepare Heinz foods just as carefully as you prepare things in your own kitchen for your own children to eat.

H. J. Heinz Company

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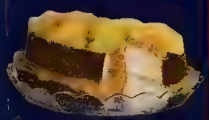
Sealdsweet Grapefruit

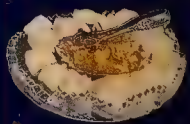
A TOUCH of semi-tropic sunshine for your winter breakfast table, *Sealdsweet* grapefruit will chase gloom from body and mind.

They re-awaken dormant appetites, render available to the system healthful elements of other foods and supply the energy that makes work a pleasure.

Interest in the morning meal awakens with the first taste of a *Sealdsweet* grapefruit. Luncheons and dinners are new joys when grapefruit are served in some of the many interesting ways that give variety to their appeal to the palate.



Sealdsweet Grapefruit and Orange Shortcake



Sealdsweet Orange Marshmallows

Sealdsweet Grapefruit Cocktail

Sandwiches with Sealdsweet Grapefruit or Orange Filling

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MINCU

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aside, so, so." But it was only so that Mincu could look across the room and see his daughter. "Why did the boyar do that? What did he expect then?

"God! Give the boy strength," Lica muttered. "The boyar wants to destroy my son." While this was going on, while Mincu looked across the room with big blue eyes, the white-trousered, bespangled Austrian officer was sitting near Jonescu's daughter. He tried to talk to her, but her eyes were fastened on Mincu. Of a sudden the hussar got up from his seat, and before any one had had time to move he had struck Mincu over the mouth with his fist. The women screamed. The men tumbled one over the other. A shot was heard. When the smoke had cleared Mincu was on the floor, bleeding. Why did I not fear that hussar to pieces? Why did Lica not plunge his knife into him? We are Tziganies. We are ready to fight any man of our own kind. But the other kind has been our master for ever so long. The law is on their side. They made it. What do we know about the law! A white man strikes. A white man kills. A white man imprisons.

Mincu was bleeding on the floor. Thank God he was not dead. The bullet had only torn sidewise the flesh of his breast. The boyar's lady was pulling Jonescu away from near the boy. He had torn his shirt to stanch the blood and was crying like a baby. Mincu opened his eyes and smiled. We bundled him up and took him home, to our camp, along the Pruth. There we called Miora, and she, with her salves and incantations, began to heal his wound.

How did Veta learn of the whole affair? Have women a secret of their own which men do not know? They get to know things men keep hidden from them. You kiss a woman a thousand miles away from home and your wife knows it. They must have a secret we men know nothing about. For there never were any men witches. Women alone know the incantations. They alone can read the sand on the shores and the molten lead, and the bottom of your cup. Veta knew all that had happened altho no one had told her—unless Pietracke, who loved her and whom she spurned.

AND while Miora was attending to the wound the bullet had made, Veta asked her,

"Miora, Mama Miora! Heal the other one. The deeper one than the one made by the man. Heal the wound two almond-shaped black eyes have made. Of this here wound you are healing him he will not die. But of the other one—Miora, heal the other one. And if you want to give my soul to Beelzebub afterward, you can give it."

"Hush," and Miora stuffed the girl's mouth with her bony fist. For two weeks Mincu lay in bed. Then one day the boyar himself arrived in the troika pulled by three black "muscat" stallions, and asked to see the boy.

Mincu was sitting up already. Boyar Jonescu was only shook hands with him, but kissed him on the cheek.

"I must not tarry here, Mincu. My wife must not know. But one thing I will tell you. Next time you meet a hussar, don't wait until he shoots. And another thing, Mincu. I will tell *her* I have seen you. She is to marry him in two weeks from now, if you will let them."

That's the kind of man Jonescu was. He hated that hussar and loved his daughter. But he was afraid of his wife. She was a Frantzuzca, not a Roumanian, and when she began to scream, to yell, to thump her feet, the whole "curte" was hiding and afraid. That's how life is. Only little, scrawny men can fight women. But a big man can't. And Boyar Jonescu was a big, strong man.

No sooner was the boyar gone than Mincu called Miora near his bed

"I must get well soon, Miora," he said. "Tell me what to do."

"If you only keep quiet for a few days," Miora answered.

So he kept quiet. He did not move. He did not speak. And what Miora said was law.

A week later he was on his feet. The eyes just a little deeper in the sockets. The mouth a little drawn, but handsomer than ever.

Veta approached to talk to him.

"I want to be alone," he told her, not without kindness in his voice. He took walks along the river, wading in the snow over his knees. He went sleigh-driving and even horseback-riding all by himself a day or so later.

COLOR came back to his cheeks and vigor to his limbs. On Saturday evening he took the violin and played. I must not forget how he played, for it was the last time I heard him play, and ever since I have given up my own playing. I am now, as you know, selling and buying horses. They used to say I was the best "cymbalon"-player in the Bukkans. They used to say that and I believed it. But after I had heard Mincu play that evening I went home, tore out the wires of my "cymbalon," and threw the works into the fire. And if Pietru and the others have not done likewise, and it is well they have not, it is only because they were not half as good on their instruments as I was on mine. It's because they did not fully grasp what and how Mincu played. In one stroke of the bow he packed more dances than there are rays of the sun. More sorrow, more joy than the world has ever known.

Why should I, who could not do as well, play? I sell horses now, as you well know. A horse you buy and you sell. When you like the horse you ask more money from the buyer. And if you like the right kind of a horse you get the money when a man who knows horses comes along. And if you don't like the right kind you wait until a buyer, who also does not like the right kind of a horse, comes along, and it's all over. But playing the "cymbalon" or the violin is a different thing. You either know or you don't.

That was Saturday after Boboteazu, the Feast of the Baptist. They had to chop three feet deep of ice before they struck water for the holy vase. It was

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The Author of Mincu

KONRAD BERCOVICI

KONRAD BERCOVICI lives in New York. He is a Roumanian, a husband, and the father of two grown boys. As a child he lived on the shores of the Danube, where his father kept open house for the Gipsy tribes that camped on his thousand acres. He followed the caravans of his Gipsy friends and learned their ways and wisdom. In the company of other Roumanian youths he was sent to Paris to complete his education. He became an accomplished pianist, but playing in public grew such a trial that he gave up music for literature. He learned to write, and, according to the critics of this country—to write extremely well. One of them has said that to truth and nature he has married legend and beauty; another that he has done for the Gipsies what Homer has done for the Greeks.

"Mincu" is the second of a series of Gipsy tales in PICTORIAL REVIEW.

How One Writes a Story

BUT have you a story to write? By that I mean, recalling something that has happened in one's own life and making it the basis of a story. Once one is in possession of a central idea, the rest will come, if one is a born story-teller. But one must not wait for a whole story to happen just so and write it down just as it happened. True stories are seldom artistic.

Sitting at my fireplace, I can write a good deal better about Summer and its beauties, its greenswards and poppy-fields, the brooklets running through the forests and the daisies swaying along the shores, birds singing, and colored butterflies sobbing through the air with their throbbing little wings. I can do it much better sitting at my fireside than in the Summer sitting on my porch, and watching those very things happen before my nose. I can write about snowstorms and frozen rivers and wolves howling. One generally writes humorous stories either when in bad health or when ill-disposed. The most tragic and tempestuous stories were generally written by men and women whose health left very much to be desired.

But it is a hard trade—the story-teller's. It always was. The early minstrels complained of it. When they had a small audience they would not have enough bread. When they had a large audience there always happened to be some one who took offense at some part of the story, convinced that the minstrel had meant him, that some enemy had betrayed him, and that some one was sure to take his revenge.

It happens to-day. One is bound to touch some one's sensibilities. Yet if I had to be born again and were asked what I would like to be in life, I am sure I would not hesitate to say "A Story-teller."

KONRAD BERCOVICI.

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MINCU

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cold—cold. Sunday Mincu dressed his best and asked Lica to give him a few gold pieces.

The father opened his "kimir" and emptied it all in the boy's hands. "Take it all."

Then they kissed, embraced, and Mincu left for town. And joy and life left with him. "May God be with him," Lica prayed, and we prayed with him. The women did not know Mincu had left. Veta learned about it only a few hours later. She did not say a word. She did not weep. She did not cry. She bit her lips and narrowed her eyes, and when Stancu, who had attempted to make love to her before, came near her with mockery in his eyes, she spat at him and went to her tent. That's the kind of women our tribe breeds. Fiery and fierce. Mothers.

What did Mincu do? We knew it late that night when the boyar and a dozen gendarmes invaded our tent.

"He stole my four best horses harnessed to the swiftest sleigh," Boyar Jonescu bellowed. But he winked at me.

"Stole your horses, Mincu; stole your horses?" cried Lica.

"Yes, yes, and my daughter too."

The boyar must have winked at Lica as he spoke, because the old man ceased to moan.

"That's nothing," said the sergeant of the gendarmes. "But be shot a man. An Austrian officer at that, who was spurs operated the window while the feast was going on, shot the groom, lifted the bride out through the open window into the waiting sleigh, and drove away."

The gendarmes made believe they were looking for Mincu. Had the boyar not made arrangements with them the beasts would have beaten and arrested us all. They remained at the camp until daylight, prowling about, making believe they searched the woods.

"And was the Austrian hussar killed?" I asked the boyar. "Mincu owed him a bullet, Boyar Jonescu."

"He did. And he paid with interest. The Austrian was bleeding when I left, but I don't think he will die. How far is it from here to the frontier at Ircani?"

"A hundred kilometers," I answered.

"We must telegraph there," he told the sergeant, "that they should stop them."

But I know he was sure Mincu had hours before crossed the Russian frontier. And from what I learned, piecing together words and gestures, I understood he was not much worried about either the loss of his daughter or his horses and sleigh. But he was afraid of his Frantzusca wife. That's the kind of a man Boyar Jonescu was. He could fight the men. I myself have seen him fight barehanded a she-bear in the mountains. In the cold Winter mornings when the people went on wolf-hunts our boyar was the first one everywhere. His bullet always struck where he wanted it to strike. A sure eye. A sure hand. When it came to drinking and laughing there was no other boyar like him. But he was afraid of his wife; of that handful of spite and painted lips.

On the third day the troika and the stallions were at the gates of the boyar. Somebody had left them there. And on the seat was a letter from the boyar's beautiful daughter saying that she was very happy with Mincu. That he was taking her to Paris, to the land of the Franks. The boyar came to our camp and told us all that. He put his arms around Lica and called him "cumetru" and kissed him on the cheek.

"A great boy Mincu," he said. "He owed a man a bullet, so he paid him with interest! The dog of a hussar is not dead. He has gone home to his fatherland. My daughter has married a real man. My Frantzusca wife is going to Paris to bring her daughter back. She does not know the girl is a Jonescu. And when a Jonescu says 'yea' to a man it's forever."

SO IF the story had ended here there would be no complaint. A Gipsy married a boyar's daughter! Such things happen. Kings have married daughters of serfs and improved their blood. But right after Mincu's departure, at the wedding we were called to play, our boys, Marin, Costin, George, began to look at the brides as tho telling them, "Come, run away with me." The story of Mincu spread everywhere. The women and girls seemed to wait for one of our boys to run away with them.

Marin ran away with a boyar's wife to Bucharest, and they were both shot dead by her husband. Costin was caught by the brothers of a girl when he came down in the morning through her window, and was beaten to death. The women of boyars and merchants prowled about our camps and our boys prowled about the "curtes."

We could not get a band together. Nobody wanted to listen to the orders of Lica, who was our chief, when he thundered that they must not leave the camps without his permission.

"And your own son, your son Mincu?" they answered him, and did as they pleased. There soon remained no young man in Lica's tribe. The girls, our own girls, began to be lonesome and would no longer put on their gay dresses on Sundays. At Easter,

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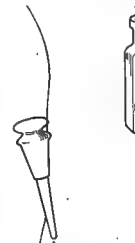
Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



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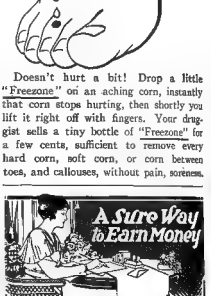

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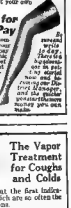

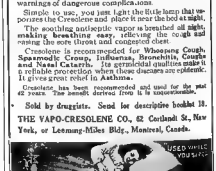

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when we always celebrated two and more weddings of our own; during the "Paparuda" days, when the girls are so beautiful, when they cover their hair with violets and braid silver threads in their tresses and put on the newly made shirts of "borangic"—home-made silk, there was not a single young man to break a painted egg with. Not one to kiss our girls' lips. Not a man to punch their bare arms. Nobody with whom to dance. And the white men, the peasants, the boyars did not come for our women. They hated us. They feared us. We were taking their women. Only their women-folk came for our men. Our men. They were gone to the four corners of the earth in less than a Summer.

What was to become of us? Wherever we moved our camp, it seemed as the the stones laughed at us. When we met other tribes they would not mingle with us. Our girls were like ghosts. The men morose. Then several of our younger married men began to search for adventure and tarried in the cities at night, hoping to find some boyar's daughter to run away with. The white people began to set the gendarmes on us. They were afraid. From the "curtes" where we used to play we were chased away. And even at the inns on Sundays, where we used to play for the dances, the innkeepers would not have us. "Your men throw a spell on the women. The peasants won't come to the dance on the green. Go elsewhere," we were told.

In Braila, which town is on the Danube, we met our Marcu, one of our best men; the first after Mincu to have left our tribe. He was dressed like a Roumanian and kept a store in the city—selling shoes and leather.

"Marcu!" I told him. "You a storekeeper?"

"My wife, daughter of a storekeeper, wants it so," he moaned. "It's worse yet for Sandu. He is a house servant. And still worse for Petracke, who ran away with Voda's daughter. She keeps him near her all the time. Has dressed him up like a boyar. It's a pity to see him. He had to learn to speak the Frank tongue, and she tells everybody he is a 'spanlol' from Spain."

Truly, truly, what was to become of us?

There remained nothing else but to throw ourselves in the Danube. End our life in the river, with our women and children and horses and carts. The tribe was being torn to shreds. Lica's tribe, which had been known to all the world, which had gone every year to Santa Maritsa. Lica's tribe, the oldest, the proudest, the best known from one end of the world to the other, was going to disappear.

THEN, before Winter had settled, we held "sfat" (council), and this is what was decided—that Lica and I go to find every one of our men and order them to come back to our camp with their wives if not otherwise.

Marcu answered, "If Mincu comes back, I will."

Sandu answered, "Why do you come to me? Gladly would I go back instead of hopping around here like a little lap-dog. When everybody has come back I run away to you and we cross some frontier. Ah! for the free life again! But first Mincu must come."

And so everybody answered us, "Mincu must come back first. There will be no tribe until Mincu returns."

We held "sfat" again, and it was decided Lica and I should go to the land of the Franks. We went to see Royar Jonescu first. "My Frantzeska died," he told us. "Get Mincu back and I too shall join your camp. Perhaps there is truth in what people say—that there is Gipsy blood in my veins!"

Lica bowed his head, for he knew of a certainty that such was the case. The boyar told us where to find his daughter and Mincu. Five days later we were at Mincu's farm in a little village in the land of the Spaniards. We rang the bell and waited. Lica's head was bowed and gray and his eyes red from much weeping. There had been so many beautiful fields and rivers to see, but he had not looked at any of them. "Why sorrowest thou?" I asked him one day.

"Because if there is other blood in him he may not care whether our tribe lives or not," he answered, "and I should then be the last chief—the last Lica—the last baroaan!"——"

I understood, and here we were, now, at the door, and we were soon to learn. Doubt bowed Lica's head even more. I was afraid lest he die after hearing yes, or no. There was a long embrace when the door opened. And she—O God! So beautiful! In a few minutes Lica had explained all to his son. He was anxious to hear the answer.

"What says your father?" Mincu's wife asked, because she did not understand Tzigany.

"He says that unless I come back to the tribe it will all go to pieces, like a barrel without staves. He says I must return to the tribe."

"And what is your mind?" she asked.

"To go. To take you and go. Your father will come with us. We shall all meet in the land of the Russians, near Kishinef."

"Where you go I go. What is your will is my will," she answered, and by that we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

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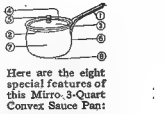

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Address.....

MINCU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

knew she was a Jonescu, with blood of ours in her veins. Our women do the man's bidding without cavil.

"Return home, Father. Get all our men together across the Pruth. I shall be there before the month is up," Mincu spoke.

We tarried at their house only one night. The following day we were on our way homeward. The fastest train was not fast enough. Lica became younger and stronger from hour to hour.

When we arrived at Braila and spoke to Marcu again he said he would run away the following day. He was sure his wife wouldn't come with him and he had had enough of house life. He wanted the camp, the feel of the wind coming under the tent, the screech of the axle, the crunching of dirt under the heavy wheels.

The same with Sandu, with Miron, with Stephan, and Pietracke. They were ready to join us if Mincu joined us again. Their wives wouldn't come. There was no use trying. We made appointments with all of them.

"Near Kishinef, at the eastern gate. Steal nothing from your home. With your clothes on your back and your instrument if you can. For we have to earn money. We have spent all our gold," we told them.

Having finished our errands, we returned to the Pruth camp. Lica, now younger than ever, went to see Boyar Jonescu to tell him the good news. I told our people what was to be done. We crossed the Pruth that very night.

"Hi, ha, mares, stallions! On to Kishinef," Lica called to his horses. "Hi, ha, run, run! Mincu is coming home. Mincu and Sandu and Marcu and Miron, and our tribe will be as strong as when I took it over from my old father. I shall be 'baronan' of a great tribe again." We drove on for two days. On the third our runaways began to arrive at the appointed place. And our girls already looked younger, having carmined and bathed and put on the best clothes. And as they came the young men kissed each one the girl as if he had only come from a week's trip. For the mothers had spoken to the girls. "Make no reproaches. Forget. As if he has never gone away."

OUR tribe was being soldered together. "There will be weddings on Christmas instead of at Easter," Lica whispered to me, laughing under his long mustache.

Early the following morning the boyar arrived. Hi, what a welcome! Boyar Jonescu in the dress of a Tzigany! Handsome. Handsome.

"Wait and see what my daughter will say when she sees me!" he laughed.

And we made merry. We danced and sang and drank wine, waiting for Mincu. The boyar liked wine.

"I'll marry one of your women," he told me. "I am a Tzigany now, like you, like the rest of us."

And while we drank and danced Mincu arrived with his wife.

What shall I say? How do you want me to tell you what happened? There is only one way of telling it, I think.

Mincu had forgotten that he had given Veta the sharpest dagger ever made. She was the first one to greet him. She put her lips up that he kiss them, and when he had kissed her—he died.

And perhaps he knew what would happen! For he was a true Gipsy and thought of his tribe!

SILVERSHINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

that huge dog, she felt, even tho he was always so contained. Never once had she seen him resent Peraux's brutal treatment, yet always she felt that resentment was there in the heart beneath the shaggy coat.

It made a little prickle of goose-flesh rise on her soft skin to imagine what it would be like if the great leader should loose himself from his dignified control.

Those yellow eyes would have visioned them mad with rage, black with distended pupils.

Once Peraux stopped the team to fix a loosened strap, and Silvershine looked back across his shoulder.

The woman on the sledge smiled and raised a mittened hand, and the husky pointed his sharp ears. That was all, but the same electric flash passed between them that had passed that first day when Linda stood at the window of her father's store. It was as if the human heart spoke to the wild one in some subtle and comprehensive language and was answered. Then Peraux, smiling alertly with an odd glitter, like excitement, in his eyes, came back to his post, spoke once, cracked his whip with a bitter snap, and they were off again.

They made the twenty miles back to Peraux's well-worked trail almost in silence. Once he had leaned down with a hand laid lightly on her shoulder under its heavy furs, and Linda had looked up, frowning.

"The cold—you are of sufficient comfort, Ma'amselle?" he asked.

"Very comfortable, thank you," the girl answered shortly.

The low-hanging clouds, heavy with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

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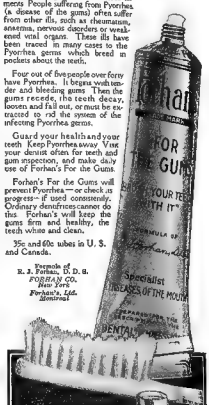

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SILVERSHINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

snow, had stilled the bitter wind. So they ran on, swiftly, lightly, and she fell to wondering at the speed and endurance of both the man and the dogs.

Their fame was well founded.

The snow had begun to fall when they reached the true trail, and as they swung into it, Linda leaned forward with a sharp word.

"Peraux," she said, "stop! You are turning the wrong way! Where are your wits? The landing is south."

"Your pardon, Ma'amselle," said Peraux respectfully, "but the Indian's cabin lies two miles back an' to the west."

True. In her thoughts of home and Pierre she had forgotten that she had a right to spend before she reached her father's roof.

The team hesitated, all but stopped, for the leader swung away to the south according to his duty, and with a whispered oath Peraux unfurled that bitter whip and sent it whining forward. The tiny lash, unspeakably sharp, like a knife, took the tip of Silvershine's left ear—and at the spurt of blood that followed Linda knew with deep anger why those pointed ears were fringed and ragged!

Without a yelp or a cringe the splendid animal whirled in his tracks, fairly jerking his team with him, and swung directly away from the direction where lay their usual goal. Back toward the north they went at a run, unquestioning, their plumy tails waving, their haunches straining, their heads down under the sifting snow.

It was pretty work, she thought—pretty work. Peraux was nothing if not master of his dogs. And yet she thought of that look she had caught in the leader's eyes twice now—that look of a common understanding with herself, a common hatred.

SHE settled low under her furs and watched the white curtain becoming thicker over the landscape.

It was filling the trail already—how soon and completely it would cover all trace of their journey. At that thought she sat up suddenly, her blue eyes flashing comprehensively over every landmark in sight. They had turned from the old trail now and were bearing away to the west, with the dogs floundering in the unbroken snow.

It was still far from night, and she thought swiftly that the Indian's cabin must be a long way in from the trail.

"Peraux," she said suddenly, "if this cabin is so far in how will you make it out and down the long journey to the landing, all in the day, to-morrow?"

The man laughed, and she fancied there was an odd note in his laughter, a subtle sound of triumph, of excitement.

"Thees dog, Ma'amselle," he said, "she's dam' fine dogs. Run all day lak dat—run all night eef Peraux say so."

But Linda was not at ease, and she sat in troubled silence as the snow-shrouded miles drew back. The light faded early, and night came down upon them at last. There was no cessation of the efforts of the team, no whimper of weariness. They plowed ahead like the perfect machines they were, would so plow until they dropped, for they knew from experience that the dropping would be worse than the effort. Hour after hour passed, and Linda's hands were clasped tightly together in their mittens. Peraux directed Silvershine by word and whip this way and that, and she knew that they were in thick woods. She could hear the "whish" of the snow on every side falling through the branches of the fira and spruces.

And then, when she was cramped and weary from long sitting in the narrow sledge, the dogs stopped so suddenly that she nodded forward with the arrested impetus.

"At las'," said Peraux from somewhere in the darkness behind, "we arrive, Ma'amselle."

She looked sharply around, but could see nothing. There was no light anywhere.

The Canuck came and touched her shoulder.

"Come," he said, "you first. The dogs can wait."

He loosened the robes about her and deliberately picked her up in his arms.

"I can walk," she said decisively; "put me down, Peraux."

But he went forward through the snow, and she felt the great strength of his body as he moved. He put out a hand and she heard it touch a surface. He raised a latch, opened a door, and stepped inside. The still numbness of sudden, illuminating fear flooded all over the girl's body with little prickles, like creeping death. She knew instinctively, even before he set her down and lighted a candle on a table, that the cabin was empty.

There was no fire on the hearth—no person in the dead, cold room. The Indian, the wife—the children—they were mythe, non-existent.

She was alone—lost in a deserted cabin miles and miles from all human knowledge—alone with Peraux. Peraux the big, the cruel, the vandal among women!

When the man by the table straightened up and looked at her, smiling beneath his small mustache, he met two blue eyes blazing at him in the flickering candle-light with such rage and understanding that any explanation was unnecessary.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83

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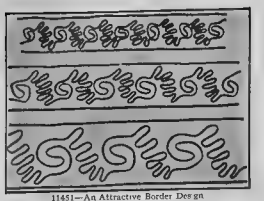
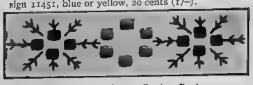


11451—An Attractive Border Design

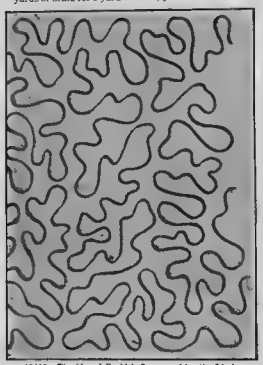
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 11451, blue or yellow, 20 cents (1/-).



12095—Embroidery or Beading Border

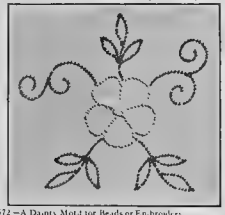
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12095, blue or yellow, supplies 3 yards of 1¼-inch border, 20 cents (1/-). This is a very decorative design for trimming children's garments, in colored embroidery, beads or wool in outline and satin stitches.

The braiding design 11451 supplies 2 yards each of borders 1½, 2 and 3 inches deep. To braid the 2- and 3-inch borders 8 yards are required, and 7 yards of braid for 1 yard of the 1½-inch border.



12425—The Use of Braid is Sponsored by the Mode

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12425, blue or yellow, 75 cents (3/6), supplies 3 yards of braiding border 14 inches deep and a yoke design to match. The yoke motif requires 6¾ yards of braid; one yard of border requires 22 yards.



12572—A Dainty Motif for Beads or Embroidery

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12572, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), supplies four motifs 7½ by 7½ inches and six motifs 4¾ by 6 inches, also 3½ yard of beading or darning-stitch border. The smaller motifs are best applied to blouses while the larger one may trim the skirt.

The Pictorial Review Company's Crocheting Directions No. 254 A-B-C-D, 20 cents (1/-). The filet camisole yoke No. 254 D is unusual in design, and its simplicity makes it very appealing. It is made of No. 40 crochet cotton with a No. 10 crochet hook.

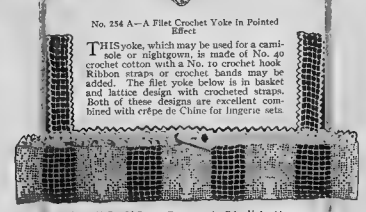
The Pictorial Review Company's Crocheting Directions No. 253 A-B, 15 cents (9d.). The scarf end No. 253-A shown in the center boasts a triangle of filet crochet work in a graceful basket design, the flowers and leaves and handle conforming harmoniously to the three-cornered shape of this attractive and dainty motif.

An attractive set of breakfast linens is No. 253-B. Hemstitching and filet crochet combine to give it a lightness of effect and a charm that is very unusual. The filet is made with No. 100 crochet cotton and a No. 14 crochet hook.

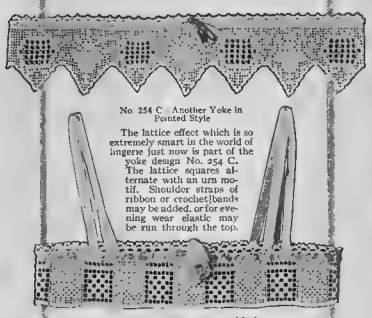
FILET CROCHET DESIGNS BY ANNE CHAMPE

No. 254 A—A Filet Crochet Yoke in Pointed Effect

THIS yoke, which may be used for a camisole or nightgown, is made of No. 40 crochet cotton with a No. 10 crochet hook. Ribbon straps or crochet bands may be added. The filet yoke below is in basket and lattice design with crocheted straps. Both of these designs are excellent combined with crêpe de Chine for lingerie sets.

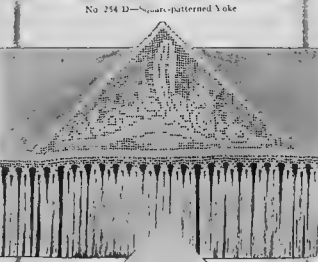


No. 254 B Of Pretty Design is the Filet Yoke Above

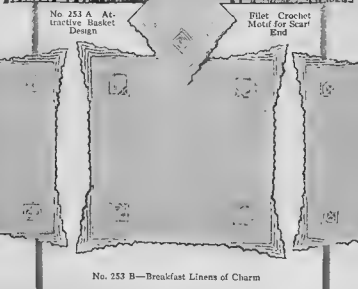


No. 254 C Another Yoke in Pointed Style

The lattice effect which is so extremely smart in the world of lingerie just now is part of the yoke design No. 254 C. The lattice squares alternate with an urn motif. Shoulder straps of ribbon or crochet bands may be added, or for evening wear elastic may be run through the top.



No. 254 D—Square-patterned Yoke



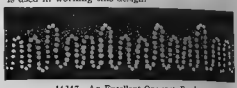
No. 253 A Attractive Basket Design

Filet Crochet Motif for Scarf End

No. 253 B—Breakfast Linens of Charm

12511—Simple but Attractive Design for the Corner

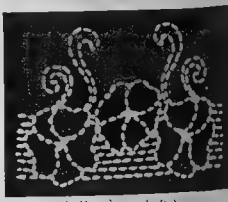
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12531, blue or yellow, 20 cents (1/), supplies 7 inch motifs. The darning or single embroidery stitch is used in working this design.



11347—An Excellent One-inch Border

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 11347, blue or yellow, 20 cents (1/-), supplies 4 yards of 1-inch border. For braiding one yard of border 5½ yards are required. Such a design would be correct on a frock or blouse, and is equally attractive in brass or French knots. Wooden beads, gaily painted, steel and crystal and glass, and colored sealing wax are some of the newer ideas in such decorative borders, adding the note of color and light that the mode demands.

12557—A Corner Design of Unusual Beauty



12614—A Novel Motif

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12614, blue or yellow, 25 cents (1/3), supplies 4 different embroidery motifs with one design of each. These designs may be worked in darning or outline stitch in silk, cotton, chenille wool, embroidery or metal threads. The circle motif could be covered easily with flat braid.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12557, blue or yellow, 35 cents (1/6), supplies 4 yards of 1¼-inch beading and embroidery border. The crossing lines may be beaded or outlined in rope silk. The apparent simplicity which is the chief charm of this design belies its actual elaboration. The beauty of the result, however, well repays the effort spent upon it.

AN increased interest in embroidery as a decorative note in trimming is to be observed on many of the smartest models now being shown. Highly colored flowers and with metallic threads and steel beads much in evidence, such needlework is the ideal method for giving the needed brilliancy to every attire. milady's outer apparel. The girdle is a favorite place for the introduction of this kind of adornment, and next in favor is the border on wide sleeve or skirt

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW CO.
Seventh Avenue and 39th Street, New York

SILVERSHINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

"So," he said, "a man's dog—an' hees woman—Ma'amselle—be mus conquer. But you—to you ees Peraux tender. Jus' so. Be please' to remove your wraps, while I mak' the fire."

The girl did not speak, and Peraux suited the action to the word. Pitch and fire-wood waited on the clem hearth, as if in readiness for this very moment, and soon a great blaze was roaring comfortably in the cavernous mouth. When he turned and found that she had not compiled he came and took her furs masterfully from her. Linda did not protest. Her mind was running so rapidly that she scarce knew when he did it. She was her father's daughter, of a keen brain, a quick and calm courage, and she was searching desperately among her own resources for help. It must be found in her own resources, for she had no other. She sat down quietly in one of the rude chairs and stared in seeming stupor at Peraux about his tasks. He put snow in a pot upon a crane, set a spider near to heat, and went outside. She heard him unharnessing the weary dogs, heard them going into a shed beside the cabin somewhere at the side—a lean-to, apparently, for the sounds of their scratching against the logs as they crowded in were distinctly audible. He must have thrown them fish, for she heard them snatch and crunch amid such savage snarls as would have brought the heart in the throat of one unaccustomed to the wild wolf-dogs of the country.

Then Peraux came back, set tea to brew, sliced steaks from a haunch of frozen meat, and put cups and plates upon the bare table.

All the time he was talking lightly, but she did not catch a word he said.

"Eat—little one," he said presently; "it ees good when the cold bite' in the bones."

But Linda looked at him straightly, stirred, drew herself together both mentally and bodily, and shook her head. The firelight, glinting on its golden braids, set Peraux's black eyes ashine with admiration.

"No," she said, "I break no bread with you, Peraux, now or ever. You are a liar and a cheat—that poor thing among men which makes war upon a woman."

There was sting in the calm words, and Peraud's dark face flamed. He bowed and sat down at the table.

"As you will," he said, and proceeded to eat heartily.

WHEN he had finished he cleared away the dishes and then faced Linda, hands on hips, black eyes shining.

"Now," he said with a sudden change of tone, "come here an' kees your master," and held out an imperious hand

For answer the girl put a hand inside her waist and deliberately drew out a knife. It was no toy, such as is sometimes carried by women who bluff, but a real weapon, a fine slim blade, keened and long used by the trapper Josef. Linda had asked for it in secret before she set out with Peraux, for she was canny and provided for emergencies.

She held the knife in her right hand and felt its edge with her thumb.

Peraux, a fighter born, saw the play, and his evil face sparkled. It but added filip to the already heady and dangerous game he played.

"So?" he laughed. "Peraux ees so unwelcome that you mus' fight heem? *Voila!* Ket is not every woman who would treat heem so, Ma'amselle. But come."

Again he held out his hand, and the girl saw it was trembling.

"Peraux," she said, "don't you know you'll hang for this? What do you think Allen Quinnett and Jacques will do to you when this reaches them?"

"To the devil with them!" he cried in flaming anger. "Ees individual hand, mine—an' hees woman—hees woman with th' gold hair, like floss, like sun, Ma'amselle—they will be far to the nort' before word will go down to Linwell's landing. Thees snow, she's come jus' to cover Peraux's trail—an' the beeg nort' she's wonderful. Peraux—yes, an' hide heem, too. Come."

He flung out the reaching hand and strode toward her, contemptuous of the knife. He was a brave man, for the girl was large and strong, no mean antagonist for a common man, and she was well armed. Also she was in dead cold earnest. She meant to kill Peraux if it were at all possible She leaped behind the table, and he merely leaned across and caught for her wrist Her right hand was high above her, hovering, waiting for the one chance to strike. Peraux watched that hand, smiling. He flung the table over and they shuffled tensely across the floor. Swiftly as they neared the wall that hovering white hand came down and the knife bit—down across the man's great shoulder. Blood spurted, but Peraux laughed.

"Wildcat!" he cried, "han'some wildcat—sleek an' fine— Oh, thees conquering—she's goin' be some excite'."

And he reached for the knife-hand, watching. The blade turned down toward his spread fingers and he drew back. Once more they flew across the floor, Peraux still gripping her arm.

There was a shuffle of feet on the rough boards, panting of breath—and the girl felt the man's great strength again. In that moment she knew that he but played with her—a little afraid of the knife, to be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

This Charming Little Dress, only $1.50
Corn Colored Voile with yoke and sleeves of white. Completely made, carefully seamed, hemmed and gathered; finished with picot edge Collar and Cuffs. Dress No 110
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EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

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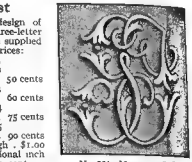
Monograms, Initials, and Wreaths for Marking the Bridal Trousseau

No. 502—Monogram H. S.

FOR use on bed linens, traveling rugs, and automobile robes 511 and 553 are attractive and somewhat unusual. For the marking of bed and table linens many forms of letters are attractive and the choice of a style depends not only on the linen, but upon the other furnishings of the room in which it is to be used. Styles 11371, 11774, 11775, and 573 are all very effective embroidered on household linens to be carried out in raised satin stitch and French stemming in white mercerized floss. On towels delft blue cotton is effective.

Interior of a Practical Linen-Closet



No. 531—Monogram G. J.

No. 511—Monogram H. M. B.

A PERFORATED design of any initial in sizes 1, 2, 3, or 4 inches high, 15 cents; 5 inches, 25 cents; 6 inches, 35 cents; 7 inches, 45 cents. For each additional inch in height, add 10 cents.

If the style of initial or monogram you desire is not illustrated on this page, and you wish us to copy your stationery, silver, etc., monogram, we will be very glad to do so upon receipt of a sketch or illustration of some kind. Be sure to state the exact size of the initial or monogram you desire when ordering.

NOWADAYS the woman who is clever with her needle can crowd in, between household duties, business cares, and club meetings the time to adorn many plain linens and articles with monograms. Styles 502, 531, and 545 and many of the others shown on this page are very smart and appropriate. In styles 542, 543, and 552 a touch of color might be given in outlining around the satin stitch when used on sheer linen handkerchiefs.

No. 530—Monogram H. A.

No. 536—Monogram B. S. M.

No. 553 Monogram C. S. D.

The Linen-Closet Ideal

THE linen closet may be nothing more than a cupboard, with space nowadays at such a premium, but it can be like an encyclopedia —a place where a thing can be looked for with a certainty of finding it. The closet illustrated is ideal because it breathes the spirit of orderly and systematic arrangement.

The supply of linens may not be large, but its usefulness is enhanced by careful and proper placing. There is a sufficient number of shelves to accommodate the variety of linens used, the linens being grouped in such a way that one can see at a glance what each shelf contains. Each set of linens is held together with blue silk ribbon two inches wide, a snap being provided at each end to permit the ribbon to be widened or tightened, as more linens are added or removed, as the case may be. The edges of the shelves are made decorative with frills of blue ribbon, stitched to the material that covers the shelves, with a dainty finishing braid of pink roses.

Space is provided for sheets, towels of all varieties—huck, hemstitched, damask and Turkish—as well as for pillow-cases. If desired, embroidered bands or separate colored ribbons may be used to keep each week's wear properly separated, with a numbered matching ribbon added to indicate the weeks of the month—I, II, III, IV. With I empty, one knows without question what comes next, and so on.

If one be the fortunate possessor of a large towel supply, the towel shelf may be divided and marked according to the days of the week, and the sheets and pillow-cases marked according to the rooms in which they are used, as: "Towels and Sheets for Guest Chamber," "Damask Towels for Front Room," etc.

Price List

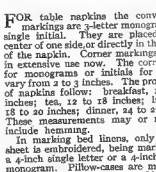
A perforated design of any two- or three-letter monogram can be supplied at the following prices:

1½, ¾, 1, 2¼, 1¾, 1¾, or 2 inches high . . . . 50 cents
2¼, 2½, 2¾ or 3 inches high . . . . 60 cents
3¼, 3½, 3¾ or 4 inches high . . . . 75 cents
4¼, 4½, 4¾ or 5 inches high . . . . 90 cents
5½ to 8 inches high . $1.00

For each additional inch in height, add 10 cents.

Any four-letter monogram in the above sizes will cost 10 cents extra for the fourth letter.

Initial H of Nos. 11371, 11774, and 11775



No. 543—Initial M

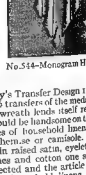
No. 552—Monogram H. S. B.

FOR table napkins the conventional markings are 3-letter monograms or a single initial. They are placed in the center of one side, or directly in the center of the napkin. Corner markings are not in extensive use now. The correct sizes for monograms or initials for napkins vary from 2 to 3 inches. The proper sizes of napkins follow: breakfast, 18 to 22 inches; tea, 12 to 18 inches; luncheon, 18 to 20 inches; dinner, 24 to 27 inches. These measurements may or may not include hemming.

In marking bed linens, only the top sheet is embroidered, being marked with a 4-inch single letter or a 4-inch 3-letter monogram. Pillow-cases are marked at the open end above the hem with a 3-inch letter or a 3-inch monogram. Daytime cases are marked exactly in the center.

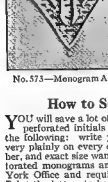
No. 545—Monogram H. S. R.

No. 542—Initial W.



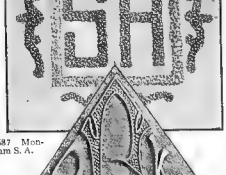
No. 544—Monogram H. A. M.

THE monograms on all table-cloths, regardless of size, shape, or purpose, should appear at the right of the host. Monograms arranged in circles are always smaller than those of diamond shape. In marking a 2-yard cloth use one 3-letter monogram or one single fancy initial placed 36 inches up from the right-hand corner. The size of the monogram varies from 2¾ to 6 inches according to the style selected. The marking for 2¾- and 2¾-yard cloths is placed 40 and 45 inches, respectively, up from the right-hand corner. If two markings are desired place them at the center of the long sides of the cloth 12 or 14 inches in. All linens should be hemmed by hand, the hems on the table-cloths being ⅛ of an inch wide, those on napkins ⅛ of an inch wide.



No. 573—Monogram A. H.

No. 521—Monogram A. S.

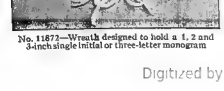


No. 687 Monogram S. A.

How to Send in Your Order

YOU will save a lot of trouble and delay if when ordering perforated initials and monograms you will remember the following: write your name and address in full and very plainly on every order. Give the correct style, number, and exact size wanted and the initials. All special perforated monograms and initials are executed at our New York Office and require several days to fulfil the order. Print the letters to be used in the monogram or give each letter a number beginning with 1 for A to 26 for Z. Thus 5-1-18 is E. A. R. and 12-1-13 is L. A. M.

No. 574—Monogram L. S. M



No. 11872—Wreath designed to hold a 1, 2 and 3-inch single initial or three-letter monogram

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 11872, blue, 20 cents (1/-), supplies two duplicates each of the wreaths, 2¾, 4¾, and 5½ inches high.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 11371, blue or yellow, 20 cents, (1/-), supplies 17 letters 3 inches high.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 11774, blue or yellow, 20 cents, (1/-), supplies 27 letters 1 inch high.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 11775, blue or yellow, 20 cents, (1/-), supplies 27 letters 2 inches high.

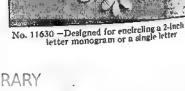
GIVE thought to the proper style monogram and the kind of embroidery stitches to be used on your linens. Much depends on this.

Important

When ordering monograms be sure to arrange letters in the order in which they are to appear. For example: If you order "JKS," "K" will appear as the middle letter in the monogram.

Many requests have been received for monograms where the surname is McDonald, etc. In this case the "c" will be placed to best advantage.

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 11630, blue, 20 cents, (1/-), supplies 6 transfers of the medallion which is 3¾ inches wide. The wreath lends itself readily to use with a broad initial, and would be handsome on towels or pillow-cases and similar pieces of household linens. It would also be charming on a chemise or camisole. The embroidery may be carried out in raised satin, eyelet, and stem stitches. Just what stitches and cotton one should use depends on the material selected and the article to be embroidered. For instance, on household linens white mercerized floss or cotton should be used.



No. 11630—Designed for encircling a 2-inch three-letter monogram or a single letter

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Write today for the finest rug book we have ever issued, showing in actual colors 31 patterns of OLSON VELVETY RUGS in the fashionable one- and two-toned effects. This book describes how your old, faded, worn-out, threadbare carpets, rugs and old clothing are first washed, pickered, carded, combed, respun and then dyed and rewoven into beautiful VELVETY RUGS, that rival new Wilton and Axminster rugs. You can select any color or pattern you wish regardless of the color of your old material. OLSON VELVETY RUGS are entirely different from any other rugs you ever have seen that were made from old carpets or rugs. They are so fine and the saving in money is so great that you simply cannot afford to overlook this opportunity. The *OLSON process* brings high grade, luxurious, up-to-date rugs within reach of all.

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OLD CARPETS, RUGS

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Look at your floor coverings. Are they threadbare? Are they faded? Are they presentable when you have company? Have you tired of the patterns? Why not let us convert this old material into bright, new rugs that you will be proud to own? Consider what a satisfying change an OLSON rug will be—a beautiful rug in the harmonizing one- and two-toned effects demanded today for the up-to-date home. Like the fine Wiltons, OLSON VELVETY RUGS are firmly woven with a soft, smooth surface or nap that stands "straight up." They are seamless and will stand the hardest kind of wear.

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Our ironclad guarantee gives you the right to use your new rugs five days on the floors of your home, subject them to every-day hard wear, compare them with new store rugs costing twice as much, then, if you do not think your new rugs are the biggest rug value you ever had for the money, send them back at our expense and we will pay you liberally for your material.

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We guarantee to save you money no matter where you live. We have thousands of customers in every State in the Union. Forty-eight years of square dealing have made the OLSON RUG CO. the largest rug factory in the world doing business by mail. There is no other house like OLSON'S in the world.

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Every home-lover will welcome this unusual rug book, showing modern homes with the fashionable one- and two-toned rugs. Each room is correct in every detail of interior decoration. Our prices are right down to rock bottom. Never in our 48 years of rug weaving have we been able to offer such great savings. Send coupon or postcard NOW for this FREE book. Learn how easy it is to order.

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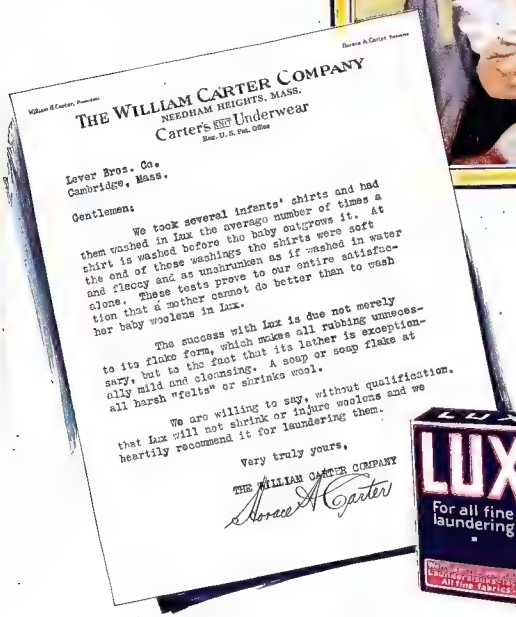
Washing tests made by leading woolen manufacturer show safest way to wash woolens

WOOL is more sensitive than any other fabric and requires more careful laundering. A baby's woolen shirt or band, for instance, may shrink and yellow almost beyond recognition in three careless washings.

The manufacturer is as much interested as the wearer in finding the safe way to wash woolens. For this reason the makers of Carter's underwear had laundering tests made. The letter from The William Carter Company tells what these tests showed about the safe way to wash woolens and why, as a result, they enthusiastically recommend Lux.



THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.
Carter's Knit Underwear
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We took several infants' shirts and had them washed in Lux the average number of times a shirt is washed before the baby outgrows it. At the end of these washings the shirts were soft and fleecy and as unshrunken as if washed in water alone. These tests prove to our entire satisfaction that a mother cannot do better than to wash her baby woolens in Lux.

The success with Lux is due not merely to its flake form, which makes all rubbing unnecessary, but to the fact that its lather is exceptionally mild and cleansing. A soap or soap flake at all harsh "felts" or shrinks wool.

We are willing to say, without qualification, that Lux will not shrink or injure woolens and we heartily recommend it for laundering them.

Very truly yours,

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY
Horace A. Carter

To keep woolens soft and unshrunken

Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. *Do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out or put through a loose wringer.

Send today for booklet of expert laundering advice—*it is free.* Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. C-3, Cambridge, Mass.

LUX

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm

Colored woolens. Have suds and rinsing water barely lukewarm. Wash quickly to keep colors from running. Lux won't cause any color to run that is not affected by pure water alone.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature—that of the ordinary room is the best. Heat increases shrinkage. Do not dry woolens outdoors except on very mild days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

Flannels may be dried flat and stretched to shape, or when absolutely dry, they may be pressed by placing a damp cheesecloth over the material and using a warm iron.

Shirts and stockings may be dried on wooden forms.

Knitted blankets and afghans, like other knitted articles, should never be hung up to dry. Spread them on a towel and pull into shape.

Wool scorches easily. Press challis and other light woolens while they are still a little damp. Use a warm iron, never a hot one.

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Interest Centers in the Latest Vogue—Trimmings of Novelty and Charm, with Metallic Effects Predominating

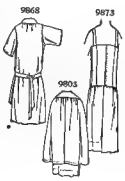
9901—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch taffeta for dress—2⅝ yards 36-inch dotted foulard for blouse.

9912—Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch satin for waist—1 yard 54-inch tricotine for skirt and cuffs. The entire upper part of the dress is embroidered in an allover design, 12667, and may be worked with silk floss or metal thread in single stitch embroidery.

9868—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9873—Ladies' and Misses' Jupon Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse—1 yard 54-inch Poiret twill and 1 yard 36-inch lining for skirt. Beading, in design 12606, forms a deep border on the overblouse and jet, crystal, chalk, or colored glass beads may be used.

9927—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe for dress—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves and vestee—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress is made with deep V-shaped neck and large armholes. The side panels extend in points below the hem of the skirt which give the fashionable uneven hem-line. The vest and flowing sleeves are trimmed with embroidery, in design 12276, carried out in silk floss or metal thread. If preferred the design may be covered with steel, glass, jet, iridescent, or chalk beads.

9803—Girls' Cape-dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for dress and lining cape—1⅝ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe for cape and trimming. Beading, in design 12598, forms a deep border on the cape and may be carried out in steel, jet, crystal, or opalescent beads. If preferred embroidery may be used worked in running, chain, or outline stitches in silk floss, metal thread, or chenille. Blanket stitching may trim the collars of cape and dress, also the cuffs.



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Frocks and Blouses Like These Indicate the Charm of Spring Styles

Overblouse 9868
Jupon Skirt 9873
Embroidery 12556
9896—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust, and 16 years. No. 9502—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, and 12 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅝ yards 40-inch white Canton crêpe for dress and cape—3 yards 40-inch green Canton crêpe for collar and lining. Embroidery, in design 12612, forms a deep border on the cape and also trims the entire waist, requiring two designs to carry out effect as illustrated. It may be worked with silk floss in plain running, outline, or chain stitching. Seed beads may be used.
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 103
Cape 9896
Dress 9502
Embroidery 12612
Dress 9927
Blouse 9715
Jumper Skirt 9767
Beading 12574
9927 9896
9868 9715
9502
8679 9873 9767
9940 9646
9912 9911
9767
9670
Overblouse 9670
Beading 12574
Dress 9912
Dress 9911
Braiding 12615
Dress 9940
Blouse 9646
Suspender Skirt 9767
Overblouse 8679
Beading 12560

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Fashion Gives the Smart Blouse and Costume the Comeliest of Lines

9912—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch striped taffeta—2 yards 36-inch plain taffeta. Any number of charming materials could be combined in making this dress, such as foulard and satin, Canton crêpe in two shades, or for warm weather organdy and dotted swiss.

9862—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. The blouse is slashed at center-front and the edges may be bound with gingham or linen matching the collar and cuffs or in contrasting color.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

Dress 9862

Dress 9915

Dress 9912

Dress 9575

9914
9545

9430

9732

9912

9915

9940

9897

9821

9862

9575

Dress 9940

Blouse 9914
Skirt 9545

Dress 9430

Dress 9732

Overblouse 9821

Overblouse 9897

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Dress 9911
Beading 12668

Dress 9819
Embroidery 12667

Dress 9907
Embroidery 12596

Dress 9926
Embroidery 12612

Dress 9940
Embroidery 12592

Originality of Decoration Bestows Distinction upon the Simplest of Afternoon Designs

9911—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1 yard 40 inch contrasting, ⅝ yards ribbon. Interesting features of this frock are the Florentine neck-line, sleeves set into large armholes and the stunning embroidery in design 12668 carried out in fine silk or silver braid.

9819—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves. The dress is slashed and closed at left side front and has flowing sleeve sections which are embroidered in design 12667. The embroidery may be in metal thread or silk floss.

9907—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves and vest—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Gathered side panels drop below the skirt in the fashionable uneven hem-line and an effective touch is given to the blouse by embroidery in design 12596. This quaint embroidery makes a most attractive border to be worked in flat satin or outline stitch with heavy silk floss.

9926—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 50-inch Fairet twill. The dress is embroidered in an allover effect with metal thread in design 12612. Or the design may be covered with flat embroidery braid.

9940—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The dress is smartly girdled and a trim note is afforded by embroidery in design 12592 carried out in contrasting silk floss, or the design may be beaded in tiny beads to match the girdle.

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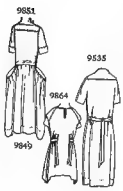
The Vogue of the Composé Frock Is Charmingly Exemplified in These Spring Models



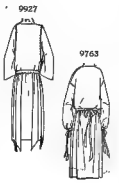
9851—Ladies' Long-waisted Basque. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9849—Ladies' Four-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. The costume in medium size requires 5¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for yoke and cuffs—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The snugly-fitted basque, which closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, is gathered at the underarm seams and has short one-piece sleeves that are adjusted in the armholes of a front-closing underbody. Another attractive feature of this costume is the round inset trimming-pieces to which the side gores of the skirt are gathered. Embroidery, in design 12601, trims the skirt and also the lower edge of the basque. It may be carried out in running, outline, or chain stitch with silk floss, embroidery wool, or metallic thread. Beading could also be substituted using steel, jet, or iridescent bugles.

9535—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Roshanara crêpe—⅓ yard 40-inch red Roshanara crêpe for collar and trimming. The only note of trimming on this simple one-piece dress is the chain-stitch embroidery, design 12668, which is applied to each side below the sash. It may be developed in rope silk or filo.

9864—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch China silk for underdress—1⅞ yard 36-inch pongee. The overdress has inset yokes which extend over the shoulders, and the lower edge of the dress is cut in pointed outline which forms an uneven hem-line.

9927—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅗ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—2 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for sleeves and side sections—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The fashionable uneven hem-line is achieved in this frock by dropping pointed side panels below the skirt. The flowing sleeves and the side sections are attached to a front-closing underbody.

9763—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves—6 yards ribbon. The sleeves of this smart little frock are gathered to straight wristbands which are finished with bows and ends of ribbon. An allover effect is given to the upper part of the dress by embroidery, in design 12612, which may be worked in silk floss, embroidery wool, or metallic thread in running stitch.



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Various Phases of Milady's Wardrobe Are Carefully Considered

9780—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. No. 9873—Ladies' and Misses' Jupon Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for dress—1⅞ yard 36-inch satin for skirt and 1 yard 36-inch lining. The upper part of the dress is embroidered in an allover design, 12612, which may be worked with silk floss or metallic thread in running stitch If desired this design may also be carried out in seed beads or bugles.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

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Correct in Line Are the Loose Coats and the Matching Frock and Cape

9892—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 29 inches. No. 9666—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—2⅜ yards 36-inch satin for lining jacket. On the collar and sleeves embroidery is applied in design 12624 worked in heavy silk floss, using darning or running stitch for the straight lines and satin stitch for the arrowheads.

9876—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 50 inches. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch plaid coating—1¼ yard 36-inch satin for lining top of coat.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

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Modes for the Discriminating Woman of Well-Developed Figure

9848—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¾ yard lace insertion—⅝ yard lace edging.

9866—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 yard wide lace banding—1 yard lace insertion—1⅛ yard Georgette ruffling.

9897—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe satin—2½ yards ribbon for sash.

Blouse 9866

Blouse 9848

Overblouse 9897

Dress 9926

Dress 9907
Embroidery 12596

Dress 9836
Bending 12608

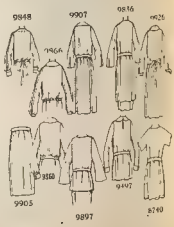
Blouse 9860
Skirt 9905

Overblouse 9497
Appliqué 12564

Overblouse 8740

9836—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54 inch tricotine—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The one-piece sleeveless tunic blouse is made with open front and U-shaped neck, showing an inset vestee button-trimmed. The one-piece sleeves are slashed up from the lower edge, the slashes trimmed with buttons and buttonholes. The beading in design 12608 which trims the dress and sleeves may be carried out in self-color or contrasting wooden beads. If preferred the dots may be worked in raised satin stitch.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 103



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The Vogue for the Woman of Mature Figure Calls for Straight Lines

9840—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅞ yards 36-inch dotted foulard.

9823—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 9853—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The costume in medium size requires 8¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress is beaded in design 12574 which may be carried out in steel, jet, crystal, chalk or colored glass beads.

9815—Ladies' Slightly Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 40-inch krêpe-knit ½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine for vestee and binding—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The blouse is made with open front to show a vestee of contrasting material. The long sleeves are finished with straight bands and are slashed up part way to show the arms.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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8823—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for one size only Requires 3¾ yards 36-inch batiste with trimming-bands cut bias—1½ yard lace insertion. The nightgown is made with large armholes finished with a bias band of self material, and the neck is finished with a similar band.

9834—Ladies' Short Kimono or Dressing Sack. Designed for 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—2⅝ yards lace banding—2⅝ yards edging—2 yards ribbon for bows. The dressing sack is made in two sections, seamed along the shoulders, and may be tied together under the arms to form a sleeve effect.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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A Trim Simplicity Distinguishes Costumes for the Miss

9896—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 16 years, and 36 and 42 bust. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 48-inch serge—2⅝ yards 36-inch silk lining. Beading, in design 12608, trims the cape. Large glass or wooden beads may be used, or solid satin stitch in silk floss.

9918—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9910—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—2⅞ yards 36-inch satin for lining the jacket.

9887—Misses' Single-breasted Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9882—Misses' Knickerbockers. Designed for 14 to 20 years. The suit in size 16 requires 5 yards 36-inch linen. The knickerbockers close at the sides.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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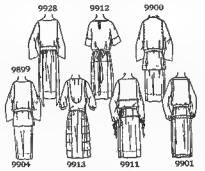
9928—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves and side sections of blouse—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The flowing sleeves are given a very smart effect by an allover design, 12612, which may be carried out in flat embroidery braid. Or if preferred, fine silk cord may cover the design couched down with metal thread.

9899—Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9904—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe for overblouse—1⅝ yard 54-inch Poiret twill for skirt. Distinctly smart for all sorts of sports wear are these silken overblouses worn with plain tailored skirts. Added smartness is given by the novel embroidery, in design 12596, which forms a deep border on the blouse and covers the sleeves from the elbow to the lower edge. Silk floss in shades of dull Egyptian red, bright blue and yellow may be used effectively with a touch of black to give tone.

9913—Misses' Jumper Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for skirt and jumper—1 yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for binding. Charmingly youthful in its line is this frock of crêpe de Chine and Georgette. The jumper forming a bodice effect is worn over the skirt and cut down low in front. The skirt forms a panel effect front and back while the sides are trimmed with bands bound with contrasting satin.

9912—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years for misses, and 34 to 44 bust for ladies. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch printed foulard—1⅝ yard 36-inch satin. Paris sends us many frocks that combine as this does two silken materials and among the favorite combinations foulard and satin hold a prominent place. The dress slips on over the head, and the neck, in the smart bateau outline, may be finished with a cording of satin or foulard.



9911—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years for misses, and 34 to 44 bust for ladies. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch dotted swiss—1½ yard 40-inch organdy. There is a delightfully youthful air to this frock that adapts it to the needs of the young girl.

9900—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch beige Canton crêpe for blouse—2½ yards Malay brown Canton crêpe for skirt and cuffs. A separate slip on blouse with wide sleeves set into large armholes is combined with a two-piece gathered skirt to form this good-looking frock. The blouse is elaborately embroidered in design 12667 to be carried out in single stitch embroidery in contrasting color floss. The embroidery forms a border on the blouse and above the cuffs.

9901—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years for misses, and 34 to 44 bust for ladies. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tricotine for dress—2⅝ yards 36-inch dotted foulard for blouse.

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Prices 20c to 35c.

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A Salad
is the most appetizing way
to serve "left-overs."

French Dressing
is delicious
on lettuce or tomatoes
and adds a piquant flavor
to any
cold vegetable

French Dressing

6 tablespoonfuls Wesson Oil
2 tablespoonfuls vinegar or lemon juice
⅓ teaspoonful salt
Few grains each paprika and pepper

Stir Well

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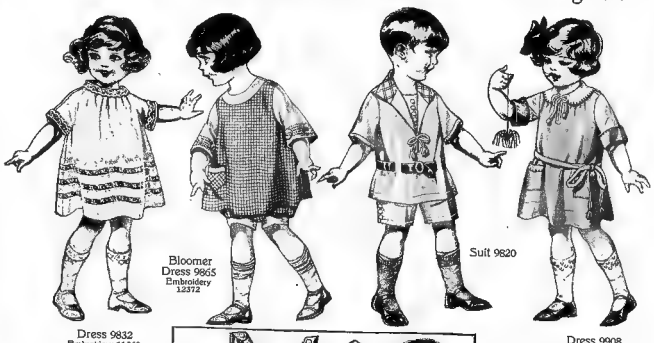
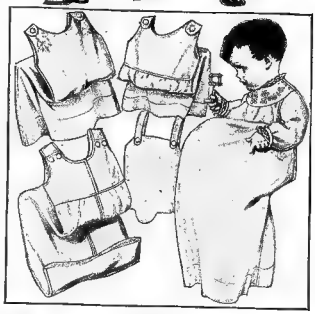
The Daintiest of Toggery for the Smartest of Youngsters



9832—Child's Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—5 yards insertion—1¼ yard lace edging. Above the top row of insertion embroidery is applied in design 11569. This consists of dainty sprays worked in raised satin, eyelet, and outline stitches.

9865—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅛ yard 36-inch voile. The short sleeves are finished with a band of embroidery in design 12372 to be worked in outline stitch in brightly colored mercerized floss.



Set 9906
Embroidery 11742 and 12236

9908—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch rose color linen—⅞ yard 36-inch white linen for collar, sleeves, and trimming. The collar, cuffs, and pockets are blanket-stitched in rose color.

9820—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch plain gingham—⅞ yard 32-inch plaid gingham for collar. The suit consists of a slip-on blouse and side-closing knee trousers. The blouse is slashed at center-front, underfaced and rolled with the convertible collar showing a removable shield.

9906—Infants' Set. Designed for one size only. Requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste for dress—1⅛ yard 36-inch nainsook for Gertrude petticoat—⅜ yard 36-inch nainsook for gathered petticoat—1⅛ yard 36-inch flannel for pinning blanket and ⅜ yard 36-inch flannel for shirt. On one of the petticoats embroidery, in design 11742, is applied and the round yoke of the little dress is also embroidered in design 12236. The dainty sprays may be worked in raised satin stitch and eyelets in white mercerized floss.

9855—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch tan wool Jersey—1¾ yard 54-inch brown wool Jersey. Below the slashed pockets the blouse is trimmed with appliquéd motifs of brown Jersey couched down with wool in design 12564.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

* * *

People don't like to talk about halitosis (unpleasant breath). It isn't a pretty subject. Yet why in the world should this topic be taboo even among intimate friends when it may mean so much to the individual to know the facts and then correct the trouble?

Most forms of halitosis are only temporary. Unless halitosis is due to some deep-seated cause (which a physician should treat), the liquid antiseptic, Listerine, used regularly as a mouth wash and gargle, will quickly correct it. The well-known antiseptic properties of this effective deodorant arrest fermentation in the mouth and leave the breath clean, fresh and sweet. It is an ideal combatant of halitosis.

So why have the uncomfortable feeling of being uncertain about whether your breath is just right when the precaution is so simple and near at hand.

If you are not familiar with Listerine and its many uses, just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine, together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

Address Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2183 Locust Street, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

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How I Lost 40 Pounds

through new discovery

and how scores of others are taking off weight—five, ten and as high as thirteen pounds a week—without medicines, special baths, starving or discomfort.

"BEFORE I heard of this great discovery, my weight was 168 pounds, my blood was in poor condition, my heart was weak and I suffered constantly from sick headaches. I tried starving myself, took medicines and drugs, and exercised but could not reduce.

"Imagine my surprise when I found that with the help of this new discovery, I no longer had to deprive myself, drug myself, or take any exercise, yet my excess flesh disappeared like magic. Almost before I realized it my weight was down to normal and I am now in what you can call perfect health. I sleep perfectly, my blood test is 100% pure, my complexion is clear and smooth, and my weight is only 128 pounds—just what it should be."

The above is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, wife of Dr. J. C. Vermilya of Bloomington, Indiana, whose photographs are shown above.

Mrs. Vermilya's remarkable experience is but one of many similar cases. Another woman reduced 13 pounds in 8 days, a man lost 22 pounds in 14 days, many have quickly reduced 30, 40 and even 60 pounds. Within the few months since this great discovery has been announced, OVER 300,000 MEN AND WOMEN all over the country have used this method to reduce. Their enthusiastic letters not only report such amazing decreases in weight as these, but tell of great improvements in their health and how it has helped wonderfully to beautify their complexions.

The Secret

It is all based upon a very simple natural law—yet it works like magic! Food causes fat—everyone admits that. But Eugene Christian, the famous Food Specialist, after years of study and experimenting discovered that certain foods when eaten together are converted only into blood, muscle and tissue and meanwhile your excess flesh is consumed and lost, often at the rate of a pound a day or more!

But the most welcome fact about this discovery is that these *correct* combinations of our everyday food which *reduce* weight are regarded as even more appetizing than the wrong combinations. So reducing weight this way isn't a hardship requiring painful self-denials. Today thousands and thousands of men and women who understand these simple secrets about food are enjoying their meals more than ever, thoroughly, are much more healthy and are rapidly approaching their normal weight.

Loses 13 pounds in 8 days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days) and feel better than I have for months." *Mrs. George Guitermann (see photo) 420 E. 66th St., New York City*

Loses 22 pounds in 14 days

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds in two weeks. Before I started to reduce I was flabby and sick, had stomach trouble all the time. I feel wonderful now." *Ben Naddle, 162 Willow St., New York City*

Lost 28 pounds in 30 days

"In 30 days I lost 28 pound (8 pounds the first week). I was subject to severe headaches but I have not had one since "eating off" my extra flesh. My general health has been greatly benefited." *E. A. Keller, 225 W. 39th Street, New York City*

Sent Free

Send no money! Merely fill out and mail the attached coupon and we will send you the complete 12 lesson course, "Weight Control, the Basis of Health." As soon as it arrives weigh yourself so that after you have followed the little rules outlined in these books, you will be able to check up the amount you lose accurately.

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Don't delay! Take this quick and healthy way to return to your normal weight. Mail the coupon TODAY! Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-883, 45 West 16th St., N. Y. C.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W-883, 45 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me in a plain container Eugene Christian's Course "Weight Control, the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman $1.97 (plus postage) in full payment upon arrival. If I am not satisfied with it I have the privilege of returning the course, within five days, and my money is to be immediately refunded.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Street .....

City ..... State.....

Charm and Comfort Are Combined in School-Time Clothes

9938—Girls' Apron. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 32-inch check gingham—½ yard 27-inch chambray for trimming bands.

9931—Girls' Nightgown. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch nainsook.

The nightgown is a kimono model and is embroidered in sprays in design 11569. These may be worked in satin, eyelet, and outline stitches in white mercerized floss or in dainty pastel colors.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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FASHIONS

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9927—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe—2 yards 36-inch silk foulard—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

9868—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9873—Ladies' and Misses' Jupon Skirt. Designed for 24 to 48 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¼ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse—1⅜ yard 40-inch satin crêpe and 1 yard 36-inch lining for skirt. Braiding, in design 12556, forms an effective trimming on the blouse, to be worked in silk soutache.

9715—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. No. 9707—Ladies' Jumper Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch satin crêpe—2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The oval neck and the flowing sleeves are finished with a border of beading, in design 12574, to be carried out in steel, jet, crystal, or colored glass beads.

9670—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch Roshanara crêpe—⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe. A border of beading is formed on the lower edge of blouse, in design 12574, carried out in seed beads or if preferred embroidered in French knots.

9912—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 1 yard 54-inch tricotine—2⅝ yard 36-inch dotted foulard.

9911—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—⅝ yard 36-inch dotted foulard. Braiding, in design 12615, forms a border covering the seams worked in silk soutache braid.

9940—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch figured foulard—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette for vestee and trimming.

9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe No. 9707—Ladies' Suspender Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 26 requires 3½ yards 36-inch satin.

8679—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Beading, in design 12560, forms an allover effect and may be carried out in jet, crystal, or glass beads.

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9915—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham —¼ yard 40-inch organdy.

9775—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 32-inch check gingham—1⅛ yard 40-inch organdy.

9897—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch gingham—1⅛ yard 40-inch organdy.

9940—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—¼ yard 40-inch organdy.

9914—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 9545—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. The costume in medium size requires 5¼ yards 32-inch check gingham for the dress -1⅝ yard 40-inch voile for blouse.

9430 –Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 32-inch gingham—1½ yard 40-inch organdy.

9782—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe —2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe.

9821—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch check gingham.

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9842—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch gingham—⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

9771—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting for under-sleeves and trimming.

9817—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch silk crêpe.

9915—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch Roshanara crêpe—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for sleeves.

9888—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9883 –Ladies' Knickerbockers. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch homespun—2½ yards 36-inch satin for lining

9745—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch crêpe satin. The neck, slash, and shoulder seams are outlined with beading in design 12574. Steel, chalk, crystal and colored glass beads may be used in carrying out this design.

9840—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch foulard.

9736—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch satin crêpe. The short kimono sleeves and the shoulder seams are finished with beading in design 12572, which may be carried out in steel, chalk, crystal, or colored glass beads.

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9917—Ladies' Short Jacket. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Length at center-back 24½ inches. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch piquetine—2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. No. 8094—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch piquetine.

9060—Ladies' Sleeveless Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch satin. No. 9646—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch dotted foulard.

9884—Ladies' Wrap. Designed for 36, 38, and 42 bust. Length at center-back 36½ inches. No. 8579—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tweed—4 yards 36-inch dotted foulard for lining.

9886—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust and 16 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch homespun –3 yards 36-inch satin for lining.

9894—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust and 16 years. No. 8978—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—1⅞ yard 36-inch dotted foulard for lining cape. Eyelet embroidery, in design 12597, forms a deep border on the dress and cape. The cape may be embroidered in self or contrasting silk floss.

9895 Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 36 and 42 bust and 16 years. No. 9844—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6⅜ yards 40-inch krêpe-knit—1¾ yard 36-inch radium silk for lining cape. A deep border of embroidery in design 12558 gives style to the simple dress. The embroidery is in large scrolls to be worked in rope silk in self or contrasting color.

9879—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 50 inches. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch veldyne—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for body lining. The large collar and cuffs are embroidered in design 12624 in contrasting color rope silk. The straight lines are worked in darning stitch.

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9860 –Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch China silk. No. 9905 –Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 48-inch check worsted.

9497—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. Appliqué motifs, in design 12564, are applied to the pockets of this attractive sports blouse. They may be cut from contrasting linen or chambray and couched down with blanket stitch, outline or buttonhole stitch.

8740—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen.

9926—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch dotted foulard—1⅜ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9907—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Embroidery, in design 12596, makes an attractive trimming for this dress. It may be worked in satin stitch.

Lucile knows better than anyone else how to work with taffeta. She chose Corticelli Taffeta in a lovely Old Blue to create this bouffant frock for Irene Castle

Photo by Ira A. Hill

For morning or afternoon, indoors or out, the Summer through, you will be fashionably dressed in Corticelli Castle Crepe the new printed silk shown here. This is one of six Corticelli Castle Crepe costumes Irene Castle is wearing this season

Photo by Campbell Posed by Irene Castle

For each style the most appropriate silk

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Another season for crepe?—yes! And the loveliest of all—Corticelli Castle Crepe which Irene Castle has made her own. Today these new printed effects, in all the fashionable colors and at the most inviting prices, are being displayed and eagerly bought in the Fifth Avenue shops.

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Send for free copy of the new booklet which tells you how to obtain patterns of two of Irene Castle's favorite frocks made of Corticelli Castle Crepe. This booklet also illustrates in actual colors five other dresses

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DeBevoise Brassieres were conceived in the spirit of Youth—to hold its lithe, sinuous grace—to express its symmetry and lovely line.

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J. & P. Coats Spool Cotton
The Best Thread for Hand and Machine Sewing

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

9849—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch taffeta.—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

9847—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch crêpe satin for dress—2¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse. The dress is gathered across the underarm seams and shirred trimming pieces are adjusted over the gathers.

8896—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. The front and backs of the blouse are gathered to shaped bands which extend over the shoulders forming part of the sleeves.

9717—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch crêpe satin. The only note of trimming on this simple little blouse is the embroidery, 12630, which is applied to the front of the blouse and also to the short sleeves. The design may be worked with silk floss in long-and-short stitch.

8897—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch check silk—⅝ yard 36-inch taffeta for collar and vestee.

9570—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 9306—Ladies' Skirt. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch tricotine.

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9700—Ladies' and Misses' Short Kimono. Designed for 32, 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yard 36-inch flowered voile—⅝ yard 36-inch plain voile for ruffles—1 yard ribbon.

7118—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2¾ yards ribbon for bows.

8048—Ladies' Step-in Combination. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch nainsook—5½ yards insertion. The charm of this combination is enhanced by graceful embroidery, in design 11977, which may be worked in white mercerized cotton in raised satin, stem and eyelet stitches.

8050—Maternity Dress. Designed for 36 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch challie—1 yard 36-inch satin for collar and trimming-bands.

9924—Maternity Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 6 yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine—1 yard 18-inch organdy vesting—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Beading in design 12574 makes an attractive border for the surplice waist. Tiny glass chalk steel or bell beads may be used. If preferred the design may be carried out in embroidery in French knots and darning stitch in rope silk metallic thread or chenille.

9226—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 40-inch washable satin—8¼ yards insertion—1½ yard 36-inch lining for ribbon. Embroidery in design 11900 makes a dainty trimming for the surplice corset cover, and may be worked in self-color silk floss in raised satin, outline, and eyelet stitch.

9925—Maternity Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 7 yards 36-inch taffeta—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The front of the waist is embroidered in design 12600 to be worked in contrasting color silk floss in flat satin or outline stitch.

8555—Ladies' Camisole. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires ⅞ yard 36-inch radium silk—⅞ yard lace insertion. No. 6877—Ladies' Two-piece Bloomers. Designed for 26, 30, and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2 yards 36-inch radium silk—1¼ yard lace insertion. The camisole is embroidered in design 11572 and is worked in raised satin stitch with self-color silk floss.

9821—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 8578—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch pongee. An attractive braiding design, 12426, forms a border on the bottom of the blouse and trims the sleeves. It may be worked in soutache or embroidery wool.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

9916—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tricotine. The embroidery, 12596, may be worked with silk floss or embroidery wool in flat satin stitch.

9910—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch crêpe-knit—⅜ yard 36-inch satin for collar—2⅜ yards trimming.

9878—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅞ yard 36-inch satin for underbody lining. Embroidery, in design 12606, forms an attractive trimming and may be worked with silk floss in flat satin stitch or rope silk couched down with metal thread.

9895—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. No. 9605—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in size 16 requires 1⅝ yard 44-inch serge for cape—1½ yard 36-inch satin for collar—1⅜ yard 36-inch silk foulard for lining cape—3 yards 44-inch serge for dress.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

9902—Girls' Dress. Designed for 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch blue serge—⅞ yard 36-inch gray crêpe de Chine for blouse—5⅜ yards braid for trimming. The dress slips on over the head and is made with long shoulders and large armholes.

9898—Girls' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch pongee. The round neck of the blouse, the front slash, and the bottom of the short sleeves are finished with embroidery in design 12590 and may be worked in flat satin or darning stitch in bright colored mercerized floss.

9939—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—2¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

9903—Girls' Cape. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch velours—1⅞ yard 36-inch taffeta for lining. Embroidery in design 12624 is applied to the cape in the form of rows of darning stitch and arrowheads worked in heavy rope silk. No. 9923—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 54-inch wool Jersey.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

9930—Girls' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 36-inch dotted foulard. No. 9906—Girls' Suspender Skirt. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch serge.

9937—Girls' Drawers. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch longcloth—1¾ yard lace edging.

9880—Girls' Blouse. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 6 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch wash silk—⅜ yard 36-inch check wash silk for collar.

9935—Girls' Princess Slip. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch batiste—⅜ yard lace insertion—1½ yards lace edging. The embroidery on the front, in design 12367, is worked in eyelets, raised satin, stem and lazy daisy stitches.

9936—Girls' Combination. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch nainsook—2⅜ yards lace edging—1¾ yard ribbon.

9922—Girls' Combination. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch batiste—2¼ yards lace edging—1¾ yard ribbon. Embroidery, in design 11330, is applied to the front of the combination. The embroidery is in the form of small motifs worked in satin stitch.

9919—Girls' Nightgown. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch lonsdale cambric.

9932—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 27-inch white linen for collar—1¾ yard ribbon.

9933—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. An added trimming note is the embroidery, in design 12372, which forms a border on the dress above the hem, worked in wool, braid, beads, or silk.

9921—Girls' Middy Blouse. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch galatea. No. 9880—Girls' Bloomers. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yard 44-inch serge.

9934—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch serge—⅜ yards braid—1 ribbon. For the school girl this dress is practical and serviceable. The center-front is slashed and rolled with the square collar and shows a shield which is removable.

9923—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 18 years. Size 14 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch dotted foulard for blouse—1¾ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine for skirt and trimming.

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SILVERSHINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

sure—but confident of the outcome. Why, Peraux could snap her around once and break the wrist he held; that she knew instinctively. He was capable of so doing when the fight should become tiresome, she knew also. She could see it coming in his glittering eyes. A sick feeling rose inside her; a swimming took her brain for just a moment—and in that moment Peraux caught her other wrist. His grinning face was so close now that she could feel his breath on her cheek. Slowly he squeezed down on the wrist-muscles with his steel fingers, bending her backward.

Linda Derwent was built of good stuff, and she would not give up until the last. Her pale lips were set together in a tight line. But with that steadily increasing pressure she realised the beginning of the end. One agonizing thought of Pierre and the cabin on Whitestone Gulch which would never hold his bride came to her, and for the first time she opened her mouth and gave vent to the anguish in her soul—one long, pitiful wail, deep and quavering.

At that sound Destiny stirred.

OUT in the lean-to Silvershine, the giant leader of the team, rose up among his huddled mates. He stood for all the world like a wolf, and he looked it, there in the snowy night. His legs were spread apart, his long tail stood straight out from his body, rigid, his great head swung low between his lifted shoulders where the hackles were raising in a ruff. His pale-yellow eyes were slowly changing to black as the pupils spread.

What was the alchemy that transformed him -at last?

Who can say?

Perhaps it was the composite memories of all the years he had served Peraux in bitterness of spirit—the wrongs he had suffered. Perhaps it was only the natural wildness of his heart responding to the stirring wildness of that gurgling wail.

Or it may have been—again, who can say?—some more divine thing that had to do with the wordless message which had twice flashed between him and the big white girl who called in the last great anguish of extremity.

Be that as it may, Silvershine leaped over his mates, landing on noiseless pads in the untrodden snow.

In the rushing minute that followed, Linda Derwent, her faculties strained to diamond sharpness, caught a sound at the closed door—the bold stroke of nailed paws against the wood—heard an answering thunder from a mighty throat. As instantly as the dog had responded to her cry, she felt—and understood.

With all the strength of her big body she lunged forward against Peraux, her lips pulled back from her teeth in the pain of the added pressure on those cracking wrists, and swept him backward along the wall. As they passed the door she flung her body sidewise and struck upward against the simple latch with her right shoulder. There was a flood of cold air, that fanned the candle, dying in a shower on the floor, from the overturned table, and a great gray shape that sailed up and forward through the shadows. She was conscious of a cloud of fur above her, for Silvershine went straight up from behind her; of great fore legs spread apart; of an awful mouth, red and white, and of the under side of a smooth and taut-stretched neck. She saw Peraux's face, caught in the throes of passion, change with the swiftness of lightning.

Fear flashed across it like a curtain.

Then the huge gray body swept against her with such impact that she was thrown, tumbling, to roll almost into the fire upon the hearth—for Peraux had loosed her—and hell let go inside the cabin.

For years after Linda could close her eyes and live again the memorable scene.

She rolled from the fire and got upon her knees to sit in stupid terror and revulsion, her mouth open, her arms hands clasped around her head where a fog of horror stopped her breath.

She saw Peraux go down like a straw in wind—she saw the husky's nose thrust down—and down—as he took fresh savage hold—the workings of the enormous jaws—

She saw the thrashing of the two bodies on the floor——

And for a merciful time she saw no more.

When she did become aware of things again there was silence in the cabin. Beside the upturned table Peraux lay still, and crouched above him, facing her, was Silvershine. His ruff was up all round his lowered head. His jaws were twitching still—and his eyes! Ah, those mad eyes, black with excitement, full of light.

Silvershine had killed her scoundrel his own and that of all those thirty dogs which had gone to the sifting for Peraux's perfect team!

He seemed to look backward along those years; his gaze seemed not to focus on her face, so white there in the flickering light from the hearth.

And then Linda Derwent covered her face with her hands and fell to weeping, for she was good and tender, and the death of a man was a grievous thing—even a man like Peraux.

At the whimpering which came from between her lacing fingers, the great gray creature rose, and, stepping gingerly, as if

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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SILVERSHINE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

watching for a move from the man who would move no more—neither to play his love game with his kind nor to strike at the helpless—he came and sat gravely down beside her on his haunches.

Once more they two faced Peraux—they two allied against him, the woman and the dog, and tho the blue eyes were this time dim with tears, the yellow ones had all their ancient light and it was tempered with *contempt.*

TWO days later, at candle-light, Linda Derwent swept up the little rise at Linwell's landing—and she drove the famous dog-team of Peraux. Or, more rightly speaking, she rode behind it, for it was Silvershine, the mammoth leader, who took and followed the unfamiliar trail, who set the old pace, and who stopped at Peraux's usual spot for night camp. It was Silvershine who dragooned his mates to peace after their meal of frozen fish, who slept against the girl's fur bed, who needed neither whip nor word to bring her safe at last to her own place.

She told her story in the lighted store, swaying against the counter, and every man who heard it stood for its complete justice.

They went in a mass to the lone cabin and proved it out by Peraux's body.

And all the judgment of the region gave to Linda Derwent, as earnest for the things she had suffered, Silvershine and his mates, a possession which, in the memory of that night, was above price to her.

THE MODERN GIRL SPEAKS FOR HERSELF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

name of a truer womanhood and a tenderer motherhood give us access to that kind of knowledge upon which the future welfare of civilization depends. The modern girl has learned that she can not depend on others to teach her these things—that she must seek truth for herself. That is why she is asking questions in the classes in economics. They are questions we have not dared to ask at home.

Yes, the favorite topics in our college are disarmament and birth-control, and we claim it is our right to learn about them.

The modern girl is the hope of the next generation. Taken as a whole, these girls are sane, healthy, normal, intelligent women who are preparing to go into business or professional life or to marry. They dress sensibly, they exercise religiously, and they study preventive hygiene daily. Their moral standard is high. They learn to deal with people and discharge their obligatory social duties in their own small world in a way that will make them more fit for their services later in the State and in the Nation.

If the editor of PICTORIAL REVIEW prints this article, as we intend to ask him to do, it will be the first time in history, so far as we know, that the modern girl has really spoken her mind "right out in meeting," as frankly and as freely as she discusses Bernard Shaw or Lloyd George in class. Any one who believes that the modern girl is not doing some thinking on her own account simply does not know her. She is not the scatter-brained, foolish creature pictured in the men's college weeklies.

That there are many vital human problems crying for solution no one can doubt. That the problem of the young woman is one of the most serious of these is also obvious. We consider it a wholesome sign that it is being considered so. We think that so soon as the world realizes, so soon as our mothers and our fathers and our teachers realize that what we think and what we do and how we feel really matters to civilization, so soon will we have taken a really advanced step. Give us a chance to think things out for ourselves, to use our best judgment, to make our own decisions and we will be better daughters, better sweethearts, better wives, better mothers, and better citizens.

THIS is not a good age in which to be young. In America especially it is the age of standardization. We girls are struggling against being standardized, and the great difficulty is that no one can decide upon the pattern. Some think we should be as our mothers were despite a very different environment, others that we should be "advanced" according to the already accepted meaning of that term. And amid all of this advice and criticism and amid these differing opinions as to what we are and what we should be, we are trying to find out things for ourselves. We are quite sure of what we do *not* wish to be. We know that we will not be parasites or irresponsible pleasure-seekers.

In conclusion I am commissioned to say to Mrs. Norris and to Mrs. Harris that if they doubt that the modern college is clean of mind and sound of heart we invite them to come and see us as we are. We believe that both would change their views after one heart-to-heart visit with us in our own dormitories, under our own college roof. We all hope they will accept the invitation.

—About That Boy of Yours

As his mother, you are the one who is the most vitally interested in him—in his future—his ambitions, and above all, his success in life.

You make it your duty to see that he does the right thing, to correct his faults, to encourage his ambitions—that he may always stand out above other boys as a future leader of men.

Perhaps you have often wondered if there wasn't a way by which you could enlist the aid of some constructive force that would help lay a good foundation for his future success. Particularly at that time when he's between the ages of 8 and 16.

Perhaps, too, his father has secretly wished that this boy would one day come and tell him that "I am earning my own spending money now—and say, Dad, it's my own little business too. I'm starting a Bank Account *all my own.*"

Wouldn't he be pleased? Wouldn't *you?* Wouldn't you like to have us help him get that good start along the Boyhood path of a cess?

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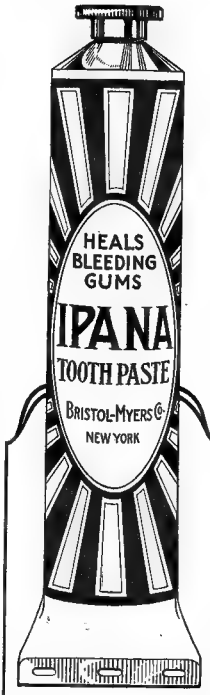

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Make Your Menu in Advance

SPRING days nearing, we all must commence our Summer sewing. I find it convenient to write out my menu for the evening meals for the week on Saturday, ordering as many things for the following week at one time as possible. I make my cake, cookies, etc., on Saturday, thereby having some of my dessert ready for the following week. In this way, not having to stop to think what I am going to prepare or stop to order it, I find I can sew up to within thirty or forty minutes of mealtime, hence getting in a real day's sewing.
MRS. C. M. G——, Kan.

Keeping Jars from Slipping

WHEN canning I always had trouble in fastening the covers. The can would be so hot and sticky it would just keep turning around. Now I use a sheet of fine emery-paper in one hand and a wet rag in the other. It is no trouble now to get the covers fast.
MRS. E. E. F——, Mich.

An Improvised Steamer

ONE way to save heat in the kitchen and reduce the gas bill is by using a colander or steamer that fits snugly into the pot one uses for boiling potatoes. Many of our vegetables can thus be steamed as the potatoes boil. Get the vegetables ready, and put them in the steamer when putting over the water for the potatoes; then they get heated through, and start cooking as soon as the steam begins to rise. Allow about ten minutes longer than boiling to cook squash, corn, young peas, Lima beans, carrots, or spinach. Do not try fibrous or old, wilted vegetables, as you only waste time.
MRS. J. F. W——, Ariz.

Washing Ribbons

RIBBONS should be washed in gasoline out-of-doors and dried in the shade. If they are then ironed under a damp cloth with a medium-hot iron they hold their color better than if a very hot iron is used.
MRS. V. D——, Minn.

Socks from Old Stockings

IN WINTER when the small children's stockings become so worn at the knees they can't be patched any more I cut the stockings off below the patches and crochet an edging on the top of the good part and put them away for the Summer to wear as socks.
MRS. L. H——, O.

Saving Shoe-leather

I HAVE saved many dollars by using iron shoe-tips. My boy and girl wear their heels and toes off quickly, so I put a tip on and it saves them until the sole starts to wear. I have also changed rubber heels from one shoe to the other with good results.
MRS. M——, Minn.

Hair for Fine Darning

WHEN darning fine goods of any material use a hair (the finer the better) whenever it is possible to get the right color. Take tiny stitches, then press on wrong side, and the darn is almost invisible.
MRS. B. L. I——, Cal.

A Candy-substitute

THE kiddies are often wanting candy when mother hasn't time to make it and doesn't want them to buy it. Try this recipe then: To three rounding teaspoonfuls of sugar add one rounding teaspoonful of cocoa and two of shredded coconut. Mix, but do not moisten. This is eaten with a spoon. It will prove a great favorite with the children and mother, too, for it is easily prepared, delicious, and absolutely pure.
E. W——, Miss.

A Hint for Washing Gloves

AFTER thoroughly washing white silk gloves with some good brand of soap and after several rinsings hold the fingers under a faucet so as to fill with water. Hang on line dripping. The fingers then open, which otherwise would be twisted if wrung in the ordinary way. Any kind of washable gloves may be treated this way.
E. C——, Cal.

Oilcloth Aprons

TRY the habit of wearing an oilcloth apron when doing kitchen work. They can be made or bought in very attractive patterns and shapes, and protect the dress better than an ordinary apron, also save laundering so many aprons.
MRS. F. J. C——, Cal.

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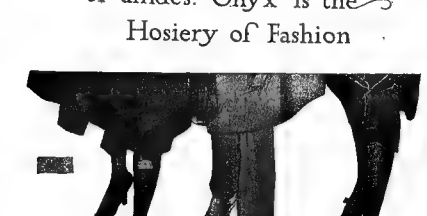

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MY BROOM-CLOSET

BY NELL B. NICHOLS

HOW do you like your broom-closet? Do you think I need one? These inquiries of a neighbor prompted my first praise for the broom-cupboard. And it is just as I told my friend. I consider it a valuable addition to any home—a convenience with many merits.

A broom-closet helps to keep the home neat and saves many steps and much time, for the cleaning equipment can always be found. There are no hurried hunts for the broom or mop. It saves energy, for everything needed can be taken in one trip to the room to be cleaned, and saves money, for it prolongs the life of the cleaning-tools, protecting them and preventing the weight of the broom and brush from falling on the bristles. And then when there is illness in the family, or some other reason why the housewife needs help in her house-cleaning, there is no necessity for a slightseeing tour of the entire home to show the mop's abode on the back porch, the broom's dwelling-place in the basement, the dust-cloth's hiding-place in the drawer, and so on. A simple statement is sufficient—an explanation that all the equipment needed for cleaning is in the broom-closet.

Broom-cupboards may be built in the room or purchased ready-made. The choice depends on which is better suited to the individual home. Both are efficient. My closet is somewhat larger than is necessary because it is built in the space in a short hallway between the kitchen and dining-room originally planned for the refrigerator. Since my refrigerator is too large to fit into this place, I converted the otherwise waste wall- and floor-space into a useful broom-closet. It is thirty-three inches wide, twenty-five inches deep, and about seven feet high. I had a shelf, a drawer, and doors added.

THE shelf near the top is painted with three coats of gray paint and then waxed so the surface repels dust and dirt, which makes it easy to keep clean. At the back of this shelf I keep the tubes for the attachments of the electric vacuum sweeper; they are wound loosely and tied with a soft cord. Nearer the front I place the bottles containing the liquids used in cleaning. An inventory of the contents of this shelf shows the furniture-polish, oil for the varnished floors, liquid and paste wax for the waxed surfaces, household ammonia for washing mirrors and window- and picture-glass, silver-polish, friction-soaps, steel wool for scouring the stubborn spots on linoleum and polishing the brass candlesticks and flower-vases, and a bar of soap. The screw-driver and hammer, needed frequently for repair-work about the house, occupy a permanent place on this shelf.

Directly beneath this shelf is a drawer in which I place the clean cloths for dusting, pieces of soft materials for drying any washed surface, a few squares of cheese-cloth, and any old towel or piece of goods which may be helpful in cleaning. The end pieces of the attachments to the vacuum cleaner are also kept in this drawer.

A two-and-one-half-inch board is nailed on the two side and back walls. Below the drawer, hooks, driven in this board, support the brooms, mops, and brushes, to which I have fastened cords so that they can be hung up easily.

My present outfit of tools hanging on this board is quite complete. There is a dust-pan and a soft brush to sweep the dust into the pan. I have a broom suited to every kind of sweeping in my home. There is a stiff broom for sweeping the porches, walks, steps, laundry, and basement; a soft broom for collecting the dirt in the rooms; a dustless mop for dusting the floors; an oil-mop for the varnished surfaces; and a wax-mop for the painted, waxed, and linoleum-covered floors.

Scrubbing is not common in my home because all the floors have a non-porous finish, so I have just two brushes with stiff, thick bristles for my scrubbing equipment. These are alike except that one has a long handle, making it unnecessary to stoop while scrubbing. These hang in the broom-closet.

Two dust-cloths, containing sufficient polish for dusting purposes, hang in my cleaning-cupboard. I usually have at least one floor-cloth of a heavy, coarse material and a large square of cheese-cloth in the closet. I use the cheese-cloth particularly for adding liquid wax to the floor. By pouring the wax on the cloth and tying it over the dustless mop the housewife can apply the wax without bending over. I also find it convenient to hang the pan used for cleaning-water in the broom-closet.

The electric vacuum cleaner and a small step-ladder are the only appliances which have their home on the floor of the broom-cupboard. The vacuum cleaner, of course, is a great aid in housekeeping, while the little step-ladder successfully replaces the one-time favorite, the kitchen chair, in cleaning the upper panes of the windows, the walls, light-fixtures, and in reaching anything high.

My broom-closet is one of the highly prized conveniences of my home. It not only lightens the housework, but it pays for itself over and over again in economy of money, time, and physical strength.

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PRUNES DE LUXE

BY CAROLINE B. KING

ANY one can cook prunes" declares the average housewife, who, therefore, gives her best attention to the cakes and salads and other showy cookery, leaving very little time to attend to the less decorative, but far more necessary part of the menu. It is for this reason that in so many homes prunes are not given the varied preparation they deserve.

The first thing to be considered in cooking prunes successfully is the fact that all the moisture which they originally contained has been taken from them in the drying process, and it must be restored if the prunes when finished are to be the delicious, tempting things that one desires. This does not mean, however, that the prune has been deprived of its flavor and juice, they are both still there, the water alone of which the plum is so largely composed, has been removed and must be restored artificially. This will mean long soaking in cold water, and very slow cooking, which all sounds simple enough but is not so inconsiderable a factor toward success, after all.

Look the prunes over carefully and cover them with tepid water. Let them stand for fifteen or twenty minutes, then drain, and wash them thoroughly through several waters. This process loosens any sand or grit which may cling to them, and permits their being washed very clean. Next cover them with cold water and let stand at least five hours before cooking.

After soaking they should be placed on the range in the same water, and brought very slowly to the boiling point, then they should simmer until tender but unbroken. The question of sugar is one which each housewife must decide for herself. The prunes contain a large percentage of sugar, and for many persons they are quite sweet enough without further additions; for breakfast, at least, they may be served *au naturel*, whether one likes them sweeter for other occasions or not.

Some housewives soak the prunes first, and wash them just before putting them over the fire to cook, throwing away the water in which they were soaked. This is a mistake, for so much of the flavor and juice of the fruit escapes into the cold water during the soaking process, that it seems a pity not to make use of it.

The following method of cooking prunes may very well be called,

Stewed Prunes de Luxe

½ Lb. Large Prunes
1 Qt. Cold Water
1 Cupful Granulated Sugar
2 Cloves

WASH and soak the prunes as directed, using all the water; let simmer till nearly tender enough to serve, add the sugar and cook very gently for ten minutes. Now skim the prunes from the liquor and place them in a serving-dish; boil the juice for five minutes, and strain it over the prunes. Chill thoroughly before serving. Cream or top milk will add another touch of deliciousness to this dish.

Stewed Prunes with Orange Juice

½ Lb. Medium-sized Prunes
1 Orange, Juice and Rind
4 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
1 Pt. Water

LET the prunes simmer after washing and soaking till they begin to grow tender, add the thin yellow peel of the orange-rind cut in long, narrow strips, add the sugar, and cook for ten minutes longer. Then remove from the fire and add the orange-juice. Serve very cold for breakfast.

Prune Squares

¼ Lb. Small Prunes
1 Pt. Water
Sugar to Taste
Buttered Toast

PRUNE Squares will be relished even by the person who affects to scorn the lowly fruit in any form. Wash and soak the prunes, let simmer until so tender they may be pressed through a sieve. Add the sugar to the pulp, and cook again for a few moments. Toast and butter neat squares of bread, and spread the prune pulp over them. If served for luncheon or dinner a teaspoonful of meringue may be placed on each and delicately browned.

Prunes in Jelly

1 Lb. Medium-sized Prunes
½ Oz. Gelatin
¼ Cupful Sugar
1 Lemon
1 Qt. Water

WASH, soak, and simmer the prunes until tender, then drain, reserving the juice; pit the prunes, taking care not to break them any more than is necessary. Arrange the prunes in a wet mold, and boil the juice for fifteen minutes with the lemon peel shaved fine and the sugar. Soak half an ounce of gelatin in a little cold water for ten minutes, then add to the boiling prune-juice, and stir over the fire till well dissolved, add the lemon-juice and strain the liquid over the prunes. Stand away in a cold place till congealed. Turn out and serve with plain or whipped cream.

Prune Moonshine

1 Lb. Small Prunes
1 Pt. Water
¼ Cupful Heavy Whipping Cream
Sugar to Taste

SIMMER the prunes until tender, after washing and soaking them, permitting the water to evaporate almost entirely during the cooking process. Then press the prunes through a coarse sieve, and sweeten the pulp to taste. Chill while whipping the cream to a stiff froth, then add the prune pulp, folding it in carefully in order not to disturb the cream. Serve in tall glasses topping each with a candied cherry. This is a delightful dish for an invalid, tho relished quite as heartily by persons in robust health.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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PRUNES DE LUXE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

Prune Soufflé

1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Flour
½ Pt. Milk
2 Eggs
3 Tablespoonfuls Granulated Sugar
24 Large Prunes

AFTER the prunes are washed and cooked, simmer them in just as little water as possible, then cool, remove the pits, and cut them into small pieces. Cook the butter and flour together till well blended, add the milk and continue cooking till smooth and velvety. Now whip in the egg yolks, well beaten previously, and the sugar, then the prunes, and, last of all, the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Pour into a well-buttered pudding-dish, or into individual cups or ramekins. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour. Serve immediately, for like all soufflés, this will fall quickly. Hard or lemon sauce may accompany the dish, but it is quite good enough without either.

Prune Loaf

1¾ Pt. Water
½ Lb. Prunes
½ Cupful English Walnuts
1 Tablespoonful Candied or preserved Ginger
Whites Two Eggs
¼ Cupful Raisins
2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatin
1 Tablespoonful Lemon Juice
2 Tablespoonfuls Maraschino or Candied Cherries
½ Cupful Sugar

SOAK the prunes and cook them in the water till tender, then cool and pit them; cut the nut meats, cherries, and ginger into small pieces, and stone and halve the raisins. Add the gelatin dissolved in a little cold water to the boiling prune-juice, then stir in the sugar, lemon-juice, fruit, and nuts, and remove from the fire. Place the bowl containing the mixture in cold water while you whip the egg whites to a stiff froth; when the jelly is cold, almost to the point of congealing, beat in the egg whites and pour into individual molds. Chill, and turn out just before serving, decorating each mold with whipped cream pressed through a pastry tube.

This makes a wonderfully delicious dessert, and quite elaborate enough for the most formal meal.

Prune Whip

½ Lb. Small Prunes
½ Tablespoonful Gelatin
2 Egg Whites
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice

WASH, soak, and simmer the prunes, then press them through a sieve, or pit and cut them into bits. Return to the fire with the juice and sugar, and add the gelatin dissolved in a very little cold water. When the boiling point is reached, remove from the fire, and add the lemon-juice, then cool and whip in the stiffly beaten egg whites.

Continue beating till very light, then chill and serve with a soft custard made from the yolks of the eggs, a pint of milk, and sugar to suit the taste. Flavor the custard with vanilla-extract. This whip is light and delicate enough for a sick person or a young child. It makes a delectable luncheon dessert if served in sherbet-glasses and ornamented with a candied violet or a cherry.

Prune Brown Betty

½ Lb. Small Prunes
1 Cupful Stale Bread-crumbs
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
¼ Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Ground Cinnamon
Juice and Grated Rind Half Lemon
Pinch Salt

STEW the prunes, after soaking as usual, in very little water, then drain and remove the pits. Melt the butter and mix it with the bread-crums and add the lemon-peel and juice. Butter a pudding-dish and place the bread-crums and prunes in it in alternate layers, sprinkling the prunes with the sugar and cinnamon, and the bread-crums with a very little salt. Bring the prune-juice to the boiling point and pour it over the dish, then cover with a last layer of bread-crums. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, remove the cover and brown delicately. Serve with hard sauce, or cream.

Prune Cream Pie

1 Cupful Prune Pulp
1 Cupful Milk
1 Teaspoonful Corn-starch
2 Eggs
¼ Cupful Sugar
1 Tablespoonful Orange- or Lemon-juice

THIS is a toothsome variation of the ordinary prune pie that is so familiar to every one. It is a very palatable dessert and one which will become popular wherever it is tried. The prune pulp is obtained by rubbing the stewed prunes through a coarse sieve. This is added a cupful of milk which has been scalded and thickened with the corn-starch blended with a little cold milk. Then the yolks of the two eggs and the sugar are beaten together and added, with a few drops of vanilla-extract if liked. The mixture is then poured into a pastry shell, or in a pie pan lined with pastry, and baked quickly. A meringue of the whites of two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, and the lemon or orange juice is spread over the top and browned delicately in a slow oven. Serve warm or cold.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

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PRUNES DE LUXE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

Steamed Prune Pudding

2 Cupfuls Flour
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Egg
1 Cupful Milk
2 Cupfuls Prunes, After Cooking

SIFT flour, salt, and baking-powder together, add the egg well beaten, and the milk; beat till smooth, then fold in the prunes which should be pitted and cut in bits, and dredged with flour. Pour into a well greased mold, cover closely, and stand in a kettle of boiling water. Cook for two hours without permitting the water to cease boiling. Serve with hard or liquid sauce.

Prune Charlotte

1 Lb. Small Prunes
Sugar to Taste
6 Slices Buttered Bread

SOAK the prunes over night, and in the morning remove the pits. Place the fruit over the fire in the water in which it was soaked, and simmer till very tender, sweeten to taste. Butter thin slices of bread and line a pudding-dish with them, pour the hot stewed prunes over the bread, then cover with a second layer of bread. Continue until the dish is full, fitting the bread together so that each layer is complete. When finished press a plate over the top of the dish, and set away for several hours to chill. At serving-time the charlotte may be turned out on a flat dish, sprinkled with powdered sugar and eaten with top milk or cream.

Prune and Walnut Pie

1 Cupful Prunes, Soaked, Pitted, and Cut in Pieces
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
½ Cupful Walnut Meats
1 Egg
2½ Tablespoonfuls Sugar
1 Tablespoonful Flour
½ Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
½ Cupful Boiling Water

MIX the butter, sugar, and flour together, and pour the boiling water over them; stir over the fire till smooth, then add the prunes, lemon-juice, and walnut meats chopped coarsely, also the well beaten egg. Bake in one crust, placing strips of pastry, lattice fashion, across the pie.

Prune Roly Poly—Make a short biscuit dough and roll one-fourth of an inch thick. Spread with prunes that have been stewed, pitted, and sweetened; dot these with butter and roll the dough up firmly. Pinch together at the ends, and bake in a hot oven for thirty-five to forty-five minutes. Make a sauce of the prune-juice thickened slightly with corn-starch, sweetened, and flavored with lemon or orange peel or juice.

Prune Brown Bread is very delicious and wholesome, the prunes for it are steamed, pitted, and cut in pieces, then added to the usual recipe for brown bread, Graham bread, or whole wheat bread. One cupful of the fruit to a loaf of bread will be sufficient.

Prune Buns—When making bread reserve one and a half cupful of the dough, and add to it, when light, one egg and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Knead well and set aside to rise once more, then make into buns, placing a pitted stewed prune in each. Bake when very light, and when finished brush over with a tablespoonful each of sugar and milk mixed together. Dry in a warm oven for a few moments and serve hot.

Belgium Salad is also made of prunes and is one of the most delightful salads of my cook-book. To make it one must have the largest of California prunes, and these should be soaked over night and then steamed and chilled. Now cut a slit in the side of each prune and remove the pit, then stuff with the following mixture. Cut the inner part of a stalk of celery into very small pieces, and blanch in cold water to which a little lemon-juice has been added; then drain, wipe dry, and mix with an equal quantity of blanched and chopped walnuts, and one or two finely chopped olives. Moisten with mayonnaise and fill the prunes. Serve on the tender crisp leaves of fresh lettuce, and press a star of stiff mayonnaise through a pastry tube on each prune.

Prune and Cream Cheese Salad—Prepare the prunes as in the foregoing recipe, filling them with a mixture of cream cheese and chopped pecan nuts, moistened with French dressing and highly seasoned with paprika. Serve on lettuce leaves.

Prunes Stuffed with Nuts and Raisins make a delicious sweetmeat for luncheons or parties. Select the largest prunes for this purpose, then soak and steam them till tender. Remove the pits from a slit in one end, and fill with a mixture of equal parts seeded and chopped raisins, chopped walnuts, and candied cherries. When the prunes are filled roll them in coarse granulated sugar and press a halved walnut on each.

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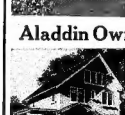

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THE HIGH COST OF ENVY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

lavish their affections. They had no thought except to please her and keep her contented and happy—certainly no thought of the need of strengthening her character through careful discipline. Consequently she grew to be headstrong, self-willed, selfish, and with an overexalted idea of her great worth. These were her dominant traits when she married, her choice falling on a young man really estimable but with no marked ability for money-making.

Had his bride not been constituted as she was this deficiency on his part would not have mattered so much. But she demanded and expected of him more than he could possibly give her in the way of material satisfactions. To the bitterness which this of itself engendered in her was gradually added a greater bitterness born of envy.

The spoiled child that had been, the self-centered woman that was, envied her girlhood friends who had made "better" marriages than she; she envied her neighbors who lived in a luxury her husband's limited financial means would not permit her to enjoy. Continually she mournfully contrasted their easier circumstances with her own; her thoughts day in and out were envious ones, until at last, as a direct effect of the wear and tear on her nervous system caused by the habitually disturbed state of her emotional life, she began to experience difficulty in sleeping, and began also to suffer from slight aches and pains. These she forthwith magnified by focusing her attention on them, as is the way of all self-centered people when troubled with unpleasant bodily sensations of even the most trivial sort. So that presently, under the twofold influence of envy and overattention, she was in the full grip of a chronic neurasthenia.

Learning facts such as these, how should one proceed in order to effect a cure?

Obviously, the prescribing of sedatives, tonics, exercise, or other medicinal and hygienic measures can be of value only as supplementary helps. The really necessary thing, as is clearly perceived by the medical psychologist whom the young woman has consulted, is by some means to persuade her to adopt a more sensible attitude toward life. She must be taught both to be less concerned about her own comfort and pleasures and to refrain from envying people more blessed with the world's goods. What she especially needs, that is to say, is "psychic reeducation," training that will give her health-conserving instead of health-destroying mental and emotional attitudes. This training the medical psychologist now undertakes, with skilful and patient efforts that in the end are sufficiently successful.

Compare the case of an elderly man, a bachelor, likewise neurasthenic but afflicted chiefly with digestive troubles. As his physician stated, in referring him to a medical psychologist for treatment:

"There appears to be absolutely no organic cause for the chronic and severe indigestion exhibited by Mr. Roe. This has been established to my satisfaction. It has been established, too, that the ordinary and even some extraordinary therapeutic measures are of no lasting benefit to him. The most rigid dieting has left him as dyspeptic as ever. Yet there seems to be nothing materially at fault in the digestive tract itself. His must accordingly be regarded as a mental rather than a medical problem, and so I turn him over to you."

BUT for a long time the specialist in psychological medicine found equal difficulty in improving matters. In fact he made no real headway until he noticed that there were times when the baffling Mr. Roe scarcely complained of digestive disturbances. Observation disclosed, to the psychologist's astonishment, that these times coincided with declining stock prices in Wall Street. He ventured consequently to remark one day, when a sharp market "break" had been accomplished by an exceptional improvement in the dyspeptic:

"I see you are feeling pretty well to-day. Would it be wide of the mark for me to guess that you have been making some money in Wall Street selling stocks short?"

"Very wide of the mark," was the curt response. "I never speculate in stocks."

"But," in amazement, "how does it happen in that event that you always are appreciably better when stocks go down in value?"

"Because," came the entirely unexpected answer, "I know that then people are losing money."

Some close questioning by the psychologist followed, and a surprizing confession by Mr. Roe. Unhappy and not overprosperous himself, he envied all who were happy and prosperous. He was filled with a savage joy at the thought of distress coming to them—as it was sure to come to many with every fall in stocks. Joy being of tonic value to the whole organism, temporary relief from his dyspepsia ensued—with a recurrence of indigestion as soon as the old-time envy reasserted itself. Here was the one clue the psychologist needed to enable him to institute remedial action that would prove to be really remedial.

Indigestion, I might add in passing, is one of the commonest products of envy. And one does not have to be as morbidly envious as was this strange man to be afflicted with envy-caused indigestion. It is safe to say, my reader, that among your own acquaintances there are some who, without your appreciating it, are victims of a dyspepsia rooted in envy. They are people dissatisfied, perhaps with their financial status, perhaps because of frustrated social ambitions, perhaps by reason of failure to achieve the fame of which they dreamed in youth. Not content with vain regrets at the personal deficiencies they deplore, they have fallen into the evil habit of looking with envious eyes on any who have "arrived" as they have not. This means a perpetual if largely subconscious emotional turmoil, of which the dyspepsia that assails them is a bodily reverberation and sign.

AND, in view of the nature of envy, one need not wonder that it should cause dyspepsia. For envy is not a simple emotion; it is an extremely complex one. And its principal components—anger, grief, hate, and fear in the guise of anxiety—are each of them capable of profoundly affecting the workings of the digestive organs. During recent years this has been repeatedly demonstrated by experiments tried both on animals and on human beings. Ponder the following summary of the findings of Cannon, Bickel, Sasaki, and other pioneer investigators in this important field of medical research:

"The conditions favorable to proper digestion are abolished when unpleasant feelings, such as vexation and worry and anxiety, or great emotions such as anger or fear, are allowed to prevail. Secretion of saliva is checked, so is the secretion of gastric juice. And other digestive glands than the salivary and the gastric may be checked in emotional excitement. The secretion of pancreatic juice may be stopped, and the flow of bile definitely checked. All the means of bringing about chemical changes in the food may be thus temporarily abolished.

"Moreover, the secretions of the digestive glands and the chemical changes wrought by them are of little worth unless the food is carried onward through the alimentary canal into fresh regions of digestion and is thoroughly exposed to the intestinal wall for absorption. And just as the secretory activities of the stomach have been found to be unfavorably influenced by anger, fear, and other emotions, so also are the movements of the stomach. Indeed, the movements of almost the entire alimentary canal are stopped during great excitement."

Truly there is scientific warrant for the Biblical affirmation, "Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." And surely it is no longer difficult to perceive the causal connection that so often exists between envy and chronic or frequently recurrent indigestion. Remember, too, that indigestion is only one of various nervous disturbances to which envy may give rise. Mention has already been made of insomnia and the aches of neurasthenia. Mention should also be made of blood-pressure disturbances, heart symptoms, nervous tremors and twitchings. Neurotic susceptibility to fatigue may have envy as its basis, the ultimate result being almost complete inability to do effective work. Psychasthenic dreads and obsessions may remain incurable until the envy which in some cases is the real cause of such dreads and obsessions is itself cured. And when envy develops to any great extent in a person of so-called "hysterical diathesis," bizarre and stubborn nervous symptoms may be produced, as in a case reported by an eminent nerve specialist.

IT IS the case of an unmarried woman, twenty-five years old, who besides insisting that she "felt tired all the time," complained of frequent attacks of neuralgia and of a progressively diminishing power of vision. Little by little her eyesight became worse, until, by the time the nerve specialist took her in charge, she could read only large type and that with difficulty. It was her firm conviction that she was doomed to incurable blindness; her relatives had the same view, and she and they were supported in it by the family physician. Yet the puzzling fact remained that competent neurologists, tho using every testing method at their command, could find nothing whatever the matter with the young woman's eyes.

Suspecting that he had to do with a victim of hysteria, the specialist closely studied her psychic make-up. He could see for himself that she was unattractive in appearance, and it required only a brief acquaintanceship with her to reveal to him that she had some serious character defects, including the excessive craving for admiration, typical of all hystericals. In addition, she envied with a prodigious envy those whose charms of appearance or personality brought to them the affection and attention for which she yearned in vain. Everything, in short, suggested that her fatigue, her neuralgia, and her failing vision were actually nothing more or less than devices utilized by her "subconscious"—tho, of course, without the slightest awareness by the patient herself—for compelling the sympathetic interest of which she felt she had been cheated, and thus removing the cause of the envy which so greatly tormented her.

On this theory character-building was the prime requisite to a cure, as it was in the cases of the envious professional man, the envious bachelor, and the woman with neurasthenic insomnia, aches, and pains. And treatment by character-building, plus "suggestion" to hasten the disappearance of the troublesome neuralgia and ocular weakness, effected an improvement exceeding the fondest hopes of the patient's relatives and friends.

If, however, the specialist had contented himself with assuring the poor hysterical, "Your neuralgia is imaginary; your eyes are as strong as my own"—a procedure still too frequently adopted when it is a question of coping with hysterical, neurasthenic, or psychasthenic symptoms—more harm than good would probably have been done. It can not be too strongly emphasized that the indispensable thing was "to change the patient's mind," giving her greater courage, moral control, and the conquest of the envy that had so long raged in both the conscious and the subconscious region of her being. Always, "to change the patient's mind" is the indispensable thing if one would insure a lasting recovery from functional nervous ailments, no matter what the particular symptoms that may be displayed.

Envy, to be sure, by no means always has far-reaching mental or nervous disorders as its product. It would be absurd to pretend that it always does produce these. But serious mischief of some sort it always causes, if only to the extent of impairing the ability to do good work, and in some degree lowering one's vital powers in general. There are, I know, those who maintain that when not carried to excess envy is positively beneficial, stimulating the envious one to creative effort. But to maintain this is to misidentify envy with emulation. The latter does indeed stimulate to effort, but envy paralyzes effort. The two differ from each other not in degree merely, but in kind. Stephen Colvin has the right of the matter when, speaking of the instinct of rivalry, he observes:

"Rivalry is represented on the affective side by the feeling of emulation; lacking adequate satisfaction, it arouses the emotions of envy and jealousy."

And Yoritomo Tashi, that keen-minded philosopher of the long ago, points out with greater emphasis:

"It is ridiculous to say that the detestable fault called envy can promote emulation, the friend of progress. This subtle justification of a belittling sentiment can only serve as an excuse to those who are envious through timidity."

ONE never, as a matter of fact, finds envy to be a distinguishing characteristic of men and women who really achieve. To be envious is to impose upon oneself a burden so crushing as to make real achievement impossible. And tho there no doubt are certain tough mortals who can endure this burden with seeming equanimity and without obviously ill effects, close observation will invariably show that even they are appreciably injured by it.

Their features bear little telltale marks of suffering—a slight hardening of the expression, a curious tightening of the lips, a dulling or abnormal gleaming of the eyes. All of which detracts from, does not add to, the influence of their personality. It repels instead of attracting those with whom they have business or social intercourse, and by that fact alone distinctly handicaps them in life's race. Besides which, if they were submitted to psychological and medical tests, it would unfailingly be found that, under the deadening action of envy, there has been a distinct slowing of all their mental and bodily processes.

In sum, one can discover nothing of good arising from envy. Its effects on soul, mind, and body are without exception harmful, often stupendously harmful. Shun it as you would shun poison, for it is a veritable poison as myriads have found to their woe. And, if now envious, hasten to apply the antidote of character-building lest the virus of envy destroy you utterly.

The next article of this series by Mr. Bruce, on the subject of "Suggestion," will appear in the April issue.

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